

~~~~~

# The Copy of a Letter sent from the Committee at

*Lincoln*, to the House of Commons, directed to the Speaker of the said House, and subscribed with the names of the said Committee.

Sir,

**S**uch is our earnest desire, to manifest our obedience to the Commands of both Houses, That we cannot omit any opportunity to advertise you of our first dayes proceeding, and successe therein. The Lord *Francis Willoughby* appointed by the Ordinance of Parliament, to be Lord Lievtenant of this County, had by his Warrant, summoned the chief Constables to attend him yesterday, the last of *May*, in this place, to give him an account concerning the Armes of the Trained-Bands and Ammunition, within their severall hundreds, and Wapentakes; which service accordingly they performed with all readinesse and alacrity, even beyond our expectations, there being the fullest apparance of them that we have observed upon any occasion heretofore, so as about fourscore in this great County, not above two or three of them were absent; Neither did the Kings Proclamation (published on purpose as we conceive, throughout the County, and which some had officiously fixed upon the Gates of the Inne where we met;) nor this inclosed Letter from His Majesty sent to the old (but as we hear new re-established Deputy Lievtenants, under the Earl of *Linsey*, who likewise hath a Commission under the broad Seal, for the Lievtenancy of *Lincolnshire*, as we are informed, any whit deterre, or hinder them. We have already delivered forth Warrants to those head Constables for Musters to be held (for the more conveniency) in severall places of this County, at each of which, God willing) we all of us intend to be assistant, the rather because we understand that our presence here doth not a little comfort and revive the spirits of all honest and well affected persons in this County; whose forward good examples will (we doubt not) be a means to draw the rest to a more ready conformity. In which hopes we are further encouraged by this dayes tryall in the Citie, finding, besides the Trained-Bands thereof, a like number of Volunteers well and compleatly Armed, who are ready to make tender of their Service, for the defence of His Majesties Person, the Parliament, and the Kingdom, according to their late Protestation. These are our first beginnings in your service, which we humbly submit unto you, and so remain

*Lincoln*, 1. Junii. 1642.

Your affectionate Friends and Servants,

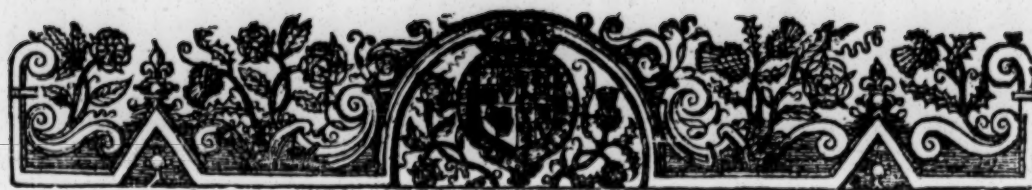
*W. Armyne, Edw. Acscough, Tho Hatcher,  
Christo. Wray, Antho. Irby, Joh. Broxolme.*

---

Ordered by the House of Commons, that this be forthwith Printed.

---





By the King.

A Proclamation forbidding all His Majesties Subjects belonging to the Trained Bands or Militia of this Kingdom, to Rise, March, Muster, or Exercise by vertue of any Order or Ordinance of one, or both Houses of Parliament, without Consent or Warrant from His Majesty, upon pain of punishment according to the Laws.



Whereas by the Statute made in the seventh Yeer of King Edward the first, The Prelates, Earls, Barons, and Commonality of the Realm affirmed in Parliament, That to the King it belongeth, and His part it is by his Royall Signiority, straitly to defend wearing of Armour, and all other Force against the Peace, at all times when it shall please Him, and to punish them which shall do contrary, according to the Laws and Vsages of the Realm; and hereunto all Subjects are bound to aid the King, as their Sovereign Lord, at all seasons, when need shall be. And whereas Wee understand, That expressly contrary to the said Statute, and other good Laws of this Our Kingdom, under colour and pretence of an Ordinance of Parliament, without Our Consent, or any Commission or Warrant from Us, The Trained Bands, and Militia of this Kingdom have been lately, and are intended to be put in Arms, and drawn into Companies in a war-like manner, whereby the Peace and Quiet of Our Subjects is, or may be disturbed: We being desirous by all gracious and fair Admonitions to prevent, That some malignant Persons in this Our Kingdom, do not by degrees seduce Our good Subjects from their due Obedience to Us, and the Laws of this Our Kingdom, subtilly endeavouring, by a generall Combustion or Confusion, to hide their mischievous Designes and Intentions against the Peace of this Our Kingdom, and under a specious pretence of putting Our Trained Bands into a Posture, draw and engage Our good Subjects in a warlike Opposition against Us, as Our Town of Hull is already, by the Treason of Sir John Hotham, who at first pretended to put a Garrison into the same, onely for Our Security and Service.

We do therefore by this Our Proclamation expressly Charge and Command all Our Sheriffs, and all Colonells, Lieutenant-Colonells, Serjeant Majors, Captains, Officers, and Souldiers belonging to the Trained Bands of this Our Kingdom, and likewise all High and Petty-Constables, and other Our Officers and Subjects whatsoever, upon their Allegiance, and as they tender the Peace of this Our Kingdom, Not to Muster, Leavy, Raise, or March, or to Summon, or Warn upon any Warrant, Order, or Ordinance from one, or both Our Houses of Parliament (whereto We have not, or shall not give Our expresse Consent) any of Our Trained Bands, or other Forces, to Rise, Muster, March, or Exercise, without expresse Warrant under our Hand, or Warrant from Our Sheriff of the County, grounded upon a particular Writ to that purpose, under Our great Seal. And in case any of our Trained Bands shall Rise, or gather together, contrary to this Our Command, We shall then call them in due time to a strict Account, and proceed Legally against them as Violaters of the Laws, and Disturbers of the Peace of the Kingdom.

Given at Our Court at York the seven and twentieth day of May, 1642.

By the King.



Our Will and Pleasure is, That the Ministers, Free-holders, Farmers, and substantiall Copy-holders of this Our County of York, do assemble and meet together at Heworth Moor, neer Our City of York, upon Friday in VWhitson week (according to former Summons) by nine of the Clock in the Morning. For that VVe are informed there are divers Fayrs to be kept in this Our County the day following, at which time many of them may have necessary occasion to be absent: And therefore, out of Our tenderesse and care of Our good Subjects, VVe have thought fit to give this early Notice, to the end the said Inhabitants may be put to as little Prejudice as may be. And this Our Pleasure VVe require to be forthwith Printed, and Copies thereof to be speedily published and dispersed by the Sheriff of this County: For which this shall be sufficient VVarrant.

Given at Our Court at York, the seven and twentieth day of May, 1642.

Imprinted first at York, and now Re-printed at London for Edward Musbards, May 31. 1642.





# A LETTER

## SENT FROM THE KINGS MAJESTIE TO THE LORDS OF HIS PRIVIE COUNCELL OF THE KINGDOME OF SCOTLAND.

CHARLES R.



Right trustie and wel-beloved Cousins, and Councillers, We greet you well. Although We have already written Our minde to you Our Councell; yet upon Our second thoughts, arising especially from some bad rumours, coming to Our knowledge, We finde it necessarie both for Our Selfe, and for the good of that Our kingdome, to declare, and make knowne both Our disposition and desires more fully.

Wee know and feele the charge to be great, and the place to be high, wherein God (the King of kings) hath placed Us and that We must render an accompt of all Our actions to him, who in his owne time shall judge all men without exception of persons. We have no other intentions, but by Our government, to honour him by whom Kings raigne, and to procure the good of Our people: and for this end to preserve the right and authoritie wherewith God hath vusted Us, and which by his Providence hath been derived to Us, by many Princely progenitors: in the which glory that Our ancient Kingdome, and native Realme of *Scotland* doth participate.

We did not require of you, that you should sit as Judges upon the affaires of another Kingdome: We onely intended to have both Our sufferings and Our actions, (as they are exprest in many papers past betwixt Us and Our Parliament) made thoroughly knowne unto you: that since We have none besides you whom Wee can acquaint with Our proceedings, you may clearly see that We have been so far from wronging Our Parliament of *England*, that We have given them all satisfaction, even above that which they themselves in the beginning did expresse, or almost desire: and as much as could well consist with the safety of Our Person and Honour. We will not put you in minde of your naturall affection toward Us, which We know will rather be kindled then extinguished by Our distresse: Nor of your Covenant, wherein you are zealous of Our Greatnesse and Authority, and which standeth in that sense wherein you did sweare and subscribe it: Nor of the many good Lawes made in Our late Parliament (of which We hope the present and succeeding generations shall reap the fruits, when We are dead and gone:) Nor of the many promises made to Us, upon which We were willing to yeeld to such things for settling the government of that Our Kingdome, in Our personall absence, which neither could We have granted, nor would you have craved (as your selves did professe) had Our greater affaires permitted Our residence amongst you. And whereas We are most unjustly blamed and calumniated, 1. That We are popishly affected: 2. That We are the cause of the blood-shed in *Ireland*: 3. That We intend to bring in forraigne Forces: We here do protest and declare in presence of him who knowes the most secret of Our intentions and actions, that We are no wayes conscious to Our Selfe of the guiltinesse of any of the saids aspersions: and do take him to witnesse Our innocency therein, who onely hath the privilege to be the searcher of hearts. And if any after so full and plaine profession shall distrust this Our free declaration, We test God, that the fault is in the malignity of their rebellious humours, and no wayes deserved on Our part.

Given at Our Court at *YORKE*, the 20. of May, 1642.

London, Printed by Robert Young, His Majesties Printer for the Kingdome of *SCOTLAND*.



¶ To the Right Honourable, the Lords and  
Commons in Parliament Assembled,

The humble Petition of the Gentry, Ministers, Free-holders, and other substantiall  
Inhabitants of the County of Y O R K.

*Sheweth,*



That they cannot be affraid, themselves, or any other shall incur your displeasures for declaring their just feares in an humble way, or representing that these generall distracti-  
ons have a more powerfull influence and operation upon this particular County, than up-  
on any other Member, or part of this Kingdom, whereby for divers years last past it  
hath endured the miseries which inevitably follow Armies, paying neverthelesse Taxes  
and Subsidies, equally to other Counties which have been free from those Burdens and  
Pressures, and have besides laid out great sums of Money for billiting Souldiers (whereof a very small  
part is hitherto re-imburfed) to the great exhausting the whole County, and ruine of divers Persons and  
Families: Yet the discontented Retirement of His Majestie from you His great Councell, and the diffe-  
rent Commands since severally issuing and proceeding, especially concerning the *Militia*, which distracts  
the mindes of all who desire to build up their obedience upon a sure and knowne foundation, and the  
great distaste His Majestie takes to have a Garrison, without His allowance, kept so neer His Sacred Per-  
son, and the many inconveniences which may from thence arise to this County, doe make us already sen-  
sible of more dangerous effects than have hitherto befallen us; especially seeing thereby Trade and Com-  
merce (the very subsistence of this County) which hitherto staid in all the late noise of Armes and Tu-  
mults, is now driven away and frighted from among us, whereby we suffer before hand the ruinous con-  
sequences of a reall War, and from thence apprehend the greatest of Calamities to follow, unlesse Gods  
blessing and a speedy union doe happily prevent them from the sense of those imminent mischiefs, and  
consideration of His Majesties Expressions of His good intentions and endeavours for Peace and a right  
Vnderstanding, we are bold in all humility to Petition,

That a timely remedy may be applyed, lest our Disease grow desperately past Cure, without such applica-  
tions as may endanger the vitall Spirits of the Kingdom: That since your selves have declared his Maie-  
sties absence to be the main hindrance of this necessary Work, and his Maiesty expressed his willingnesse  
to return when you shall give life to the Laws of the Land, for his security against Tumults; That his  
Maiesty may receive such assurance, for His secure residing in all places, and such Invitations as may allure  
His abode with you, his Great Councell; That such a due regard may be had for the reparation of his Ma-  
iesties Honour, as well in this unfortunate businesse of *Hull*, as (where it hath in any sort beene blemish-  
ed, and where he may iustly expect it together with the safety of the Kingdom) as may evidence to all the  
world, that nothing is dearer to us then the security and glory of our King and Kingdom, whose Honour  
and Reputation, both at home and abroad, must stand and fall together; That his Maiesties gracious Mes-  
sage of the twentieth of January (which your selves then so termed, and gave humble thanks for) as also  
his others since his retirement, may be taken into such serious consideration, as may give hopes to all good  
Subjects of an effectuall concurrence: That we may not be distracted by contrary Commands, but that  
the known Law of the Land, which we humbly conceive is the fundamentall Liberty of the Subiect, and  
no Arbitrary government may be the Rule of our Obedience, and the Guide and Determiner of all our  
Actions and Differences: And we, according to our Allegiance, shall be ready to maintain His Maiesties  
Royall Person, Crown, and Dignity, his iust Rights and Prerogative, together with the lawfull Privi-  
ledges of Parliament, the iust Liberty of the Subject, the true Protestant Profession, and the Peace of  
the Land.

*And your Petitioners shall ever pray, &c.*

Imprinted at York, and reprinted at London for  
Richard Lownes, June 7. 1642.



His Grace the  
Duke of ORMOND's  
S P E E C H  
T O  
His MAJESTY.

*May it please Your MAJESTY,*



**W**HEN the Protestant Interest was at Stake; When our Religion, Laws, Liberties, and Properties, and all that was Dear to us was in the most imminent Danger; I thank God that I was Instrumental, with divers other Patriots, to bring about the Revolution, and thereby further the Accession of his late Sacred Majesty King William to the Throne of England.

I believe, Royal SIR, you have already been inform'd how I behav'd my self during his Reign. I had the Honour to Accompany his late Majesty as a Volunteer abroad, but shall say no more as to that Point.

When my late Mistress, Queen ANNE, (whose Memory all good Subjects will revere) was Crown'd Queen of these Realms, she was graciously pleas'd to Honour me with a powerful Command; but it would sound much better out of the Mouth of an other, to relate the happy Success of the English Troops at Vigo.

Yet there is one Thing, Dread Sovereign, which with the greatest Pleasure I shall boast; namely, the Honour which I had in manifesting my Loyalty by Voting, and endeavouring to settle the Succession of the Crown in the most illustrious House of HANOVER; to which your Sacred MAJESTY has now Ascended, and does peaceably Enjoy.

Long may you wield the Scepter of Your Royal Ancestors, to which You only have the most uncontestable Right, being called thereunto, and confirmed by the most sacred Laws of God and Man. As for me, I thank Heaven that You are peaceably settled, and shall be always ready to shew my Zeal in Defence of Your Just Title, should any Occasion (which Heaven avert) offer to disturb Your Tranquility. And when it shall please the Almighty to take You hence, to change this Crown for one which shall never fade nor corrupt, may Great Britain be blest'd in your Royal Issue till Time shall be no more.

---

*His MAJESTY's most Gracious Answer.*

My LORD,

**I** Thank you for what you have so kindly and so generously spoken: I have been always sensible of your Affection to the true Interest of the Protestant Religion, and believe you to have a Heart truly Loyal, never to be shaken nor corrupted.

---

L O N D O N: Printed by R. Ward in the Strand.

# The London Gazette.

Published by Authority.

From Monday April 6. to Thursday April 9. 1800.

Venice, March 24. N. S.

**T**HE Prince of Tuscany who came to pass the Carnival here, is returned to Florence. The Count de Stryanau arrived here some days ago from Germany, and has brought with him divers Experienced Officers, who intend to go to the Levant to serve in the Army of this State. A great Convoy will be ready to sail thither in the beginning of the next month, with all sorts of Stores and Necessaries for our Fleet and Army, and 2000 Soldiers, who have been raised this Winter for the Service of the Republick.

Turin, March 26. The Discovery of the Barbarous Conspiracy to Assassinate the King of England, which was to have been followed by an Invasion from France, occasions a great deal of Joy at this Court, as it does among all sorts of People, who have any Sense of Honour or Virtue, and concern for the common Safety of Christendom. The Governor of Milan is expected here in few days to confer with the Duke of Savoy about the Designs for the next Campaign.

Stockholm, March 28. The Letters from England bringing the happy News of the Discovery and Disappointment of the most Villanous Conspiracy against His Majesty's Sacred Person, and the intended French Invasion, the King of Sweden and His Ministers have expressed to the British Minister here, their great Joy and Concern for His Majesty's Preservation, and for the Detection of so execrable a Design. Some days since News came from England, the French Ambassador at this Court made publick a Letter he had received from his Master, giving an account, of his having ordered a Body of his Forces to march to the Sea Coasts, and to embark there for restoring the late King James; and some of his Domesticks could not contain themselves from letting fall such Expressions as sufficiently shew, that both the Ambassador and they knew of the intended Assassination.

Hague, April 10. N. S. The last Post from England brought over the Papers delivered by Charnock, King, and Keyes, at their Execution, and they who have read and compared them with the Paris Gazette of the 24th of March, which would have the Conspiracy to Assassinate His Majesty pass for an Artifice to amuse and prepossess the People, are now expecting with much Curiosity to see what new Turn they will give at the French Court to so base and Hellish a Design, seeing the Criminals themselves have owned it at their Death. The Venetian Ambassadors are still here, expecting every moment to hear of the arrival of the Yachts that are to carry them to England. The last Letters from Havre de Grace say, Vice-Admiral Gallinburgh lay ready to sail with a Squadron of Dutch Men of War to join the English Fleet.

Newcastle, April 2. Yesterday sailed hence, a Fleet of about 200 Tons of Lard Gallies, under Convoy of the Sweepstakes and Roper Prize.

Plymouth, April 3. On the last instant came into this Port His Majesty's Ship the Angler, with the St. Peter of Oland of

13 Guns and 500 Tons; this Ship was bound with 5 or 6 Offenders more to Cadix, who near Cape Finisterre fell to with and were taken by the French Men of War commanded by the Comte de Melville, and in her passage to Brest was rescued by the Angler. The Angler of London arrived here from the Canaries.

Goew, April 6. A Dutch Capst called the King William has just arrived from a French Privateer of 16 Guns, taken by the French days ago; and yesterday an other Dutch Privateer brought in three French Prizes laden with Salt and Brandy, and some Ammunition, that were off the Majesty's Ships and the Governor has ordered to take 5 or 10 Sail more out of the same Fleet.

Portsmouth, April 7. The 4th instant came to Spithead, His Majesty's Ship the Litchfield, Lord Archibald Hamilton Commander, who on Friday last was a Prisoner of about 14 French Men, taken off the Chebourg, being Conveyed by divers Prisoners, to a full of them, and forced firing when a Horn. On Friday last came to Spithead, His Majesty's Ship the Charter, with four Merchant Ships from the West Indies, and several other Home-bound and Coastwise and Coasting Vessels, who came under her Convoy from Falmouth, and yesterday they sailed again for the Downs.

Dover, April 7. Sir Claude's Showell sailed out of the Downs the 2d Instant with several Men of War and 4 Bomb Vessels; and came the next morning before Calais. Capt. Bowler was ordered in, with the Bomb Vessels, and with several small Frigates and Brigantines to protect them, from the Enemies Boats and Gallies, who made some attempt upon us at our first coming in, but were soon beaten off, and forced to retire into the Harbour. Our Bomb Vessels began to fire about Noon, and continued to do so till Evening. They threw between 3 and 400 Shells, most of which fell to the Town, and among the Churches and Houses, and occasioned fires in 3 or 4 places, and in some of the Vessels, which we believe did considerable damage; about 8 at night the Bomb Vessels with the small Frigates came off, having lost 3 or 4 Men by the Shot from the Town, and 7 or 8 wounded. This day arrived in the Drums His Majesty's Ships the Sterling, Goshawk, and Lyon from the Canaries, with all the Ships that went with them, being 21 Sail; They have been 7 weeks and odd days in their Voyage homeward.

Kennington, April 8. The Association of the Clergy of the County of Huntingdon in the Diocese of Lincoln, was presented to His Majesty by his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Association and Address of the Mayor, Aldermen, Gentlemen, Sheriffs, Coroners, Grand Jury, and other the Inhabitants of the Town and County of Nottingham, signed by above 1000 Hands, was presented to His Majesty by their Representatives in Parliament, being introduced by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

The Representatives for the County and Borough of Radnor, being introduced by the Right Honourable the Lord Privy Seal, Lord Lieutenant of South Wales, Mr. Har-ly presented an Association signed by the High Sheriff, Grand Jury, Justices of the Peace, Gentlemen and others of the County of Radnor; and also another signed by the Bailiff, Aldermen, Capital Burgesses, Common Councilmen and other Burgesses of New Radnor.

The Association signed by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Sheriff, and Common Council, Gentlemen, Tradesmen, and other the Inhabitants of the Town of Newcastle upon Tyne, to above 1300 Hands, was presented to His Majesty by Sir William Blacket Bar. and Ralph Carr Esq; their Representatives in Parliament, being introduced by the Right Honourable the Earl of Scarborough.

The Association of the Bayliffs, Assistants, and Commonalty of the Corporation of Godmanchester, presented by John Pucklington Esq; their Recorder, being introduced by the Right Honourable the Earl of Manchester.

The Association and Address of the Mayor, Aldermen, Bayliffs, Minister and Burgesses of the Corporation of Huddon in the County of York, was presented to His Majesty by Thomas Frankland, and Hugh Bishopp Esq; their Representatives in Parliament.

The Association of the Bayliffs, Aldermen, Common Council, Burgesses, and Inhabitants of the County of *Salop*, was presented to His Majesty by the Honourable *Thomas Newport* and *Charles Beldersley* Esqrs, their Representatives in Parliament.

The Association signed by the Mayor, Capital Burgesses, Freemen, and other Inhabitants of the Ancient Borough of *Canterbury* in the County of *Canterbury*, was presented to His Majesty by the Honourable *Sidney Worsley* and *Robert Abbot* Esqrs, their Representatives in Parliament.

The Association of the High Sheriff, Deputy Lieutenants, Justices of the Peace, Gentlemen, Clergy, Freeholders, and other the Inhabitants of the County of *Devonshire*, presented to His Majesty by *Arthur Owen* Esq, Knight of the Shire, and *John Phillips* Esq, Burgess for *Pembroke*, being introduced by my Lord Privy Seal.

The Association and Address of the Mayor, Aldermen, Burgesses, and other Inhabitants of the Town and County of *King's Lynn upon Hull*, was presented to His Majesty by their Representatives in Parliament.

The Association, with an humble Address, exhibited by their Burgesses in the County of *Gloucester*, was presented to His Majesty by *Richard Mansel* Esq, who at the same time accompanied His Majesty, the Association was coming up from the seat of the Gentlemen and Inhabitants of the said County.

The Association of the Inhabitants of *King's Lynn*, was presented to His Majesty by *Thomas Mansel* Esq, His Majesty's Attorney General, Recorder of the said Town.

The Association of the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Burgesses, and other Inhabitants of the Corporation of *Hampshire*, was presented to His Majesty by the Honourable *Richard Mansel* Esq, one of their Representatives in Parliament.

The Association of the Portreeve, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Borough of *Abingdon* in the County of *Oxford*, was presented to His Majesty by *Richard Mansel* Esq, one of their Representatives in Parliament.

The Association of the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Burgesses and Principal Inhabitants of the Borough of *Brighthelm* in the County of *Sussex*, was presented to His Majesty by Alderman *John Hare*, one of their Representatives in Parliament.

The Association of the Lord Lieutenant, Deputy Lieutenants, Justices of the Peace, Officers of the Militia, the Grand Jury, Gentlemen, Freeholders and others of the County of *Essex*, was presented to His Majesty by *Sir Charles Tyrrel*, High Sheriff, *Sir Charles Barrington* and *Sir Francis Mordaunt* Barons, Knights of the Shire for the said County.

The Association of the Mayor, Magistrates, Freemen, Aldermen, Burgesses, Gentlemen, Freeholders, and other the Inhabitants of the Borough and Town of *Marlborough* in the County of *Wiltshire*, was presented to His Majesty by *Thomas Burt* Esq, one of their Representatives in Parliament.

The Association of the Gentlemen and other Inhabitants of the County of *Rutland*.

The Association, with an Address, signed by the Mayor and Inhabitants of the Borough of *Abington* in the County of *Berks*.

The Association of the Mayor, Recorder, Deputy Lieutenants, Officers of the Militia, Common Council, Sheriffs, and Burgesses of the County Borough of *Garmarthen* in *South Wales*.

The Association of the Mayor, Burgesses, Inhabitants and Freeholders of the Borough of *Downton* in the County of *Wiltshire*, and parts adjacent.

All which His Majesty received very Graciously.

Westminster, April 7. This day a special Commission of Oyer and Terminer, was opened in the King's Bench at Westminster, and the Jury being sworn, they found a Bill of Indictment of High-Treason against *Lowick*, *Rookewood*, *Knightly*, and *Cramburne*, for Imagining and Devising the Murder and Assassination of the King. After which the Grand Jury made a Presentment to the Court; That . . . Collier, Shadreck Cook, and . . . Snett, Clerks, did take upon them to pronounce and give Abolition to *Sir William Parkins*, and *Sir John Friend* at the time of their Execution at Tyburn, immediately before they had severally delivered a Paper to the Sheriff of Middlesex, wherein they have severely endeavoured to justify the Treasons for which they were justly Condemned and Executed, and that they the said Collier, Cook, and Snett, have thereby countenanced the same Treasons for which the said *Sir William Parkins* and *Sir John Friend* have been Executed, to the

great Encouragement of other Persons to commit the like Treasons, and to the Scandal of the Church of England Established by Law, and to the Disturbance of the Peace of the Kingdom; And the Court Ordered an Indictment to be preferred against them for the same.

Whitchell, April 8. Shadreck Cook and William Snett, Clerks, are committed to Newgate for suspicion of High Treason and Treasonable Practices.

Lost out of the Office of the Right Honourable Mr. Secretary Trumbull, an Oval Steel Seal, about the bigness of an Half Crown in Circumference, with his own Arms engraved thereon, being three Buffs; Heads crested, each grasping first a Wheelbarrow being it by his Office at Whitchall, shall be well Rewarded.

A General Court of the Bank of England will be held at Grace's Hall, London, on Friday the 17th of April instant, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon.

#### Advertisements.

Proposals by Mrs. Purcell for Printing a Collection of *Annals*, and another of *Ayres*, Composed by her late Husband Mr. Henry Purcell. To pay for both, as it which will not be sold (upon Subscription) under 10s. and come taken after the risk of any. Subscriptions are to be had at Mr. Playford's Shop in the Temple Church, Westminster.

The Present State of Europe, containing an Historical and Political Account of the Interests, Pretensions, and Transactions of the several Courts. This for March 1696. Vol. VII. To be continued Monthly from the Original published at the Hague. Printed for M. Rhodes at the Corner of Bride-lane in Fleetstreet, and J. Harris at the Narrow in Little Britain.

Socialism Unmask'd: A Discourse shewing the Unreasonableness of a late Writer's Opinion concerning the Necessity of only one Article of Christian Faith; and of his other Assertions in his late Book, Entitled, The Reasonableness of Christianity deliver'd in the Scriptures, and in his Vindication of it. With a brief Reply to another (pretended) Socinian Writer. By John Edwards, M.D. and sometime Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge. Printed for J. Robinson at the Golden Lyon, and J. Wey at the Hole in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

Mr. Tom's Coffee-House adjoining to Ludgate, has a curious Collection of French Books in all Languages; being the remainder of the French Books in the last part of Mr. Leake's Catalogues to be had at the place of Sale.

Ipswich in Suffolk, on Monday the sixth at Mr. Thomas Waddington's Coffee House, will be sold a Collection of Greek, Latin, and English Books in all Languages, both in Divinity and History, Voyages, Travels, Physics, Poetry, Law, and Romances, beginning at 5 after Noon, and continue till 8 at night. Catalogues are given gratis at the place of sale; where Gentlemen, or others, may have the full value for any Sundry or Parcel of Books that are to be sold.

George Inn in Maidenhead, an old Customed House, newly furnished, new built, as also the Stables, Brewhouse, &c. it to be Let. Enquire of Mr. Robins a Barber in Maidenhead, or at Buson's Coffee-house in Cornhill, London.

On Thursday the 19th of March last there came two Gentlemen to the Tower to Visit the Lord Rofs, when they came in they were alarmed, and when they went away one of them did, by mistake, take a Steel Blued Sword instead with Gold, and left in the room a small black Blued Sword, the Blade hollow, Flemish fashion on the upper edge. If the Gentlemen will be pleased to send the Sword to the Wardens Hall, he shall have his own again.

Disbanded out of Capt. Thomas Cookes Company in Col. Summey's Regiment of Foot, one Julius Cooke, Sergeant, born at Coventry, fresh coloured, aged about 26. Whoever cures him, and gives notice to Mr. Moulis at the Palgrave's Head at Old Fishers hill, or to Mr. Rumerals, Cheekmonger, at St. Catharines Dock, shall have 5 L. Reward.

Run away from their Master William Sherwin at West-Hemby in Essex, Richard Powell, a short thick Man, aged about 22, with light bushy Hair inclining rored, thin Jawed, his Beard coming red on the further part of his Cheek, round Shouldered, thick Legs, in a Cinnamon coloured Coat, and Striped Tickin Breeches; also James Webber, a black Fellow, with a swarthy Complexion, middle sized, aged about 21, in a light coloured Cloth Coat, a Striped Callimanco Waistcoat and Breeches, or red Breeches; Together with a Wench named Mary Gould, about the same stature, in a sad coloured Gown lined with Willow, and hath taken Callicoes and divers other Goods. Whoever apprehends them, and gives notice to Mr. With Sherwin at Old Fishers hill, or to Samuel Temple in Little Brittain near the Cock and Bottle, shall have a Guinea Reward.

---

---

NEW NEWS  
OF A  
Strange Monster  
FOUND IN  
STOW WOODS  
NEAR  
BUCKINGHAM,  
OF

*Human Shape, with a Double Heart, and no Hands;  
a Head with Two Tongues, and no Brains.*

**T** Here is a Letter lately printed, said to come from an assured Hand, in Answer to a Letter from a *Freeholder* in *Buckinghamshire*, concerning the late Election of the Knights of the Shire of the County of *Bucks*; which because some False Passages in it should not abuse you and the World, I shall give you a true Relation of some things upon my own knowledge.

Sir R. T. now much better known, and equally trusted by the Name of Sir *Timber*, in the time of the late *Usurper*, cut a Chip out of his own Block, and made a Trencher of it, (he began early to deal in Timber) and with it waited upon the *Usurper* with great *Diligence* and *Observance*;  
A and

---



---

NEW NEWS  
OF A  
Strange Monster  
FOUND IN  
STOW WOODS  
NEAR  
BUCKINGHAM,  
OF

*Human Shape, with a Double Heart, and no Hands;  
a Head with Two Tongues, and no Brains.*

**T**Here is a Letter lately printed, said to come from an assured Hand, in Answer to a Letter from a *Freeholder* in *Buckinghamshire*, concerning the late Election of the Knights of the Shire of the County of *Bucks*; which because some False Passages in it should not abuse you and the World, I shall give you a true Relation of some things upon my own knowledge.

Sir *R. T.* now much better known, and equally trusted by the Name of Sir *Timber*, in the time of the late *Usurper*, cut a Chip out of his own Block, and made a Trencher of it, (he began early to deal in Timber) and with it waited upon the *Usurper* with great *Diligence* and *Observance*;  
A and

and when any *Favours* did appear ready to drop from his Highness's *Bountiful Nose*, he was always in readiness with his *Obsequious Instrument* to intercept the falls, and with great Care did pocket up those Pearls, not doubting but with them to piece up his broken Fortunes, and not be forced to Compound with his Creditors at Six Shillings the Pound, as afterwards he did: But his Master dying, and his hopes thereby disappointed, and the King returning, to Sir *Richard's* great Grief and Amazement, he quickly shifted the Scene; and being well train'd up by his old Master, he took up his Principle *Hypocrisie*. And let the World go how it would, he thought that a fruitful Ingredient to a thriving Trade. The first Tryal of Skill he made was this: The *Convention* being dissolv'd, he thought it his Interest to fall in with the King's Party, and to ingratiate himself with a worthy Gentleman of it, Sir *William Teringham*. Sir *Richard* went in his behalf to the Duke of *Buckingham*, (with whom he had some little Acquaintance when the Duke was in his Troubles) and did procure a Letter from the Duke to the Town of *Buckingham*, in the behalf of Sir *William Teringham*, to be chosen Burgeses of the Town for the ensuing Parliament, and promised to deliver it himself, and negotiate with the Town in the behalf of the said Sir *William*; and because he would make his Addresses more acceptable, he did procure one Mr. *Burton*, a Creature of his own, who then lived in the Town, to let the Burgeses know he would build them a Town-Hall; and that they might have good Evidence of the truth of that Promise, great store of Timber was sent into Mr. *Burton's* Yard, and all hands were set at work for this Castle in the Air. After this Prologue, down came the Doubty Knight to Act his part, with the Duke's Letter in his Pocket, as his Credentials, but finding that Sir *William Smith's* Loyalty had engaged all the Burgeses for him, and that Sir *Timber* (for now you may so call him) was like to hew out no Burgeship for himself, in case he delivered the Duke's Letter in the behalf of his Friend Sir *William Teringham*, he pocketed up the Letter (as he had done the *Usurper's* Pearls) which, as if it had been spirited into some Foreign Plantation, was never heard of more. Let us observe his proficiency in *Hypocrisie* as we go, from a Servant to, and Rebel with the *Usurper*, without any Recantation he immediately turned *Cavalier*, procur'd the Letter for Sir *William Teringham*: but when he found that would not promote but destroy his Design, he as quickly deserted and betray'd his new pretended Friend, and hockt the Letter into his Enchanted Castle.

And yet finding that his Timber would not build up his Interest in that Town, unless he could prevail with Sir *William Smith*, to drive a Pin for him, he made use of divers of Sir *William Smith's* first Wives Relations (who was Sir *Alexander Denton's* Daughter and thereby Sir *Timber's* near Kinswoman) to importune Sir *William* not to joyn with any other, but to permit Sir *Timber* to be his Partner; but all this would not have done, Mr. *Dormer* would have been too hard for him, if the Timber-Argument had not prevailed above the 300 *l.* pretended to be deposited by Mr. *Dormer*, and 300 *l.* more promised by Sir *William Smith*. This Pamphleteer must needs deal with the Devil, or one of the lying Spirits of *Abah's* Prophets was crept into him, otherwise, he could never have forged so notorious a Lie, both of the Dead and the Living. And I am persuaded Sir *Timber* himself, who

wants neither Deceit nor Impudence, hath not Brass enough to face a wooden Lie, which hath as little Sence as Truth. Six Hundred Pounds is such a Sum as would easily have broken his Timber Engin! Fallible Men seldom let go such Birds in hand. Well, upon this wooden Horse our Knight rides to Parliament, and that he might have some colour to appear there, he procured a *Red Ribon* to make him a Knight-Errant; but when he found it did inflame the Reckoning, although he went by *Chearing*, he return'd by *Weeping Cross*: But he was resolv'd, *per fas & nefas*, to pick up his Crams. When he came first into Parliament he was much to seek, but as he had pretended to be, so he set up at first for a Royalist, but quickly perceiving his Error, and that that poor Party was like to get nothing, he betook himself to his old Friend the *Trencher*, and that Venom which he had suck'd from his old Master the *Usurper*, or lick'd up under his Table, he threw about the House of Commons for *NUISANCES*; and never left vomiting his Poison until he got an Antidote of

\* *Aurum Potabile*. How he came by it to this day is not

\* *Place in the Customs House.*

known, but most People think he got it by Enchantment, and that Satan, who was his Devil Father, when he was named *Timber*, help'd him to it. This Potion was no sooner down, but it wrought as vehemently the other way, and he besou'd the House with such stinking Matter, that they were forc'd to throw him out, otherwise they had all been in great danger of being poison'd. You have heard of some who have been possess'd by the Devil, have vomited up *Ink-horns*, *Pias*, and *Stones*, &c. but this wooden Knight hath out-done them all. By virtue of the said Potion he hath shit out a mighty Fabric, by the help and assistance of a new sort of Sacrilege; for he hath stoln away the Parsonage-House that the Enchanted Castle might be all of a Piece, and that as the Foundation was laid by *Treachery*, it might be cover'd by *Sacrilege*. But this Potion hath serv'd him as the Devil serves Witches, gives them great Gifts, but they are still Beggars: So this hath given him a great House, but taken away his *Understanding*. For never since he took it hath he spoken either *Sence* or *Truth*. If any other can be found like him, the Devil may take them both, and he shall find them more accomplish'd, and like himself, than any who have ever yet arrived at his Palace. I cannot close my Letter, until I have told you a little Story. Sir *William Smith* had a Tenant who owed him about 200 *l.* this Tenant had a Sister who usually did lie in Sir *Timber's* Chamber, and when the said Potion wrought, and made his Belly ake, she came and laid a Plaster of warm Guts to the place, and after a while it gave him ease, and he lay very still and quiet all the Night. At other times she gave him a Clister, and when she was out of Order, he gave her another: This kind interchange procur'd some advantage to the Brother. For Sir *William Smith* coming kindly to visit Sir *Timber*, being his Neighbour, immediately after he was married, and having some discourse with him in private, about the Tenant's Debt, the said Sir *Timber*, contrary to all Humanity and the Rules of Hospitality, swore in Court (I was by and heard, otherwise could not have deliver'd it) that Sir *William Smith* should tell him, At that time when he came to visit him, that for 50 *l.* he had releas'd the whole Debt; this I have heard Sir *William* protest, and I believe it was notoriously false; but had it been true to betray the private Discourse of a Neighbour, who in kindness came to visit him, could have

been

been done by none but a Man who had taken the Devil's Potion. Let every one beware of him, for it is safer coming into a *Pest-house* than his.

This Narrative is known to Hundreds of People, and needs no other Evidence, but the Declaring of it, which I held my self bound in Conscience to do, for the vindication of Truth, but I will be deposed I never heard Sir *William Smith* speak one word of it but this, That he had no such Discourse with Sir *Timber* in private, as he swore in public.

---

F I N I S.

---

## The Soldiers ADDRESS,

Humbly design'd for the

Q...n and P.....t.

*May it please Your M——y,*

**W**E cannot approach You with that fluent Eloquence wherewith other of Your good Subjects have lately Address'd You, from all Parts of Your United Kingdoms: Nor indeed are we capable so to do, rather glorying that such quaint and pompous Words are the effect of Luxuriant Fancies, indulg'd with Voluptuous Plenty, and soft Downy Ease; whilst we, who in Foreign Countries have wasted our Strength under perpetual Hardships, and the rough Toils of War, must content our selves to have enough of our *Mother Tongue* to make our humble Intentions understood.

Under this Construction give us leave, O Gracious Q——n, to say, that none have Hearts fill'd with more ardent Love and Loyalty than we, the humblest and most zealous of Your Subjects and Servants, whose Throne we approach with the most profound Respect, and Spirits truly Humble and Obedient.

For to our Eternal Honour, and that of our Noble Commanders, be it said, we have been Can'd and Disciplin'd into true Submission; and, with the Use of Arms, have been taught those two great and necessary Virtues, so requisite in a good Subject, that of NON-RESISTANCE and PASSIVE-OBEDIENCE.

By this kind of Martial Philosophy we think it easy to prove, that Rebellious and Republican Principles are inconsistent with our Magnanimous Tempers; who, under the severest Tryals of Hunger and Fatigue, have seen our *Bread* confiscated to the Maintenance of a *strong Detachment* of Harlots, that have yearly swarm'd in *Camp* and *Garrison*, like the Locusts of *Ægypt*: and this drawn into Example from the *General* to the lowest *Subaltern*, every Petty Officer has had a *Lock* from the poor *Fleeces* of your Army: Nay, we have had our Patience exercis'd under

*stronger* and more *feeling* Emergencies, and not been suffer'd to enjoy, peaceably, those poor *Doxies*. who by their constant attendance on the *Camp*, have greatly help'd to alleviate our Afflictions.

If this has been our Case in time of Service, consider, most Benign P——s, what it will be in time of Peace? And tho' we are probably the *last* that Address You on that happy Subject, let us not be the *least* interested or concern'd in the conclusion thereof.

We have been constantly Obdient under all Hardships, and when we were Commanded, spar'd neither Friend nor Foe. You sent us one G——-l, and we fought and Conquer'd under him; You sent us another, and we Conquer'd without Fighting. Under the first it is said, *We got more Honour than BREAD*, and under the latter, more *Bread* than *Honour*. The one led us on to Battle; and the other led us off to avoid it. yet were we still Obdient. Under the first we took Towns from Your Enemies, and under the latter we took them from Your Friends; What Men could do more? When we were Commanded to *Kill*, we were troubled with no Qualms of Conscience, nor did we use any long *Graces* to our Meat. We justly maintain'd the Honour of our Country, on all Occasions, and our Swords are yet reeking with the Blood of Your *greatest Enemies*. We left our Countries, Friends, Families, Relations, Wives and Children to serve You, like Men, and humbly request we may not be turn'd Home to 'em like Dogs. We desire to be understood as Men of Honour, who generously prefer the *Danger and Fatigue of Arms*, before that Lean cheek'd *Blessing* of *Hunger and Ease*. We apprehend no Danger like that of *Dying a lingering Death*, and are obstinately of Opinion, that *a living Dog is worse than a dead Lion*. We have serv'd tedious Apprenticeships in *War*, and desire we may not be forgot at the time of *Peace*.

Purge the Consciences of our most honest Commanders with *Parliament Rhubarb*, that we who have been *half Starv'd* during the *War*, may not be *quite Starv'd* at the *End* of it, to etch out their *Half Pay*. 'Tis true, they have *Clothed* us with *Scarlet*, but the *Ornaments* of *Gold* we have put on their own Apparel. We have *exercis'd* ourselves in *War*, we were call'd *Gentlemen soldiers* but before a *Peace*.

*stronger and more feeling* Emergencies, and not been suffer'd to enjoy, peaceably, those poor *Doxies*, who by their constant attendance on the *Camp*, have greatly help'd to alleviate our Afflictions.

If this has been our Case in time of Service, consider, most Benign P——s, what it will be in time of Peace? And tho' we are probably the *last* that Address You on that happy Subject, let us not be the *least* interested or concern'd in the conclusion thereof.

We have been constantly Obedient under all Hardships, and when we were Commanded, spar'd neither Friend nor Foe. You sent us one G——, and we Fought and Conquer'd under him; You sent us another, and we Conquer'd without Fighting: Under the first it is said, *We got more Honour than BREAD*, and under the latter, more *Bread* than *Honour*. The one led us on to Battle; and the other led us off to avoid it, yet were we still Obedient. Under the first we took Towns from Your Enemies, and under the latter we took 'em from Your Friends; What Men could do more? When we were Commanded to *Kill*, we were troubled with no Qualms of Conscience, nor did we use any *long Graces* to our Meat. We justly maintain'd the Honour of our Country, on all Occasions, and our Swords are yet reeking with the Blood of Your *greatest Enemies*. We left our Countries, Friends, Families, Relations, Wives and Children to serve You, like Men, and humbly request we may not be turn'd Home to 'em like Dogs. We desire to be understood as Men of Honour, who generously prefer the *Hunger and Fatigue of Arms*, before that Lean cheek'd *Blessing* of *Hunger and Ease*. We apprehend no Danger like that of *Dying a lingering Death*, and are obstinately of Opinion, that *a living Dog is worse than a dead Lion*. We have serv'd tedious Apprenticeships in *War*, and desire we may not be forgot at the time of *Peace*.

Purge the *Consciences* of our most honest *Commanders* with *Parliament Rhubarb*, that we who have been *half Starv'd* during the *War*, may not be quite *Starv'd* at the *End* of it, to etch out their *Half Pay*. 'Tis true *they have clothed us with Scarlet*, but the *Ornaments of Gold* they have put on their own *Apparel*. We never experienced what we were call'd *Gentlemen Soldiers* but before a *Battle*.

*we were generally Can'd for it all the Year after.* If there be Merit in naked Virtue, or *Thread-bare Honour*, we are intitled to the Reward of it in the *strongest Sense*; for we may truly say, *our honourable Tatters, sometimes, would scarce hide our Nakedness.* For all which our *Sufferings* and *Services*, we humbly implore Your M—— gracious Interposition, that as we have Fought well, we may not be Robb'd of that we have Fought for.

Let our *Quondam Tyrants* that set us to Work, honestly pay us our Wages; and as they have risen upon our Shoulders to Honour, keep their purloining Fingers out of the *Pay-Book*, and not make it as dark as a *Muste-Roll*: For tho' it may be said Your M—— Officers are *Cleanly Fellows*, yet have they a great *Itch* after our *Arrears*. Protect Your poor Scoundrels from the ravenous Gripe of Colonels, Captains and Agents; and let our Lieutenants and Ensigns be as *poor Rogues* as our selves. We recommend for Imitation, the Example of the antient *Romans*, who were wont to Reward their Victorious *Legions*, with large Privileges and Immunities.

We also read lately of a certain *Northern Prince*, famous for his great Bounty and Generosity, in designing to Canton out certain Lands in proportion to the Services of his intrepid *Veterans*. Let not us that have behav'd our selves like Valiant *Sons of Mars* Abroad, be treated like Beggarly *Sons of W——s*, in our own Country. Rather say unto us, *I will Cloath you with Honour, and the Flesh-pots of Egypt shall fatten you.* Let our *Hard-ships* be turn'd into *Lord ships*, and our *Swords* into *Plow shares*, that when You have occasion again for our Services, we may not go (as many a brave Scoundrel lately has done) like *Bears to the Stake*, or a *Sheep to the Slaughter*. It is with a sensible Grief of Heart (Thanks to our good Friend K. B——) that many of us call to mind the Conclusion of the last Peace, when thro' the special *Clemency of him and his Officers*, we were dismiss'd such wretched *Tatterdemallions*, that instead of *He-roles*, we were call'd *Scare-Crows*, fit only to be stuck up in Corn-fields like ragged Ensigns at the Head of a Batallion. If this be the *Reward* of Ten Years Service, Ten Months more may bring half of us to the Gallows. But we trust more in Your M——— known Clemency and Goodness to us, as we have maintain'd the Honour and Justice of your Cause against the World, hope to share in that Glorious Character our Swords have acquir'd. Let our *Bread* be an Example for our *Pay*, and all those be put to Shame and Confusion that Injure or Oppress us, from General M——— down to Capt——— And finally we pray, That as a *Peace* is like to ensue betw——— our M——— and Your Enemy, Means may be us'd to prevent a——— from breaking out between us and our *Officers*.

Anno Primo  
Georgii Regis.

An Act for the Attainder of *Henry Viscount Bolingbroke* of High Treason, unless he shall Render himself to Justice by a Day certain therein mentioned.



Whereas Henry Viscount Bolingbroke hath been Impeached by the Commons in Parliament Assembled, in the Name of themselves and all the Commons of Great Britain, of High Treason, and other High Crimes and Misdemeanors; To which said Impeachment, now remaining upon Record in the House of Peers, the said Henry Viscount Bolingbroke hath not Answered, but hath Withdrawn himself from Justice, without Abiding his Legal Trial: Be it Enacted by the Kings most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Consent and Advice of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament Assembled, That if the said Henry Viscount Bolingbroke shall not Render himself to the Usher of the Black Rod Attending the House of Peers, or the Constable or Lieutenant of the Tower of London, for the time being, ( who are hereby required to Receive and Keep him in Safe Custody ) in Order to his Trial in Parliament, at or before the Tenth Day of September next ensuing, and also Abide his Legal Trial for the Treasons, High Crimes and Misdemeanors, whereof he stands Impeached by the Commons of Great Britain, then the said Henry Viscount Bolingbroke, not Rendering himself, or not Abiding his Legal Trial, as aforesaid, shall, from and after the said Tenth Day of September, stand and be adjudged Attainted of High Treason, to all Intents and Purposes whatsoever, and shall Suffer and Forfeit as a Person Attainted of High Treason by the Laws of the Land ought to Suffer and Forfeit.

F I N I S.

A u u u 2

Anno

# A Fall and True ACCOUNT

Of the Great Mischiefs done by the Mob on *Monday*  
and *Tuesday*, being the 28th and 29th of May,  
1716. Also a true List of the kill'd and Wounded.

**M**ischievous are the Seeds of Disloyalty and Faction, when sown and spread by Men of Superior Degrees and Authority, as appears by too many, back'd by the insulting Intrigues of the Romish Emisaries, who to perpetrate their Diabolical Ends, in every publick resort of the Dissaffected Party, relate their False and Wicked Invectives against the present Protestant and happy Government, by lessening the Goodness and Clemency of King George, and Calumniating the great Zeal and Loyalty of the Senate of the Nation, who like true Patriots of their Country, have stood firm by the Stranger their Preserver and Conservator in this most dangerous and Wicked Rebellion.

Let us now proceed to the great Mischiefs done by the Mob or common unpolished and unthinking People: On *Monday*, being the Birth-day of King George, and *Tuesday* the Nativity of Charles II. On which Days the Low-Church Mob, at their usual place of Resort, met in order to oppose those of the High-Church, who distinguished themselves with Oaken Boughs in their Hats, and meeting in several Parts of this City and Suburbs, had several stout Engagements, but one especially in *St. Martins la Grand*, where the High-Church at first (as 'tis said) had the best, but a greater strength coming to the others Assistance, they were beaten, and several of them sent to Prison, a great many Wounded, especially Mr. *Horship* a Constable, and Mr. *Kennit*, Watchman, who are Mortally Wounded: Another Skirmish happened at *Temple-Bar* where one was killed and thrown upon a Bulk; in *Smithfield* likewise there was great Opposition between both Parties, the high Church Party crying out *High Church and Ormond*, where was several wounded and carried to Prison: One of the high Church Party in *Strandope-street*, crying out *High Church and Ormond*, was cut to pieces by a Gentleman with his Sword: Another bloody Skirmish happened near the *Mugg-House* in *Tower-street*, where Three Persons were kill'd, and others sent into *salva Custodia*. Several others were strangely used for their Contumelious Boughs in their Hats, in several places, but especially by those Guards near *Newgate*.

## *The Names of the Kill'd and Wounded.*

Mr. *Horship*, Constable.  
Mr. *Kennit* Watchman  
Mr. *Hicks*.  
Mr. *Jones*.  
Mr. *Thomas Nailor*.  
Mr. *James Cutler*,  
Mr. *William Wells*  
Mr. *Richard Toplin*

Mr. *Thomas Hindon*  
Mr. *Eward Smart*  
Jacob *Thornton*  
Samuel *Doughton*  
Nicholas *Ethering*  
Isaac *Butler*.  
Thomas *Baker*  
Edward *Moulsey*.

## The Prayer against Tumults and Sedition.

**O** Lord God full of Mercy and Compassion, and whose Power is expansive, and who seest into the most secret recess of the heart, preserve our Sovereign from the open and secret Insults of wicked Men, and this Nation from the Storm that seems to threaten it; heal our Divisions, and unite us in Brotherly Love and Charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ, Amen.



Whitehall, November 15, 1715.

---

Published by Authority.

---

**A** Letter from Major-General Wills, dated the 13th Instant in the Morning, advises, That having passed Ribble-Bridge near Preston without any Opposition, he had surrounded that Town, into which the whole Body of the Rebels who came into Lancashire had retired; That he had made a Lodgement with his Foot, after a short Dispute in which the Earl of Derwentwater was reported to be killed; and that he did not doubt to give a very good Account of the said Rebels in a very few Days.

This Morning arrived M. Slippenbach, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of Dragoons of Slippenbach, with an Account that the 3000 Men of the Dutch Troops designed to come up the Thames, are arrived at Deptford.

---

Printed by J. Tonson in the Strand. 1715.

C



R

# BY THE KING.

*A Proclamation for the free and safe passage of all Clothes, Goods, Wares, and Merchandize to Our City of LONDON.*



Hereas We have been informed, that diverse of Our loving Subjects, who have been travelling from Our Westerne Counties, and other parts of Our Kingdome to Our City of *London* with Clothes, Goods, and other Merchandize, have been of late stopped and interrupted in their Iournies, and other Clothes, Wares, and Merchandize have been taken or detained from them, whereby the season and benefit of their Markets have been lost to them, and considering, that if the same Licence and Course shall be still taken and held, that the damage and mischief thereof will not only fall upon Places and Persons disaffected to Vs, but upon very many of Our good and loving Subjects of all parts, and that thereby the generall Trade and Commerce of the Kingdom (which We have alwayes, and do desire to advance to the utmost of Our Power) will in a short time decay, and the poore People, wanting work, be brought to Penury and Famine: Wee are graciously pleased to declare, and doe hereby will and require all the Officers and Souldiers of Our Army, and all other Our Officers and Ministers whatsoever, that from henceforth they giue no stop or interruption to any of Our loving Subjects, as they travell to Our City of *London* with any Clothes, Wares, or other Merchandize, but that they suffer them, and such their Clothes, Wares, and Merchandize freely and peaceably to passe without any let, trouble, or molestation whatsoever. And We doe hereby promise and assure all Our loving Subjects, that if they shall henceforth suffer by any Souldiers of Our Army in this Case, and shall not upon Complaint to the chief Officers of Our Army where such damage is suffered, receive Iustice and Reparation for the damage they sustaine, upon complaint made to Vs We will take speedy care for the severe and exemplary punishment of the Offendors, and for the full satisfaction of the Parties grieved and injured.

*Given at Our Court at Oxford, the eight day of December, in the Eighteenth yeare of Our Reigne.*

God save the King.



Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his Mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George, of Blessed Memory, by whose Decese the Imperial Crowns of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, are Solely and Rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince George, Prince of Wales: We therefore the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with those of his late Majesty's Privy Council, with Numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, do now hereby, with one full Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, Publish and Proclaim, That the High and Mighty Prince George, Prince of Wales, is now, by the Death of our late Sovereign, of happy Memory, become our only Lawful and Rightful Liege Lord, George the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To whom we do Acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection: Beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to Bless the Royal King George the Second with Long and happy Years to Reign over us.

Given at the Court at *Leicester House*, this Fourteenth Day of *June*, 1727.

## God save the King.

W. Cant  
King C.  
Trevor C. P. S.

Queensberry and Dover  
Argyll and Greenwich  
Kent  
Lincoln  
Holles Newcastle  
Sutherland  
Pembroke  
Nottingham  
Stair  
Falmouth  
Lonsdale  
Carteret  
Lechmere  
o. Compton  
Methuen  
D. Finch  
W. Stanhope  
R. Walpole  
R. Raymond  
J. Jekyll  
R. Eyre  
H. Pelham  
Rob. Sutton  
Wm Pulteney  
T. Jenkyns  
P. Yorke  
C. Talbot  
Edward Southwell  
W. Cary

Ch. Greenwood  
William Sharpe  
Tho. Beake  
  
Denbigh  
Albemarle  
Gage  
Tadcaster  
Bathurst  
De Lawarr  
Cadogan  
Will. Manners  
Dunmore  
T. Woodcock  
Wm Wilmer  
Lovett  
R. Arnold  
Tho. Colby  
Alex. Abercromby  
Thomas Say  
Patt. Ward  
Ja. Macartney  
Jn. Savage  
Jof. Ferrers  
W. Compton  
Dan. Dering  
Richard Lilly  
Sam. Hetherington  
John Armstrong  
Peterborow  
Suffex  
Chesterfield

Essex.  
Macclesfield  
Scarborough  
Cardigan  
Grantham  
De Loraine  
Bridgewater  
Ashburnham  
Radnor  
Harborough  
Will. Powlett  
Cholmondeley  
John Effington  
John Eyles, Mayor  
John Camp  
Tho. Benson  
G. Cook  
Robert Corker  
J. Pendelbury  
Hartington  
Daniel Lamy  
William Wynn  
P. Felan  
Fran. Blake  
W. Cleveland  
J. Hayne  
H. Bendysh  
H. Bendysh jun.  
Tho. Whetham  
Pet Campbell  
Anth. La Melonune  
Henry Weston

Tho. Smith  
J. Rushout  
T. Lyttelton  
Tho. Copleston  
Adolphus Oughton  
Edward Southwell  
Th. Clements  
Tyrconnel  
Tho. Martyn  
Fra. North  
John Lambert  
John Jocelyn  
Claud. Amyand  
Ph. Crespigny  
Tho. Sadler  
Geo. Lochmann  
Ph. Journeaulx  
Edw. Godfrey  
Fra. Whitworth  
John Mohun  
Na. Hufley  
G. Harvey  
P. Bettelworth  
James Trymmer  
T. Pelham  
Fran. Hill  
C. Frewen  
R. Cochrane  
Rich. Ingoldesby  
Tho. Lambert  
Rob. Whatley  
Henry De Saunieres

Will. Lewis LeGrand  
Fra. Burton  
Rob. Nisbet  
Richard Plumer  
Tho. Sidney  
Tyrawly  
J. Montgomerie  
Rob. Sourbee  
Hub. Marshall  
Roger Martin  
John Jones  
Rob. Corbet  
Will. Corbet  
Wriothesley Betton  
Cha. Lumley  
Tho. Salt  
Charles Lucas  
Hen. Holcombe  
Tho. Cartwright  
Abel Stibbs  
W. Shaw  
Edward Brown  
Ben. Whiten  
Dun. Forbes  
Aug. Schutz  
V. Cornewall  
Charles Stanhope  
J. Stevens  
Ch. Delafaye  
Tho. Bevois  
Thomas Needham  
Ra. Jephson

*He flew to the end of the world*  
NEWS from DUNKIRK-HOUSE: Or, CLARENDON'S Farewell to England.

In his seditious Address to the Right Honourable the House of Peers, Decemb. 3. 1667. Which was afterwards, according to the Sentence and Judgment of both Houses of Parliament, burnt by the hand of the Common Hangman, in the presence of the two Sheriffs, with a great and signal Applause of the People, December 12. 1667.

To the Right Honourable, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament Assembled, The Humble Petition and Address of Edward Earl of Clarendon.

May it please your Lordships:

I Cannot express the insupportable trouble and grief of mind I sustain under the apprehension of being mis-represented to your Lordships. And when I hear how much of your Lordships time hath been spent upon the mention of Me, as it is attended with more publick consequence, and of the difference in opinion, which hath already, or may probably arise betwixt your Lordships and the honourable House of Commons, whereby the great and weighty affairs of the Kingdom may be obstructed, in a time of so general dissatisfaction. I am very unfortunate to find myself to suffer so much under two very disadvantageous Reflections, which are in no degree applicable to Me.

The first, from the greatness of my Estate and Fortune, collected and made in so few years; which if it be proportionable to what is reported, may give reasonable cause for my Integrity to be suspected.

The second, That I have been the sole Manager and chief Minister of all the Transactions of State since the Kings Return into England, to August last: and therefore that all miscarriages and misfortunes ought to be imputed to me & my Counsels.

Concerning my Estate, your Lordships will not believe that after Malice and Envy have been so inquisitive, so sharp-sighted, I will offer any thing to your Lordships, but what is exactly true: And I do assure your Lordships in the first place, That (excepting the Kings Bounty) I have never received or taken one penny, but what was generally understood to be the just and lawful perquisites of my Office, by the constant practice of the best of Times; which I do (in my own Judgement) conceive to be that of my Lord Coventry, and my Lord Ethesmere, the Practice of which I constantly observed: although the Office in both their times was lawfully worth double to what it was to me, and I do believe now is.

That all the Courtships and Favours which I have been able to obtain from the King, or other Persons, in Church, State, or Westminster-Hall, have never been worth me five pounds; so that your Lordships may be confident I am as innocent from Corruption; as from any disloyal thoughts, which after near thirty years service of the Crown in some difficulties and distress, I did never suspect would have been objected to me in mine Age. And I do assure your Lordships, and will make it very manifest, that the several sums of Money, and some parcels of Land, which His Majesty hath bountifully bestowed upon me since His Return into England, are worth more than all I have amonies unto: so far I am from advancing my Estate by any indirect means. And though this Bounty of His Majesty hath very far exceeded my Merits, or my Expectations; yet some others have been as fortunate, at least in the same Bounty, who had as small pretences to it, and have no great reason to envy my Condition.

Concerning the other imputation of the Credit and Power of being chief Minister, and so causing all to be done that I find a mind to do, I have no more to say then, That I had the good fortune to serve a Master of very great Judgment and Understanding, and to be always joyned with persons of great Ability and Experience; without whose Advice and Concurrence, never any thing hath been done.

Before his Majesties coming into England, he was constantly attended by the Marquess of Ormond, the late Lord Culpeper, and Mr. Secretary Nicholas, who were equally trusted with my self, and without whose joyned Advice and Concurrence, when they were all present, (as some of them always were) I never gave any Counsel.

As soon as it pleased God to bring his Majesty into England, he established his Privy-Council, and shortly out of them a number of Honourable Persons of great Reputation (who for the most part are alive still) as a Committee for forraign Affairs, and consideration of such things; as the nature of them require much secrecy: And with these persons he vouchsafed to joyn me, and I am confident the Committee never transacted any thing of moment (his Majesty being always present) without presenting the same to the Council-Board: And I must appeal to them concerning my carriage, and whether we were not all of one mind in all matters of Importance: For more than two years I never knew any difference in the Council, or that there were any complaints in the Kingdom; which I wholly impute to his Majesties great Wisdom, and the intire concurrence of his Council; without the vanity of assuming any thing to my self: And therefore, I hope I shall not be unjustly charged with any thing that hath since fallen out amiss.

But from the time that Mr. Secretary Nicholas was removed from his place, there were great alterations; and whoever knew any thing of the Court or Council, knew well how much my credit since that time hath been diminished, (though his Majesty graciously vouchsafed still to have my Advice in most of his Affairs) Nor hath there been from that time to this, above one or two persons brought into the Council, or preferred to any considerable Office in the Court; who have been of my intimate acquaintance, or suspected to have any kindness for me; but most of them known to have been very long my enemies, and of different Judgment and Principles from me, both in Church and State: and who have taken all opportunities to have lessened my credit to the King; and with all other Persons by mis-representing, and mis-reporting all that I said or did: and perswading men that I had done them some prejudice with his Majesty, or crossed them in some of their pretences, though his Majesties Goodness and Justice was such, that it made little Impression upon him.

In my humble opinion the great misfortunes of the Kingdom have proceeded from the War, to which it was notoriously known that I was always most averse; and may without vanity say, I did not only foresee, but I did declare the mischief we should run into, by entering into War before any Alliance with the Neighbour Princes: And that it may not be imputed to his Majesties want of care, or the negligence of his Counsellors that no such Alliances were entered into: I must take the boldness to say, that his Majesty left nothing unattempted in order thereunto: And knowing very well that France resolved to begin War upon Spain as soon as his Catholick Majesty should depart this World, which being much sooner expected by them, they had in the two Winters before been at great charge in providing plentiful Magazines of all provisions, upon the Frontiers, that they might be ready for the War: his Majesty used all possible means, to prepare and dispose the

Spaniards with that apprehension, offering his friendship to that degree, as might be for the security and benefit of both Crowns: But Spain flattering it self that France would not break with them; at least that they would not give them any cause, by administering matter of Jealousie to them: never made any approach towards Friendship with his Majesty, but both by their Ambassadors here, and to his Majesties Ambassadors at Madrid, always insisted as Preliminaries, upon the giving up of Dunkirk, Tangier, and Jamaica.

But France had an Ambassador here, to whom a Project for a Treaty was offered, and the Lord Hellis his Majesties Ambassador at Paris used all endeavours to promote and prosecute the said Treaty, yet it was quickly discerned that the principal design of France, was to draw his Majesty into such a nearer Alliance, as might advance the design, without which, they had no mind to enter into the Treaty proposed.

And this was the state of Affairs, when the War was entered into with the Dutch; from which time, neither concerned themselves with the making of Alliance with England.

As I did from my Soul abhor the entering into this War, so I never presumed to give any Advice or Counsel for the way of managing it, but by opposing any Propositions which seemed to the late Lord Treasurer, and my self, to be unreasonable, as the payment of the Sea-men with Tickers; and many other particulars which added to the expence.

My enemies took all occasions to inveigh against me, and making Friendship with others out of the Council of more Licentious Principles, as who knew well enough how much I disliked and complained of the Liberty they took to themselves of reviling all Counsel, and Counsellors, and turning all things serious and secret into Ridicule: They took all ways imaginable to render me ungrateful to all sorts of men (whom I shall be compelled to name in my own defence, perswading those that miscarry in any of their designs, that it was the Counsellors doing; whereas I never knew any thing).

However they could not withdraw the Kings Favor from me; who was still pleased to use my service with others; nor was there ever any thing done but upon the joynt advice of at least the Major part of those that were concerned. And as his Majesty commanded my service in the late Treaties, so I never gave the least advice in Private, nor wrote one Letter to any Person in any of those Negotiations, but upon advice of the Council; and after it was read in Council, or at least by the King himself, and some other. And if I prepared any Instructions or Memorials, it was by the Kings command, and the request of the Secretaries, who desired my assistance: Nor was it any wish of mine own, that any Ambassador should give me account of the Transactions; but to the Secretaries, with whom I was always ready to advise: Nor am I conscious to my self of ever having given advice that hath proved so Mischievous or inconvenient to his Majesty; and I have been so far from being the sole Manager of Affairs, that I have not in the whole last year, been above twice with his Majesty in any Roome alone; and very seldom in the two or three years preceeding.

And since the Parliament at Oxford, it hath been very visible that my credit hath been very little, and that very few things have been hearkened unto; which have been proposed by me, but contradicted, *eo nomine*, because proposed by me.

I most humbly beseech your Lordships to remember the Office and trust I had for seven years; in which, in discharge of my Duty, I was obliged to stop and obstruct many mens pretences, and to refuse to let the Seal to many mens Warrants, and other Grants which would have been profitable to them which procured them; and many whereof, upon my representation to His Majesty, were for ever stopped: which naturally have raised many Enemies to me.

And my frequent concurring with the late Lord Treasurer, with whom I had the honour to have a long and a fast friendship to his death, in presenting several Excesses and Exorbitances (the yearly issue far exceeding the Revenue,) provoked many persons concerned, of great power and credit, to do me all the ill Offices they could. And yet I may faithfully say, That I never medled with any part of the Revenue, or the Administrations of it, but when I was desired by the late Lord Treasurer to give him my Assistance and advice (having had the honour to serve the Crown as Chancellor of the Exchequer) which was for the most part in His Majesties presence.

Nor have I ever been in the least degree concerned in point of profit, in the letting any part of his Majesties Revenue; nor have ever treated or debated it, but in his Majesties presence, in which my opinion only concurred always with the Major part of the Counsellors who were present.

All which, upon Examination will be made manifest to your Lordships, how much soever my Integrity is blasted by the malice of those, who I am confident, do not believe themselves. Nor have I in my Life, upon all the Treaties, or otherwise, received to the value of one shilling from all the Kings and Princes in the World, (except the Books of the Louvre Print, sent me by the Chancellour of France, by that Kings directions) but from my own Master; to whose intire service, and to the good and welfare of my Country, no mans heart was ever more devoted.

This being my present Condition, I do most humbly beseech your Lordships to retain a favourable Opinion of me, and to believe me to be innocent from those foul Aspersions, until the contrary shall be proved; which I am sure can never be, by any Men worthy to be believed. And since the distemper of the Time, and the difference between the Two Houses in the present Debate, with the Power and Malice of my Enemies, who give out, That they shall prevail with his Majesty to Provoke or Dissolve this Parliament in Displeasure, and threaten to expose me to the Rage and Fury of the People; may make me looked upon as the Cause which obstructs the Kings service, and the Unity and Peace of the Kingdom: I must humbly beseech your Lordships, that I may not forfeit your Lordships Favour and Protection, by withdrawing myself from judgment of a Prosecution, in hopes I may be able by such withdrawing, hereafter to appear, and make my Defence: When His Majesties Justice, to which I shall always submit, may not be obstructed nor controlled by the Power and Malice of those who have sworn my Destruction.

# ARTICLES OF TREASON, Exhibited in PARLIAMENT, Against EDWARD Earl of CLARENDON.

*My Lords,*

*Mr. Seymour's Speech to the House of LORDS.*

**T**He Commons Assembled in Parliament, having received Information of divers Treasonable Practises and Designs of a great Peer of this House (*Edward Earl of Clarendon*) Comma'ded me to Accuse the said *Edward Earl of Clarendon* of Treason, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors; And I do here in their Names, and in the Names of the Commons of England, accuse *Edward Earl of Clarendon* of Treason, and other high Crimes and Misdemeanors. I am further commanded by the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships, That the Earl of *Clarendon* may forth-with be Sequestred from Parliament, and be committed to safe Custody: They further command me to acquaint your Lordships, That they will in convenient time Exhibit the Articles of the Charge against him,

Resolved, &c.

Novemb. 14. 1667. The Vote of the House of Lords.

*That the Lords have not Complied with the Desires of the House of Commons, concerning the Commitment of the Earl of Clarendon, and Sequestering him from Parliament; Because the House of Commons have only Accused him of Treason in general, and have not assigned, or specified any particular Treason.*

**I.**  
**T**hat the Earl of *Clarendon* hath designed a standing Army to be Raised, and to Govern the Kingdom thereby; Advised the King to Dissolve the present *Parliament*, so lay aside all thoughts of *Parliament* for the future, to Govern by Military Power, and to maintain the same by Free-Quarger, and Contribution.

**II.**  
That he hath in hearing of many of his Majesties Subjects, falsely and seditiously said, The King was in his Heart a Papist, Popishly affected; or words to that effect.

**III.**  
That he hath received great sums of Money for passing the *Canary Patent*, and other illegal Patents, and granted several *Injunctions* to stop proceedings at Law against the m, and other illegal Patents formerly granted.

**IV.**  
That he hath advised and procured divers of his Majesties Subjects to be Imprisoned against Law, in remote Islands, Garisons, and other Places, thereby to prevent them from the benefit of the Law; and to introduce presidents for Imprisoning of other of his Majesties Subjects, in like manner.

**V.**  
That he hath corruptly sold several Offices, contrary to Law.

**VI.**  
That he hath procured his Majesties Customes to be Farmed at under Rates, knowing the same; and great pretended Debts to be paid by his Majesty; to the payment whereof, his Majesty was not in strictness bound: And hath received great sums of Money for procuring the same.

**VII.**  
That he hath received great sums of Money from the Company of *Vintners*, or some of them, or their Agents, for exhauling the Prices of *Wines*, and for freeing them from the payment of legal Penalties, which they had incurred.

**VIII.**  
That he hath in short time gained to himself a far greater Estate then can be imagined to be lawfully gained in so short a time: And contrary to his Oath, hath procured several Grants under the Great Seal from his Majesty to himself and Relations, of several of his Majesties Lands, Hereditaments, and Leases, to the dis-profit of his Majesty.

**IX.**  
That he introduced an Arbitrary Government in his Majesties Forreign Plantations, and hath caused such as Complained thereof, before his Majesty and Council, to be long Imprisoned for so doing.

**X.**  
That he did reject and frustrate a Proposal and Undertaking, approved by his Majesty, for the Preservation of *Mexico* and *St. Christophers*, and Reducing the *French Plantations* to his Majesties obedience, after the Commissions were drawn for that purpose, which was the occasion of such great Losses and Damages in those parts.

**XI.**  
That he advised and effected the Sale of *Dunkirk* to the *French King*, being part of his Majesties Dominions, together with the Ammunition, Artillery, and all sorts of Stores there, and for no greater value then the said Ammunition, Artillery, and Stores were worth.

**XII.**  
That the said Earle did unduly cause his Majesties Letters Patents under the Great Seal of *England* (to one *Dr. Cronisher*) to be altered, and the Inrolement thereof to be unduly razed.

**XIII.**  
That he hath in an Arbitrary way, examined and drawn into question divers of his Majesties Subjects concerning their Lands, Tenements, Goods and Chattels, and Properties; determined thereof at the Council-Table, and stopped proceedings at Law; and threatened some that pleaded the *Statute* of 17 *Car. 1.*

**XIV.**  
That he had caused *Quo Warranto's* to be issued out against most of the Corporations of *England* by Act of Parliament, to the intent he might receive great sums of Money from them for Renewing their Charters; which when they complied withal, he caused the said *Quo Warranto's* to be discharged, and prosecution thereon to cease.

**XV.**  
That he procured the Bills of Settlement for *Ireland*, and received great sums of Money for the same, in a most corrupt and unlawful manner.

**XVI.**  
That he hath Deluded and Betrayed his Majesty, and the Nation, in all Forreign Treaties and Negotiations, relating to the late War.

**XVII.**  
That he was a principal Author of that fatal Council of Dividing the *Fleet*, about *June*, 1666.



*The Speech which their Excellencies, Messieurs Van Duyvenvoord  
and Van Borsfelen Ambassadors Extraordinary from their High Might-  
inesses, the States General; made to His Majesty on the 12th Instant,  
when they had their Publick Audience.*

SIR,  
THE Joy which we feel to see Your Majesty upon  
that August Throne, does so much fill our Hearts  
and Thoughts, that we fear we shall not be able to ac-  
quit ourselves as we ought, of the Orders given us by  
our Lords and Masters, the States General of the United  
Provinces.

*Never was Joy more just and lawful.*

At a Time when the Protestant Religion was threaten-  
ed with total Ruin; when these Kingdoms were in  
Danger of being invaded, and when our Republick had  
reason to dread the greatest Calamities.

At a Time when Arbitrary Power and Popery thought  
to bring all Europe under their Yoke, when Superstition  
and Persecution their inseparable Companions, Arm'd  
with Fire and Sword, seem'd ready to destroy all.

In that Time of Fear and Anguish, God by a won-  
derful Effect of his Omnipotence, put the Scepter into  
Your Majesty's Hands, to quiet our Minds, to defend  
his Church, to support his People, and to preserve their  
Laws and Liberties.

*May Everlasting Praises be return'd him for it.*

SIR,

Their High Mightinesses had the Honour to signify  
to Your Majesty from their own Mouths, how sensible  
they were of this happy Event.

They have desir'd the Friendship and Goodwill of  
Your Majesty, as the most firm Support of their  
State. They have assur'd Your Majesty, that they will  
do their utmost to deserve that precious Friendship, and  
that they have nothing so much at Heart, as to live in  
perfect Harmony with Your Majesty, and on all Occa-  
sions to testify an inviolable Attachment to Your Ma-  
jesty's Interests.

They have testify'd to Your Majesty their Desire to  
renew the strictest Alliances, and to contribute all that  
is in their Power to increase that good Union, so neces-  
sary to two Nations founded upon Principles Religion  
and Liberty.

They offer'd up Vows in Your Majesty's Presence, and  
continue them still, That the sacred Ties of the Union  
which were formed Time out of Mind, and farther con-  
firm'd during the Reigns of the Glorious Queen Eliza-  
beth and of King William, whose Memories will be al-  
ways held Blessed by People of Worth, may be render'd  
indissoluble during Your Majesty's Reign.

These SIR are the sincere and respectful Sentiments,  
which their High Mightinesses repeat this Day by us.

Happy are those Ministers, who like us have Orders  
from their Masters to agreeable to their own Inclinations!  
Freed from the Trouble of studying obscure and equivocal  
Expressions, they sincerely utter the Sentiments of  
their Hearts.

More happy still to have an Opportunity to declare  
those Orders to a King Who hates Flattery, and Who  
leaving it to Idolatrous Princes to please themselves with  
the Incense of Adoration, contents himself with such  
Terms of Esteem and Love, as his Allies and his Sub-  
jects pronounce with equal Satisfaction, to a King, vali-  
ant, wise, prudent, equitable, just, gracious and mild,  
who places his Grandeur in the Practice of his Royal  
and Christian Virtues!

May God prolong, beyond the ordinary Course of  
Nature, a Life adorn'd with those admirable Qualities.

May God fill up Your Majesty's Reign with the  
choicest of his Blessings, and continue them in Your  
Royal Family to the End of Time.

Permit us SIR, to request Your Majesty, that You  
would be pleas'd to accept our Endeavours to attain the  
End propos'd by our Sovereigns; to render ourselves  
worthy of Your Majesty's Protection, and to persuade  
Your Majesty of our most humble Respects, and pro-  
found Veneration.

SIRE,

A Joye que nous sentons a la Veüe de V. M. sur ce Throne  
Auguste, remplit tellement nos Esprits & nos Coeurs,  
que nous craignons de ne pouvoir pas assez dignement  
nous acquiter des Ordres de nos Seigneurs & Maistres les Etats  
Generaux des Provinces Unies.

*Jamais Joye ne fut pas plus juste ni plus legitime.*

Dans un Temps que la Religion Protestante estoit menacée d'une  
Ruine totale, que ces Royaumes estoient en Danger d'estre enva-  
his, & que nostre Republique avoit a craindre les derniers Mal-  
heurs.

Dans un Temps que le pouvoir arbitraire et le Papisme croyoient  
subjuguier toute l'Europe, que la Superstition & la Persecution,  
leurs Compagnons inseparables, armées de Fer & de Feu, sem-  
bloient devoir toute détruire.

Dans ce Temps d'Apprehension & D'angoisses, Dieu par un  
Effect admirable de sa toute Puissance, a mis le Sceptre dans la  
Main de V. M. pour calmer les Esprits, pour defendre son  
Eglise, pour maintenir les Peuples, & pour conserver les Loix  
et la Liberté.

*Graces immortelles luy en soyent rendues.*

SIRE,

Leurs H. P. ont eu l'Honneur de marquer de Bouche a V. M.  
combien ils sont sensibles a cet heureux evenement.

Elles ont demandé l'Amistie & la bienveillance de V. M.  
comme l'Appuy le plus ferme de leur Etat.

Elles sont assurees qu'ils feront tous leurs efforts pour meriter cette  
precieuse amitie et qu'ils n'ont rien tant a Cœur, que de  
vivre avec V. M. dans une parfaite Harmonie, & de mar-  
quer en toutes Occasions un Attachment inviolable a ses In-  
terests.

Elles luy ont temoigné leur Desire de renouveler les Alliances,  
les plus étroites, et de contribuer tout ce qu'elles pourront à aug-  
menter la bonne Union si necessaire aux deux Nations fondé sur  
des Principes de Religion et de Liberté.

Elles ont fait en Presence de V. M. & continuent a faire des  
Vœux, pour que les sacrez Nœuds de cette Union, formés depuis  
un Temps immemorial, et serrez d'avantage pendant les Regnes  
de la glorieuse Reyne Elisabeth, et du Roy Guillaume, dont la  
Mémoire sera toujours en Benediction aux gens de bien, puissent  
estre rendus indissolubles pendant le Regne de V. M.

Ce sont ces Sentiments sinceres et respectueux, Sire, que leur  
H. P. reiterent aujourd'huy par nos Bouches.

Heureux les Ministres, qui comme nous, ont de leur Maistres  
des Ordres si conformes a leurs Inclinations! Dispensez de cher-  
cher des Expressions obscures et equivouques, ils laissent parler le  
cœur.

Plus Heureux encore de pouvoir declarer ces Ordres a un Roy  
qui hait la Flatterie, & qui laissant aux Princes Idolatres le  
Plaisir de goûter l'Encens de l'Adoration, se contente des Termes  
d'Estime & d'Amour que l'Allié & le Sujet prononcent avec une  
Satisfaction egale, a un Roy, vaillant, sage, prudent, equitable,  
juste, clement, d'bonnaire, qui fait consister sa Grandeur dans  
l'Exercice des ses Vertues Royales & Chrétiennes.

Dieu veuille prolonger au de la de Bonnes ordinaires, une Vie  
ornée de ces admirables Qualités.

Dieu veuille combler le Regne de V. M. de ses Benedictions les  
plus precieuses, & les perpetuer dans sa Maison Royale jusques a  
la Fin des Siecles.

Qu'il nous soit permis, Sire, de supplier V. M. de vouloir  
agreer les Efforts que nous ferons pour parvenir au But des nos  
souverains pour nous rendre dignes de la Protection de V. M. &  
pour la persuader des nos Respects très humbles, & de nostre pro-  
fonde Veneration.

[1]  
AN  
ANSWER  
TO A  
LETTER  
From  
A Freeholder  
OF  
*Buckingham-shire:*  
TO  
A Friend in LONDON,  
CONCERNING  
The Election  
OF THE  
KNIGHTS of the said COUNTY.

S I R,

I Thank you for the Accompt you gave me of the Election of the Knights of the Shire for the County of *Buckingham*; It was very particular as I could have desired, and shews an hopeful and forward Zeal in the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Lord *Pagett*, and some others, to bring us again to the same happy Days which I remember from  
A the

the same beginnings in the same County, in the year 1640; and when Worthy Gentlemen of the very same Names were Chosen for the Representatives of that Shire, whereof one of them had the Honour of being one of the Five Members: I suppose these Noble Knights may be of the same Families, but cannot be their Sons, because the Fathers of those I mean hapned to be Traytors; which I perceive the Country would not endure, by their Crying so exceedingly, they would have no Traytors Son.

There are many things in your Letter I must pray to have explained; As who you mean by *Sir Timber T.* *Sir Ralph V.* and *A. Sir Anthony C.* Had it been *Sir Anthony A. C.* I should have understood you; though I should have wondred that he had no more of that Company for him.

I am glad to hear that the County (besides their good will for the *Old Cause*) is in so good readines for its Defence, as to have 6000 Horse, Drums, Trumpets, Waggon, &c. so well Disciplin'd as I know they will be by his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*; but when there shall be any Military occasion for them, I shall rather advise our Country-men to make use of *Sir Richard Ingoldsby* for their Commander, both because he knows how to keep good Order at an Execution, and because his Grace is often ill of a Fall from his Horse by an accidental mistake of Prince *Rupert*. Besides his Grace is apt to Change his Mind out of good Nature: It was that which, when he had Killed the Husband, made him Live so kindly and publicly with the Wife, to the Neglect of his own. It was an effect of the same Vertue that made him search the King's Cabinet in *Scotland*, for fear his Master should have left any Papers behind him which might have been Dangerous; And as his good Nature made him do these things for a Friend and a Master, so it made him do as much for his Country too, in being the Messenger to the *French King* for breaking the *Tripple League*, and making the War with the *Dutch*, by which he saved us from having our Trade destroyed by those Butter-boxes, and for which he had a Diamond Sword given him by the *French King*, although he has not had his Reward here as he deserves: I say, though these

these be all very great recommendations and eminent Proofs of his abilities as well as his good nature, yet they are such over-Politick ways of proceeding for our Country understandings, that when I did read of such Numbers of Horse with Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, led by his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*, methought I rather wished him at *Colledge-Hill*, where they know him so much better than we do in the Country: For I considered, That if we should have occasion to fight against the *French*, that Diamond Sword would be remembred; and if against — good Nature would Come in again, and he would either remember that his Father from a private Gentleman had been made a Duke; or that the King had forgiven him so many faults, and given him his life so often, that he would have found some odd way at last of saving *Buckinghamshire*, by giving us up to be Governed again by the Establishd Laws of *England*.

I like well the Shouts and Crying out, *One and all, One and all*, round the Country, because you know what that signifies, both in Fleets and Armies; and if our Militia be not Trained to it before-hand, they will no more understand what that means when there is occasion, then they do the Words of Command. I like also extreamly those Names of *Pensioners*, *Papists*, and *Betrayers of their Country*, to be used upon these occasions, because they will serve very well to amuse the People, and may be applied to whom we please. For the first will certainly serve to be employed against all Courtiers; the second against all Conformists to the Church of *England*: and the third against all assertors of Monarchical (that is to say Arbitrary) Government.

It was very well done to discountenance that Malignant Town of *Buckingham*, who, as you say, have made so bad a Choice, that I hear they have Chosen two of the King's Servants, and one of them not only a Traytor's Son, but for ought I know, he may be as bad himself; for they say he is a Gentleman of the King's Bed-Chamber: But you must remember either to keep that silly loyal Town down, now you have begun, or (if ever the King have power to shew it) 'tis  
two

two to one, but he will be kinder to them, then ever he was.

We hear they have behaved themselves very well also in *Essex*, though not so well as by the Conduct of Major *Wildman* it hath been managed amongst you, because Young *Mr. Ireton* hath not yet the experience to advise my Lord *Grey*, as the Major hath the Duke of *Buckingham*. But I assure you, Major General *Ireton's* Head upon *Westminster-Hall* had not a better Heart belonging to it, to do his Country Service, then this Young Gentleman; and the Lord *Grey* is as likely to inherit all his Grandfather's Talents and Principles: I confess there was lately some danger of his being mis-led with too much fondness which he and some of his Relations had for a Certain Duke; but thanks be to God he has found it by experience to be but a Court Friendship, which too nearly touch't his Copyhold; and I hear, that as matters have falln out with his Lordship, (who is a true maintainer of Property) it will turn extreamly to the advantage of our Cause.

---

**F I N I S.**

---

[1]  
A MILD, but SEARCHING  
EXPOSTULATORY LETTER

From the Poor and Plain-dealing Farmers of the Neighbouring  
Villages, To the

M E N of B U C K I N G H A M.

[To the Right Worshipful the *Bailiff*, the Worshipful the *Burgesses* of the Ancient, and  
sometimes Famous Corporation of B U C K I N G H A M.

*Right Worshipful, and Worshipful Gentlemen!*

**I**F your late Folly and Madneſs had only a Malignant Influence upon your Unworthy ſelves, we could contentedly have left you to be Fools and Madmen at your own Coſts and Charges; Had you betray'd your own Liberties, whiſt ours had been ſecure, or ſold your Selves and Poſterities for Slaves, whiſt We and Ours had remained free, We love you ſo well, your might have been eternally ſuch, without any the leaſt Lett, Moleſtation, or Diſturbance from Us your poor Neighbours. Nay, had you put Fire to your own Houſes, whiſt ours had been out of the reach of your Flames, or purchaſed ſome dreadful Plague, whoſe Chain-hot might have mown you down by Whole-sale, whiſt we were out of the compaſs of its Contagion, we could be ſilently unconcern'd, nor have grudg'd you that Vaſſallage and Deſolation, which we confeſs you have highly merited, and you muſt confeſs you had drawn with your own Hands upon your own Heads.

But ſeeing the Frame and Conſtitution of our Parliaments is ſuch, that the Knights of one County, the Citizens of one City, the Burgeſſes of one Burrough, muſt Debate, Vote, Reſolve and Enact what all the Counties, all the Cities, all the Boroughs of the Kingdom are concern'd in, and oblig'd by; that we muſt pay the reckoning, which your Folly has inflam'd; that we muſt be lick of your Drunkenneſs, that your Prodigals muſt be prodigal out of our Purſes, and what was your particular, and Perſonal Miſcarriage, muſt (if other Electors had no more Wit and Honesty than your ſelves) become a General and National Miſery; give us leave, (or elſe we muſt take it) to correct you gently, and repreſent to you plainly and impartially, your abominable Treachery to our Common Intereſt, in your late ſhameful Election of Members to ſerve in the enſuing Parliament.

It is not We, your deſpiſed Neighbours, 'tis not this County, but all the Counties. Cities, and Burroughs of the Land (except a few of the ſame ſordid and baſe Spirits with your ſelves) in whoſe Name, and at whoſe Suit we have drawn up this Legal Indictment againſt your illegal and riotous Election; That you the Mercenary and Debauched Bailiff, with the corrupt Majority of your Brethren, the Burgeſſes of the Burrough of Buckingham, not having the Fear of God before your Eyes, but being led by the inſtigation of the Devil, the Duty and Allegiance which to your Native Country you owe, forgetting, and not in any wiſe regarding, have Wickedly, Deviliſhly, and of your own Malice, forethought, betrayed your Truſt, and as much as in you lieth, endeavour'd to deſtroy thoſe Natural and inherent Rights, thoſe Fundamental Liberties and Privileges, which all free-born Engliſhmen have, and of Right ought to enjoy; and in order to, and in purſuance of this your Trayterous,

*Accuſed, and Hellish Deſign, have elected ſuch Perſons to Reſpect you, and ſerve for you in the Houſe of Commons, as are notoriously known to have formerly betrayed the Truſt reſoſed in them, and have thereby expoſed the whole Kingdom to the apparent Danger and viſible Hazard of Beggary, Slavery, and Popery.*

Now ſuffer us to expoſtulate the Caſe with you in all Meekneſs, and Gentleneſs. Were you in your Wits? were you ſober? or rather had you not put off common Senſe? Were you not forſaken of your Reaſons, and Underſtandings, that your Wiſdoms could find no better a *Stick of Wood* to make a Prop for a tottering State, or a Crutch for a halting Church, than Sir *Timber*? A Piece ſo crooked, ſo rotten and warped in Principle, Conſcience and Intereſt, that whatever Uſe others may make of him, we poor Farmers cannot judge him fit to make an Hovel-poſt! The Devil was formerly ſo modeſt as to be Content with his Chappel, where God had his Church, but ſeeing he has now aſpired to, and taken Poſſeſſion of the Temple, into what Chappel of Eaſe will you crowd th' Almighty?

There are few Sinners ſo deſperate, but will ſeek or find ſome Excules which they may ſtitch together to palliate their Guilt, and hide their Nakedneſs. But You are certainly forſaken of all Pretences which may mitigate your Crimes, and alleviate your Punishment. Can you plead Ignorance, or pretend Surprize when your Sir *Timber* was the *Original Sinner* in the Mutter-roll of the *Club of Unanimous Voters*? Has he not there ſtood like *Judas* in the Fore-front of the Infernal Regiment of Penſioners? Has not *Common Fame* pinn'd a Paper to his Breaſt, wherein is ſignified to the World how he has ſold his Country to the Court; Liberty, to Prerogative; and Property, to Will and Pleaſure? Is he not now notoriously known to the Engliſh World, by the Name of Sir *Timber*? and if you ask him, *who gave him that Name?* muſt he not answer, *That either your ſelves, or Legion, was his Godfather?* For, did he not once make you a bribing Preſent of *Timber* to rebuild your Town-houſe; which vaniſht all away by the Magick Art of the ſame Devil that brought it? was he ſo great a Knave to cheat you once, and are not you greater Fools to be cheated twice?

But we your plain and honeſt Neighbours do yet hope and pray that you and we may find the Representative Body of England of ſo found and healthful a Conſtitution, as by the Strength of Nature to purge off thoſe evil Humours which by your Fault they have contracted; and as our late renowned Parliament once before caſt him into the Draught, ſo they will never again lick up their Excrements. And as he was once cut off from their Body as a rotten Member,

ber, so they will never accept from you a wooden Leg made of such putrified Timber.

Yet, had you selected out of all those worthy Gentlemen, wherewith your Neighbourhood has plentifully furnished you, some one whose Vertues might have corrected the Malignity of his Vices, whose Fidelity might have season'd his Treachery, and whose true English Spirit might have ballanced his degenerated Spirit; we had thew'd our Impartiality in commending what was Good, as well as condemning what was Evil and Unworthy in you, and that we durst no more conceal your Merits than your Guiltiness. But you took special Care, it seems, that we should find nothing in you Praise-worthy, and have therefore coupled with him a Colleague only meet for you and him. Vile Miscreants! could you find none to be Judge of a trayterous Father, but a treacherous Son? Could you think him meet to sit within the Walls of the House of Commons, whose great Interest and Merits lye within the Walls of the Tower? Will not he in his own Defence obstruct Justice, when Justice would obstruct his Possession of a vast Estate amassed by betraying us to Arbitrary Power, selling us to the *French*, enslaving us with a standing Army, which no Parliamentary Votes, and Acts can disband; and assisting the Papists in carrying on their late Plot, and damnable Treasons?

Had you seriously reflected upon your Treacherous Actions, had you testified your Repentance, or given us any Hopes that you had slept out your Debauch, we had looked on you with some Commiseration; or had your Priests called you to the Stool of Repentance, where you had given Satisfaction to the World by Confession of, and Contrition for your Villanies, we had encouraged in our selves any feeble Hopes, and in you, any weak Appearances of Amendment: but when you, and your *Tribe of Levi*, Brethren in Iniquity, maintain a cursed Combination to advance absolute Power to the Destruction of our Properties, and to tear from us our Secular, and Civil, as you have already done our Religious Birthrights, and yet no Sign of your returning to a better Mind appears; what could we do less than in this innocent and gentle Way chastise you, till our noble Representatives shall convene, in some Measure to render unto you proportionable to your Works?

We do therefore hereby declare our Detestation of your Perfidiousness; we protest against your Election; we proclaim you Infamous to all after Ages; we renounce all Commerce and Converse with you as men; we excommunicate you from the Society of all true hearted Englishmen; as Christians; we will neither Eat nor Drink, Buy nor Sell, Deal nor Trade with you in your Fairs, or Markets. We will set the Red-crofs upon your Doors; and do by these Presents warne the whole Kingdom in general, and this Scandaliz'd County in Particular, that they fly, as from a Common Pestilence, the mortal Contagion of your Persons, and Habitations.

We shall further humbly Petition his Grace, whose noble Family has borrow'd a Flower from your now Apostatiz'd Corporation, to adorn his Coronet, that he would be pleas'd to procure, and sue out an Alteration of his Patent, that there may be no noble Family to stain it's Coat with such an

accursed Denomination: And shall further humbly petition his Sacred Majesty, that you may be disfranchised; a perpetual Brand of Infamy set upon you; and never more entrusted with that Privilege which you have so wretchedly abused: that so the highest Officer in your degraded Town may be the *Hog-beard*, since you have sold your Country (like the *Gadarens*) for your swinish Lulls, and would have sold your Saviour at the same Rate, if any had cheapn'd him; and your Religion too, such as it is, had any Chapman thought it worth the Buying.

And now ye Renegadoes from the Interest of your Native Country! can you flatter your selves that we will ever Reverence your Fox-fur? adore your Thred-bare Gowns? tremble at the Idle Ceremony of your Mace, or worship your titular Gravities; who have prostituted Authority, debauched Power, and now stand convicted of a most abominable Conspiracy against the Lives, Liberties, Religion, and Being of *England*?

If you should chance to Repent (it must be against your Wills if ever you do) do not imitate the hypocritical Repentance of *Ludgerfall*, whose dry Drunkenness has proved more Pernicious to the Publick Safety, than their Liquid: and have made a worse Choice, Sober, than perhaps they had ever done when stark Mad; and are now the only Burrough who being Reformed, have contributed to a Nations Ruin.

Good Mr. Bailiff! Let not your Worthips thick skin be too sensible that we thus Tan your Hide; and you the Burgessees, be patient whilst we tell you your own, in our Home-spun, russet Language; We do but speak what the whole Nation thinks, and 'tis but short, yet sweet: you are a pack of Villains, for whom the Gallows hath long groan'd; and that fatal Tree at your Towas-end must be for ever barren, till you become its fruit; your Rottenness has made you ripe for Hanging; and how would it compear and crown the Plenty of this Year, could we see you, and all our Pensioners hang like ropes of Onions upon such fruitful Trees. We shall confess you have made a Choice to some Purpose, when you have hew'd out a substantial pair of Gallows out of your own *Timber*, and you and your Brethren shall be pleas'd to take a Swing or two under its Shades.

You will say, perhaps, that we do but rail; and we do ingenuously confess, there was no help for it: the worst Language we could o'th' sudden invent, was too good for you: we have not the Art to embalm a stinking Carrion; we cannot perfume a Dunghill; onely we do heartily repent, that at the beginning of our Address, we Style you *Right worshipful*, and *Worshipful*; forgive us this one time of treating you unlauteable to your Merits; and we do religiously promise that for the future we will Blazon you in your proper Colours, and describe you by your particular Tides; which you must be content should be none of the best, since you have taken such care to deserve no better.

In the mean time, we had left you to be chastis'd by the Strings and Lashes of your own Consciences; but they being long since mortified and past feeling, we must resign you to the Divine Vengeance, to be made in due time by some signal Judgments a Publick Example to the World, and a fair Warning to all that shall hereafter dare to betray their God, their King, and their Country.

Most Hang-worthy Gentlemen!

Go recreate your selves upon a  
Gallows made of your own

TIMBER TEMPLE

So pray most devoutly your daily Orators,  
The honest poor Farmers of the  
Neighbouring Villages,

S. T. R. W. &c.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Mr. Bailiff!

WE have sent you enclosed the *New Buckingham Ballad*, which you may do well to cause to be read in your Town-Hall. Sir *Timber Temple* presents his humble Service to your Lady; (she knows the meaning of it) and so would We to the *Nitty Barber* your Brother, but that we owe him none, and have little enough to pay where it is due.

T W O  
L E T T E R S  
F R O M

Vice-Admiral John Lawson,

A N D

The Commanders of the Fleet, to the *Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Councilmen* of the City of *London*, Dated the 13th of *December*, 1659. from the *Downes*; The Other the 21 Instant from *Gravesend*.

*James in the Downes, the 13th of December, 1659.*

*Right Honourable,*

**H**AVING heard of those great Distractions and Divisions amongst the good People of our Nation by the late Breach betwixt the *Parliament*; and *English Army*, and the *Army* under Gen. *Monck*, and the great disturbance in the City and Countries, and the said Desolation that is likely to ensue, if not by God's Mercy speedily prevented by amicable Composure of these unhappy Differences. We have been necessitated, according to our Judgment and Consciences, to declare to the World, That we apprehend the only visible means of healing our Breaches, and settling Us again in Peace, is, That there might be all Christian waies and means used to reconcile the Differences betwixt the *Parliament* (interrupted the 13th of *October* last), and the Officers of the *English Army*; which we earnestly intreat your Lordship, with your Honourable Brethren, the *Alderman* and *Common-Council*, to use your utmost for the procuring and accomplishing of; and that the Force, that's now put upon the *Parliament*, may be taken off, that they may return with Freedom to the Exercise of their Trusts: But if it cannot be done by Christian and friendly means, We are resolved, according to our Declaration inclosed, (through the Lord's assistance) to use our utmost endeavour for the Removal of that Force, in which we earnestly desire your Assistance and which We doubt not but will be to the Glory of God, and the reviving the decayed Trade of your City in particular, and the Nation in generall, which is the Desire of

*Your Lordship's most humble Servant.*

*James, of Gravesend 21, December, 1659.*

*Right Honourable,*

**T**He above written is a Coppy of our former out of the *Downes*, and since our Arrivall Here, having not recieved any Answer; We fear it came not to your Hand so timely as We Intended: We have therefore sent the Bearers, Captain *Richard Haddock*, and Captain *Mark Harrison*, to give You the state of Affairs with Us, and to acquaint You, That We are Resolved through the Lord's assistance to stand to our Declaration, and with our utmost to Endeavour the Re-establishment of the *Parliament*, Interrupted the 13th of *October*, 1659. To the Exercise of their Trust; and We hope and doubt not, but We shall find the Concurrence and Assistance in our Resolution, and, That You will discourage all Designs of *Charles Stuart*, and His Adherents, or the Convening together of any Assembly in the Name, or under the specious pretence, of a Free *Parliament*, according to the Desires of some, which unavoidably must advance *Charles Stuart* His Interest; and Endanger the Ruine of the Cause, and Interest of Christ and his People, That hath cost so much Blood and Treasure, and also the Destruction of the Renowned City, and the Liberties of all good People, Civil and Religious: In confidence of Your Compliance herein, We shall give all Assistance for the Advancement of the Trade, Freedom and Safety of the City in Particular, and the Nation in General: Your Answer unto This is Desired by

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of the City of London, also to be Communicated to the Aldermen and Common Council.*

*My Lord,*

*Your very Humble Servants.*

*John Lawson, Vice-Admiral, Commander of the James.*

*George Dakins, Captain of the Bristol.  
Philip Holland, Capt. of the Assurance.  
Francis Allen, Capt. of the Advice.  
Nathaniel Brown, Capt. of the Taunton.  
Thomas Pentefe, Capt. of the Maidstone.  
Richard Rooth, Capt. of the Dartmouth.  
Thomas Ladge, Capt. of the Larke.*

*Richard Newbery, Capt. of the Portland.  
Wilowby Hannam, Capt. of the Kent.  
Henry Fenn, Capt. of the Hampshire.  
Samuel Higginson, Capt. of the Selbe.  
Anthony Artichy, Capt. of the Forciter.  
Michael Newton, Capt. of the Norwich.  
Thomas Trasford, Lievt. of the Worcester.  
Captain Thomas Bowry, Captain of the —*

*Francis Parke, Capt. of the Centurion.  
Richard Haddock, Capt. of the Dragon.  
Mark Harrison, Capt. of the Elias.  
John Coppin, Capt. of the Langport.  
Edward Nixon, Capt. of the Pearle.  
John Bowry, Capt. of the Drake.  
Godfrey Reade, Capt. of the —*



*K. Englande  
Commonwealth*

# A DECLARATION

OF THE

Parliament of the Commonwealth of *ENGLAND*, for a time of Publique Thanksgiving, upon the Five and twentieth of this instant *August*, for the great Victory lately vouchsafed to their Fleet at *SEA*.

**I**T having pleased the Lord, after those many signal Tokens of his presence with his People in this Nation, in the several Straights and Changes, through which he hath by a mighty Hand and an out-stretched Arm led them hitherto, yet again to manifest his wonted power and goodness to them in that late and great Success of our Fleet at Sea, when it pleased the Lord at the end of July last, so to bless the Forces of this Commonwealth engaged by the Dutch (who by Advantages not a few, to humane Appearances, were likely to have prevailed) as that after a most sharp and doubtful encounter, he Crowned us with Victory, and made our Enemies to feel the Stroke of his Righteous Hand against them, who have abundantly manifested it to be in their Intentions to have made us (wearied by a long Intestine War) a spoil to their Avarice and Ambition, by their first unjust Invasion of us, and their earnest prosecuting since of a War against us, notwithstanding all the endeavors used on our part to compose so sad, and to us so unwelcome a Breach between the two Nations: We being desirous to be deeply sensible hereof before the Lord, and bearing also in minde what cause we have at all times to make mention of his Name in this Nation, with all humble and thankful Acknowledgements, but especially when he hath thus seasonably made bare his Holy Arm in this late Mercy, before the eyes of all the Nations round about us, have thought it requisite at a particular time, and in an especial manner to acknowledge the Hand and Goodness of our God to us in this great Work which he hath wrought for us; And we have therefore set apart Thursday the Five and twentieth of this present August, for the end aforesaid. And in regard the Mercy is general, and we hope will be of great advantage to this whole Commonwealth, and to all that fear God in it; We do earnestly desire them to contribute their help in this great Work of Thankfulness to the Lord, and to suffer us to call upon them, to sing together with us unto the Lord a new Song, He hath dealt bountifully with us, for his mercy endureth for ever; and that as the Lord shall move and direct them, they would seriously set themselves in his presence and praise him, together with us, that so we may all with one heart and Voice, offer up a free Sacrifice of Prayer and of Praise, and all of us endeavor in our several Stations, to improve so great a Deliverance to the alone Glory of our great God, and the good of his People throughout the World.

*Friday the Twelfth of August, 1653.*

**O**Rdered by the Parliament, That this Declaration be forthwith printed and published.

*Hen: Scobell, Clerk of the Parliament,*

*London, Printed by John Field, Printer to the Parliament of England. 1653.*

Die Jovis, 31. Decemb. 1646.

A  
DECLARATION  
OF THE  
COMMONS assembled in PARLIAMENT,

Against all such persons as shall take upon them to Preach or Expound the Scriptures in any Church or Chappel, or any other publique place, except they be Ordained either here or in some other Reformed Church.

THE Commons assembled in Parliament do Declare, That they do dislike, and will proceed against all such persons as shall take upon them to Preach, or Expound the Scriptures in any Church or Chappel, or any other publique place (except they be Ordained either here or in some other Reformed Church, as it is already prohibited in an Order of both Houses of 26. April, 1645.) And likewise against all such Ministers or others, as shall publish or maintain by Preaching, Writing, Printing, or any other way, any thing against or in derogation of the Church-Government which is now established by the Authority of both Houses of Parliament. And also against all and every person or persons who shall willingly and purposely interrupt or disturb a Preacher who is in the publique exercise of his Function: And all Iustices of Peace, Sheriffs, Majors, Bailiffs, and other Head-Officers of Corporations; And all Officers of the Army are to take notice of this Declaration, and by all lawful ways and means to prevent offences of this kinde, and to apprehend the offenders, and give notice hereof unto this House, that thereupon course may be speedily taken for a due punishment to be inflicted on them.

Die Jovis, 31. Decemb. 1646.

Ordered by the Commons assembled in Parliament, That this Declaration be forthwith printed and published: And that the Knights and Burgeses of the severall Counties and Places, do send some of the said Declarations so Printed, into the severall Counties and Places for which they serve, to be there Published.

H: Elsyng, Cler. Parl. D. Com.

London: Printed for Edw. Husband, Printer to the Hon<sup>ble</sup> House of Commons.



By the Major.



Orasmuch as to the Court of Common-councill of the City of *London* this day assembled, aswel upon the information of the Committee for the Militia of the said City, upon examinations of divers persons brought before them, openly read in the said Court, (as otherwise) it did plainly and evidently appear, that the Parliament and City is in great and imminent danger by a desperate Plot and Design, intended, and carryed on by evil disposed persons against the same, in a secret and under-hand Lifting of Apprentices and other persons within the said City, and Liberties thereof, under Oath of a Covenant and Secresie; A copie of which Oath and Covenant (being found in the hand of some of the Actors) was there also openly read: The which persons so Listed (as was expressed in the Examinations) were many Thousands, deluded and drawn in under specious pretences, and were to be under the command of severall Persons, who have been Commanders and actors in the Kings Army against the Parliament; with an intent to joyn with severall disaffected persons in severall Counties near this City, who are by the said Plotters expected suddenly to approach in great multitudes, and to seise the Bridge and Tower of *London*, and thereby to make the City their own, and to work their wils thereupon: And to that purpose, doe buy up many pocket Pistols, and Daggers, and other Armes and Ammunition for Horse and Foot. And at the meeting of divers Irish Papists, severall Daggers were laid upon the Altar, and by the Priest demanded if they were sharp, and by him were sprinkled with holy Water; with an intimation, That many others would be ready for the same purpose. All which, and many other the like dangerous Passages, (made known unto the said Common-councill) doe threaten the like massacre as was in *Ireland*, and the utter ruine and destruction of the Parliament and City, if not timely and speedily prevented: And to the intent that the Inhabitants of this City may have knowledge of the dangers they are in, and be more sensible thereof, then yet they are; And that my self, the Aldermen, and Common-councill-men may discharge our respective duties herein; and every one in their severall Places and conditions may add their endeavours for the prevention of the said wicked Design: These are by the direction of the said Court of Common-councill to will and require you, That presently upon sight hereof, you cause the Deputy and Common-councill-men of your Ward, with the Constables thereof, forthwith to repair into their severall Precincts, and make known the Contents hereof unto the severall Inhabitants within the same; And to desire them to suffer their Sonnes, Servants, and other persons (fit to bear Armes) not Listed in the Trained Bands, to bee Listed in the Auxiliaries, under such faithfull and honest Commanders, as are and shall be appointed for that purpose by the said Committee for the Militia, according to their late Warrant, and to bee in a readinesse for

the defence of Themselves, the Parliament, and the City, against all Tumults, Invasions, and Insurrections that may happen within, or against the same: And for that purpose, to follow such Directions as by the said Committee, and their severall Commanders shall be given and required; with this intimation, That every person that shall not willingly further the said Service, will thereby give just occasion of suspicion to bee engaged in the said horrid Designe: And that you certifie unto Me, or some other of the Justices of the Peace, or Committee of the Militia, the Names of such persons as shall either oppose, or not act in the furthering of the said Service. And that you doe cause a strict charge and command to be given to every Inhabitant within your Ward, That they doe carefully examine all their Sonnes and Servants, or any other under their command, whether themselves, or any others (to their knowledge) are within the said Design and Plot, Covenant, Lifting, and Oath of Secresie; or what they know or have heard concerning the same: And doe make diligent search for any Weapons or Papers that may be found in the custody of any of them touching the Premises. And that what shall be herein discovered, be certified from time to time either to my Self, or some of the Justices of the Peace, or unto the said Committee of the Militia. And further, That every Housholder be commanded so to order and dispose of their Sonnes, Servants, and others under their charge and command, as that they be not found to be any Actors in the said desperate Design, nor so farr (as shall be in their power, by perswasion, or otherwise) any consenters thereunto, or concealers thereof. And that you cause diligent Search to be made in all Places (whereof you shall have notice, or that you have cause to suspect) for all such Weapons and other Ammunition of Warre, and persons that you shall finde, that may discover any such intention or Design, as is before declared: And to seise the things, and secure the persons, and speedily to acquaint Me, the said Justices, or the said Committee of the Militia therewith, that such order therein may be taken, as shall be fit. And lastly, That according to former Precepts, you take speciall care, that your Deputy, and Common-councill-men, and Constables doe with all diligence take care, and use their best endeavour, That all persons within your Ward of the Trained Bands, do speedily upon the beat of the Drum repair to their Colours: And also, That the double Watch and Ward in every Precinct be carefully observed, and duly set and continued; and the Gates, Chaines, and Landing-places, maintained and kept from time to time, untill you receive order from Me to the contrary. And that all other things be done with care, faithfulness, and diligence, that may conduce to the safety and preservation of the Parliament and City; and to the preventing of this present dangerous and horrid Plot and Design, and other dangers that are threatned and intended against the same. And hereof fail you not, as you tender the welfare of the Parliament and City, and will answer the contrary at your perill: *This Four*



Orasmuch as to the Court of Common-councill of the City of *London* this day assembled, aswel upon the information of the Committee for the Militia of the said City, upon examinations of divers persons brought before them, openly read in the said Court, (as otherwise) it did plainly and evidently appear, that the Parliament and City is in great and imminent danger by a desperate Plot and Design, intended, and carryed on by evil disposed persons against the same, in a secret and under-hand Lifting of Apprentices and other persons within the said City, and Liberties thereof, under Oath of a Covenant and Secresie;

A copie of which Oath and Covenant (being found in the hand of some of the Actors) was there also openly read: The which persons so Listed (as was expressed in the Examinations) were many Thousands, deluded and drawn in under specious pretences, and were to be under the command of severall Persons, who have been Commanders and actors in the Kings Army against the Parliament; with an intent to joyn with severall disaffected persons in severall Counties near this City, who are by the said Plotters expected suddenly to approach in great multitudes, and to seise the Bridge and Tower of *London*, and thereby to make the City their own, and to work their wils thereupon: And to that purpose, doe buy up many pocket Pistols, and Daggers, and other Armes and Ammunition for Horse and Foot. And at the meeting of divers Irish Papists, severall Daggers were laid upon the Altar, and by the Priest demanded if they were sharp, and by him were sprinkled with holy Water; with an intimation, That many others would be ready for the same purpose. All which, and many other the like dangerous Passages, (made known unto the said Common-councill) doe threaten the like massacre as was in *Ireland*, and the utter ruine and destruction of the Parliament and City, if not timely and speedily prevented: And to the intent that the Inhabitants of this City may have knowledge of the dangers they are in, and be more sensible thereof, then yet they are; And that my self, the Aldermen, and Common-councill-men may discharge our respective duties herein; and every one in their severall Places and conditions may add their endeavours for the prevention of the said wicked Design: These are by the direction of the said Court of Common-councill to will and require you, That presently upon sight hereof, you cause the Deputy and Common-councill-men of your Ward, with the Constables thereof, forthwith to repair into their severall Precincts, and make known the Contents hereof unto the severall Inhabitants within the same; And to desire them to suffer their Sonnes, Servants, and other persons (fit to bear Armes) not Listed in the Trained Bands, to bee Listed in the Auxiliaries, under such faithfull and honest Commanders, as are and shall be appointed for that purpose by the said Committee for the Militia, according to their late Warrant, and to bee in a readinesse for

the defence of Themselves, the Parliament, and the City, against all Tumults, Invasions, and Insurrections that may happen within, or against the same: And for that purpose, to follow such Directions as by the said Committee, and their severall Commanders shall be given and required; with this intimation, That every person that shall not willingly further the said Service, will thereby give just occasion of suspicion to bee engaged in the said horrid Designe: And that you certifie unto Me, or some other of the Justices of the Peace, or Committee of the Militia, the Names of such persons as shall either oppose, or not act in the furthering of the said Service. And that you doe cause a strict charge and command to be given to every Inhabitant within your Ward, That they doe carefully examine all their Sonnes and Servants, or any other under their command, whether themselves, or any others (to their knowledge) are within the said Design and Plot, Covenant, Lifting, and Oath of Secresie; or what they know or have heard concerning the same: And doe make diligent search for any Weapons or Papers that may be found in the custody of any of them touching the Premises. And that what shall be herein discovered, be certified from time to time either to my Self, or some of the Justices of the Peace, or unto the said Committee of the Militia. And further, That every Houholder be commanded so to order and dispose of their Sonnes, Servants, and others under their charge and command, as that they be not found to be any Actors in the said desperate Design, nor so farr (as shall be in their power, by perswasion, or otherwise) any consenters thereunto, or concealers thereof. And that you cause diligent Search to be made in all Places (whereof you shall have notice, or that you have cause to suspect) for all such Weapons and other Ammunition of Warre, and persons that you shall finde, that may discover any such intention or Design, as is before declared: And to seise the things, and secure the persons, and speedily to acquaint Me, the said Justices, or the said Committee of the Militia therewith, that such order therein may be taken, as shall be fit. And lastly, That according to former Precepts, you take speciall care, that your Deputy, and Common-councill-men, and Constables doe with all diligence take care, and use their best endeavour, That all persons within your Ward of the Trained Bands, do speedily upon the beat of the Drum repair to their Colours: And also, That the double Watch and Ward in every Precinct be carefully observed, and duly set and continued; and the Gates, Chaines, and Landing-places, maintained and kept from time to time, untill you receive order from Me to the contrary. And that all other things be done with care, faithfulness, and diligence, that may conduce to the safety and preservation of the Parliament and City; and to the preventing of this present dangerous and horrid Plot and Design, and other dangers that are threatned and intended against the same. And hereof fail you not, as you tender the welfare of the Parliament and City, and will answer the contrary at your perill: *This Four and twentieth of May, 1648.*

*News*  
1646  
1647  
1648.

**Michel.**



Whitehall, November 16, 1715.

Published by Authority.

**L**AST Saturday Morning Major-General Wills having an Account that the Popish Lords Derwentwater and Widdrington with the Northumberland and Scotch Rebels, and such Papists and others as had joined them in Lancashire, making in all between 4 and 5000 Men, were at Preston, he marched from Wigan to attack them with the Regiments of Horse and Dragoons of Pitt, Wynn, Honeywood, Dormer, Munden, and Stanhope, and Preston's Regiment of Foot: He had left Colonel Newton's Regiment of Dragoons at Manchester, to prevent the Disaffected in that Town from stirring as they had promised.

About one in the Afternoon he arrived at the Bridge of Ribble, which is less than a Mile distant from Preston. He found there between 2 and 300 of the Rebels, Horse and Foot, who, upon the Approach of His Majesty's Troops, withdrew with Precipitation into the Town, at the Entrance of which they had made a strong Barricade. The Major-General order'd Preston's Regiment to attack it, which they did with great Bravery, and at the same time caused the whole Town to be surrounded to the Right and Left by his Horse and Dragoons. The Rebels having the Advantage of being very well posted at the Barricade, and of having all the neighbouring Houses filled with Small-shot, Preston's Regiment sustained some Loss; and the Major-General having effectually secured all the Avenues about the Town by his Horse, order'd the Foot to make a Lodgment. The Horse and Dragoons continued at their Horses Heads all that Night.

On Sunday Morning about 9 a Clock Lieutenant-General Carpenter joined him with the 3 Regiments of Dragoons of Cobham, Churchill, and Moleworth. About one the Rebels began to parley, and after several Messages agreed to surrender themselves Prisoners at Discretion. On Monday Morning at 7 a Clock they had laid down their Arms, and the King's Troops were preparing to march into the Town.

Brigadier Dormer, and the Lord Foster Lieutenant-Colonel to Preston's Regiment, were wounded in this Action; of which we hourly expect further Particulars, as likewise the List of the Lords and other Persons of Note who are Prisoners.

All the Troops expressed great Zeal and Resolution on this Occasion, and the new Regiments appeared in perfect good Order.

Printed by J. Tonson in the Strand, 1715.

## The Reward of LOYALTY.

Set forth in a True LIST of the Names of all those Worthy Persons lately turn'd out, and those advanc'd at Court.

**S**ince His Majesty's most happy Accession to the Throne of Great-Britain several Noblemen and other Gentlemen signalizing their Loyalty and sincere Affection to the *Hanoverian* Succession, which God grant long to continue among us whilst this Nation shall exist, the King was pleased to shew the Marks of His Royal Favour to Men of Worth and Merit, by lately advancing the following Persons to Honour.

1. The Lord *Cowper*, made Lord high Chancellor of *Great-Britain*, in the room of Baron *Harcourt*.

2. His Grace *John Duke of Marlborough*, Captain-General of all His Majesty's Forces.

3. His Grace the Duke of *Devonshire*, Lord-Steward of His Majesty's Household.

4. His Grace the Duke of *St. Albans*, Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

5. The Right Honourable the Earl of *Sunderland*, Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

6. Earl of *Wharton*, Lord-Keeper of the Privy-Seal.

7. The Right Hon. the E. of *Nottingham*, Lord-President of the most Hon. Privy-Council, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of *Middlesex*, in the room of his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*.

8. The Right Hon. the Earl of *Lincoln*, Master of Horse to his Royal Highness the Prince.

9. The Right Hon. the Earl of *Hertford*, first Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to his Royal Highness the Prince.

10. The Hon. the Lord *Lumley*, made also a Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to his Royal Highness the Prince.

11. The Right Hon. the Earl of *Berkely*, who had the Honour of commanding the Squadron which Convoy'd King *George* from *Holland* to *England*, is made one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber to His Majesty.

12. The Right Hon. the Lord *Townshend*, made one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

13. *Horatio Walpole*, Jur. Esq; made Secretary to the Lord *Townshend*.

14. *George Tilson*, Esq; made also Secretary to the Lord *Townshend*.

15. General *Earl* is made Governour of *Portsmouth*.

16. Lieutenant General *Willis*, is made Deputy-Governor of *Portsmouth*, in the room of Sir *John Gibson*, Kt.

17. *James Stanhope*, Esq; made a Secretary of State.

18. The Rt. Worshipful Sir *Peter King*, Kt. Recorder of *London*, is made Attorney-General in the room of Sir *Edward Northey*, Kt.

19. ——— *Addison*, Esq; Secretary of State for the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

20. *William Sanderson*, Captain of the *Peregrine Yacht*, in which King *George* came over to *England*, has had the Honour of Knighthood conferr'd on him by His Majesty.

21. *John Vanbrug*, Esq; *Clarencieux* King at Arms, has also the Honour of Knighthood conferr'd on him by His Majesty.

And it is said that the Rt. Reverend Father in God, *Gilbert Burnet*, Lord Bishop of *Sarum*, and Chancellor of the most Noble Order of the Garter, will be made the King's Almoner, and Dean of the Chappel-Royal.

A full and True ACCOUNT of the Whole

# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## TRIAL,

Of Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, for High Treason and other High Crimes and Misdemeanors before his Peers, with the Manner of his being fully acquitted late last Night.

ON Monday the 24th of June last Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, was brought upon his Tryal before his Peers at the Scaffold in Westminster-Hall; when the Lords, Commons and Judges were Seated, the King being incognito, their Royal Highnesses and the young Princesses, the Peers being in their Robes, the Lieutenant of the Tower was required to bring forth the Body of Robert Earl of Oxford, &c. Which being done, the Commission was read, appointing the Right Honourable the Lord Cooper, Lord High Chancellor, Lord High Steward for that Tryal; then the 22 Articles of Impeachment against his Lordship was read, his Lordship's Answer, and the Commons Replication, which being ended, the Managers for the Commons proceeded to make good the first Article of Impeachment, but there arising a Dispute about the Manner of Proceeding, both Lords and Commons retired to their own Houses; the Peers moved that he should be be tried for High Treason first, and then for High Crimes and Misdemeanors; but the Commons would trye him their own Way, where the Earl was remanded back to the Tower about 11 a-Clock at Night. Next Morning, being Tuesday, he was brought by Water to Westminster-Hall again; but the Lords would not go to the Scaffold, except the Commons would trye him for High Treason first; but the Commons would not recede, so neither of them went into the Scaffold that Day; so the Earl was remanded back to his Prison again till Tuesday, when he was brought again, and the Lords desired a Conference with the Commons in the Painted Chamber on the Subject of the Manner of Proceeding on the Earls Tryal, and then the Commons laid their Reasons with the Lords for not agreeing to their Proposals; and the Lords ordered a Committee to draw up their Reasons for not proceeding in the Commons Method; so the Earl was remanded to the Tower till Yesterday. In the mean time, viz. on Saturday the Commons sent a Message to the Lords to desire a free Conference with them immediately in the Painted Chamber upon the Subject Matter of the former Conference, which was deny'd by the Lords. However Yesterday the Earl was brought to Westminster-Hall again, and a Message was sent by the Commons again to the Lords to desire a free Conference, which was granted, but lasted but a little while; and some time after they had another Conference; then the Lords sent another Message to the Commons; but the Commons would not receive it, supposing it was to desire them to go down to the Scaffold; but they had made an Order that no Member should go down, except the Lords did agree to their Manner of Proceeding; but being acquainted it was not for some time after they received it, and it was to desire them to continue Sitting; but a little after the same Messengers returned with a Desire for them to go with the Lords to the Scaffold; but they would not receive the Message: Whereabout 7 last Night the Lords rob'd and went to the Scaffold, and caus'd Proclamation to be made, that whereas Robert Earl of Oxford, &c. had been Impeach'd by the Commons, they demanded them to come and make it good, or else they would Discharge him; but the Commons not coming, the Lords returned to their own House, and debated the Matter till almost ten at Night, then they returned to the Scaffold, the Lord High Steward in the Name of the Peers Discharg'd Robert Earl of Oxford, &c. of the High Treason, and other high Crimes and Misdemeanors whereof he was Impeach'd by the Commons; and then broke his Staff, with which ended his Commission. Thus ended in a short time that Tryal which was expected to last so long, with a Jar between both Houses.

# London's Defiance to Rome,

A Perfect

# NARRATIVE

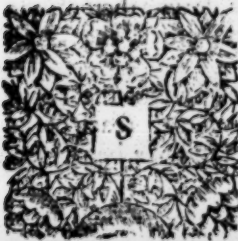
OF

The Magnificent *PROCESSION*, and Solemn  
Burning of the *POPE* at *Temple-Barr*, Nov.  
17th, 1679.

(Being the Coronation-Day of that Never-to be-  
forgotten Princess, Queen *ELIZABETH*.)

With a Description of the Order, Rich Habits, Extraordinary  
Fire-works, Songs, and General Tryumphs attending that  
Illustrious Ceremony.

*Segnius irritant animos, demissa per Aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*—Hor.



Olid and Heroick *Vertue*, as it often bestows a *Crown* where it does not find one, so when join'd, it Adorns a *Sovereign Diadem*, far more gloriously than *Diamonds* and *Rubies*; It not only Erects *Stable Thrones* for Princes in their own Peoples hearts, but by a secret Innocent *Conquest* makes them Reign over the Subjects of their *Neighbours*; And, renders their *Empire* as large as their *Fame*, Which it *Embalms* to posterity, and proves a *better* and more *lasting* Monument than a *Tombstone* of *Marble*, or *Porphire*: The World hath not at any time yielded a *Nobler* Confirmation of this *Truth*, than in our Match-less *Virgin-Queen*, *Elizabeth*; 'Tis now above an *Age* (by *Sacred Measure*) since that bright *Star* Disappear'd to *Mortals*; and yet, How fresh and glorious does her *Memory* shine this day, with all *True Englishmen*? If we inquire by what *Charms* she Conciliated this *Universal Renown*, we shall find it was not by any *Sham-Maximes* of little *Matchivellian Policy*, but by those truly *Royal Qualifications* of *Generous Honour*, *Clemency*, *Justice* and *Love* towards Her People, particularly a firm *Relyance* on their *Advice* in *Parliament*, and an *Active Zeal* for the *Protestant Religion*, whereof (throughout the World) She

A

both

both declar'd and shew'd Her Self the *Protector*; which will ever be the *True Interest* of the *English Throne*: And, whoever shall dare *Whisper* any Prince of this Nation hereafter to the *contrary* (though their *Heads* were as *Big* as *Golias*, and their *Looks* as *Starch'd* and *Grave* as *Cato's*) will yet, in the end, prove *Fools* and *Sot* as well as *Traitors* and *Villains*.

That *pious Prince*s, thus Arm'd with an Upright Heart, the Blessing of Heaven, and Intire Affections of Her People, not only defy'd all the *Popes Curses*, and *Plots* of their *Emissaries*, but likewise *Baffled* the Power of *Spain*, then, no less *hopefully* grasping at *Universal Monarchy*, than others since: She also *Assisted Holland*, preserved the *Reformed Churches* in *France*, subdu'd diverse *Popish Rebellions* in *Ireland*; and, full of *Honour*, as of *Years*, after a *Long*, and most *Prosperous* Reign, left Her *Kingdoms* in *peace*; and, so *Blessed* and *Glorious*, a *Memory* behind Her, That Her *Statue* was generally set up in the Churches of *London*: And, though the *Curst Popish Incendiaries*, by their *Horrid Treachery* in 681 *Demolish'd* those *Monuments*, yet could they not *Extinguish* the *Remembrance* of Her *Vertues*, but still the *Anniversary* of Her *Coronation* was *Celebrated* as *Festivals*; To render which more *Illustrious*, A Number of *Worthy True Protestant Gentlemen*, taking notice of the *Insolence* of the *Papists*, who, after all the *Late Miraculous Discoveries* of their several *Hellish Conspiracies*, have still the *Impudence* to feed themselves with *Hopes of Succeeding* in their *Traiterous Designs* of *Enslaving* these *Nations*. And particularly for that they had, *last Year*, acted part of their *Revenge* on the *TEMPLE*, by a *Treacherous Devastation* of that *Honourable Law-Academy* (Inferior to no one *Foundation* of that kind in the *World*) because some of the *Students* were thought to have been then *Concern'd* in *Exposing their Fopperies*, The *Conspirators* soon after *threatning* That *eminent Society*, That they should shortly have *Fires* enough to *Divert* them, which their *Villainous Confederates* quickly accomplished as *aforesaid*, on such *Just Provocations* (we say) these *Publick-spirited Gentlemen*, nothing regarding the *Malice of Hell* and *Rome*—— were pleased, *this Year*, to prepare a more *Extraordinary Representation*, to Express their *Own*, and the *Cities*, indeed the *Whole Nations* *Defiance*, and *Just Detestation* of *Popish Idolatries*; An *Entertainment* so *Seasonable*, so *Orderly* Manag'd, and so *Universally Joyn'd* in, and *Applauded*, That we could not but think it fit to give the *World* a *Brief*, and *True Account* thereof; the rather, to *Correct* some *False*, and *Imperfect Relations* hereof; the *Truth* being as follows.

On the said 17th of *November*, The *Bells* Generally about the *Town* began to *Ring* at *Three a Clock* in the morning. At the approach of the *Evening* (All things being in *Readiness*) the *Solemn Procession* began, setting forth from *Moorgate*, and so passed first to *Algate*, and thence through *Leaden-Hall-Street*, by the *Royal Exchange*, through *Cheapside*, and so to *Temple-Barr*, in the ensuing Order, viz.

1. Came 6. *Whiffers* to clear the way, in *Pioneers Caps*, and *Red Waistcoats*.
2. A *Bellman* *Ring*ing, and with a *Loud* (but *Doleful*) *Voice*, *Crying* out all the way, *REMEMBER JUSTICE GODFREY*.
3. A *Dead Body*, representing *Justice Godfrey*, in *Decent Black Habit*, carry'd before a *Jesuit* in *Black*, on *Horseback*, in like manner as he was carry'd by the *Assassins* to *Primrose-Hill*.
4. Next after *Sir Edmundbury*, so mounted, came a *Priest* in a *Surplice*, with a *Cope* *Embroider'd* with *Dead Bones*, *Skeletons*, *Skulls*, and the like, giving *Pardons* very *Plentifully* to all those that should *Murder* *Protestants*, and *Proclaiming* it *Meritorious*.

5. Then

5. Then a *Priest* in Black alone, with a great Silver Cross.
6. Four *Carmelites* in White and Black Habits.
7. Four *Grey Friars* in the proper Habits of their Order.
8. Six *Jesuits* with Bloody Daggers.
9. A Consort of *Wind-Musick*.
10. Four *Bishops* in Purple and Lawn Sleeves, with a Golden *Crozier* on their Breast, and *Crozier-Staves* in their hands.
11. Four other *Bishops* in Pontificalibus, with Surplices, and rich Embroidered Copes, and Golden Miters on their Heads.
12. Six *Cardinals* in Scarlet Robes and Caps.
13. The *Pope's Doctor* with *Jesuites Powder* in one hand, and an Urinal in the other.
14. Two *Priests* in Surplices with two Golden Crosses.

*Lastly*, The *Pope* in a lofty glorious *Pageant*, representing a Chair of State, covered with *Scarlet*, the Chair richly Embroidered and Fringed, and bedeck'd with Golden Balls and *Crosses*; At his Feet a *Cushion of State*, and two *Boys* in Surplices with White Silk Banners, and *Bloody Crucifixes and Daggers*, with an Incense-Pot before them, *Censing* his Holiness, who was arrayed in a splendid *Scarlet Gown*, lined through with *Ermin*, and richly daubed with Gold and Silver Lace; on his Head a *Tripple Crown* of Gold, and a glorious Collar of *Gold and precious Stones*, *St. Peters Keys*, a number of *Beads*, *Agnus Dei's*, and other Catholick *Trumpery*. At his back, his Holinesses Privy Counsellor (The *degraded Seraphim*) *Anglicè* the *Devil*, frequently *Caressing*, *Hugging*, and *Whispering* him, and oft-times instructing him aloud to destroy His Majesty; to forge a *Protestant Plot*, and to *Fire the City* again, to which purpose he held an *Infernal Torch* in his hand.

The whole *Procession* was attended with 150 *Flambeaus* and *Lights*, by *Order*, but so many more came in *Voluntiers*, as made up some *thousands*.

Never were the *Balconies*, *Windows* and *Houses* more numerously *Lined*, or the *Streets* closer thronged with *Multitudes* of People, all expressing their *Abhorrence* of *Popery* with continual *Shouts* and *Exclamations*, so that 'tis modestly computed, that in the whole progress, there could not be fewer than *Two hundred thousand Spectators*.

Thus with a *slow* and *solemn* State they proceeded to *Temple-Bar*, where with innumerable swarms the *Houses* seemed to be converted into heaps of *Men*, and *Women*, and *Children*, for whose diversion there were there provided great variety of *Excellent Fireworks*.

*Temple-Bar* being since its Rebuilding, adorned with Four stately *Statues*, viz. Those of *Queen Elizabeth* and *King James* on the inward, or Eastern side fronting the *City*, and those of *King Charles* the First of Blessed Memory, and our present Gracious Sovereign (whom God in mercy to these Nations long preserve) on the outside, facing towards *Westminster*; and the Statue of *Queen Elizabeth* in regard to the day, having on a Crown of *Gilded Laurel*, and in her hand a *Golden Shield*, with this Motto inscribed—THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND MAGNA CHARTA, and *Flambeau's* placed before it; The *Pope* being brought up near thereunto, the following Song (alluding to the posture of those Statues) was sung in parts, between one representing *The English Cardinal*, and others acting the *People*.

Cardinal Norfolk. *From York to London Town we come,  
To talk of Popish Ire,  
To Reconcile you all to Rome  
And prevent Smithfield Fire.*

Plebs, *Cease ! Cease thou Norfolk Cardinal,  
See yonder stands Queen Bess,  
Who sav'd our Souls from Popish Thrall,  
O Queen Bess, Queen Bess, Queen Bess.*

*Your Popish Plot and Smithfield Threat,  
We do not fear at all,  
For Loe ! beneath Queen Besses feet,  
You fall, you fall, you fall.*

*Now God, preserve Great CHARLES our King,  
And eke all Honest men ;  
And Traitors all to Justice bring,  
Amen, Amen, Amen.*

Then having entertain'd the thronging Spectators for some time, with the Ingenious *Fireworks*, a vast *Bonfire* being prepared just over against the *Inner-Temple-Gate*, his Holiness after some Compliments and Reluctancies, was decently *Toppled* from all his Grandeur into the *Impartial Flames*; The crafty *Devil* leaving his *Infallibility-ship* in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his deserv'd *Ignominious end*, as *subtile Jesuits* do at the ruin of *Bigotted Lay-Catholicks*, whom themselves have drawn in; or as credulous *Coleman's Abettors* did, when with pretences of a *Reprieve* at last gaspe, they had made him vomit up his Soul with a *Lye*, and sealed his dangerous *Closet* with an *Halter*. This Justice was attended with a *Prodigious shout*, that might be heard far beyond *Somerset-House*; and 'twas believ'd the *Eccho*, by continued Reverberations before it ceas'd, reached *Scotland, France*, and even *Rome itself*, damping themall with a dreadful *Astonishment*: 'Tis probable some whiffing *Semi-Papalines* may suggest, that 'tis rude and indecent to offer such an *Indignity* to their *Holy Father*, because a *Temporal Prince* thus to execute him in *Effigie*; But let them remember, we know his *Civil Claims* were gain'd by *Treason and Rebellion*, as well as his *Spiritual pretensions* by *Usurpation*. At worst 'tis but a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*; He that takes upon him to *Depose and Murder* any lawful *Princes* that stand in his way, and has actually burnt so many thousand *Protestants*, has no reason to complain, that we make so bold with his *Damnable Priestship*, as to Fry him in *Effigie*.

The same evening there were large *Bonfires* generally in the Streets and universal *Acclamations*, *Long live King CHARLES*, and let *Poperie* perish, and *Papists* with their *Plots and Counter-plots* ever (as hitherto) be confounded, To which, every honest *Englishman* will readily say *Amen*.

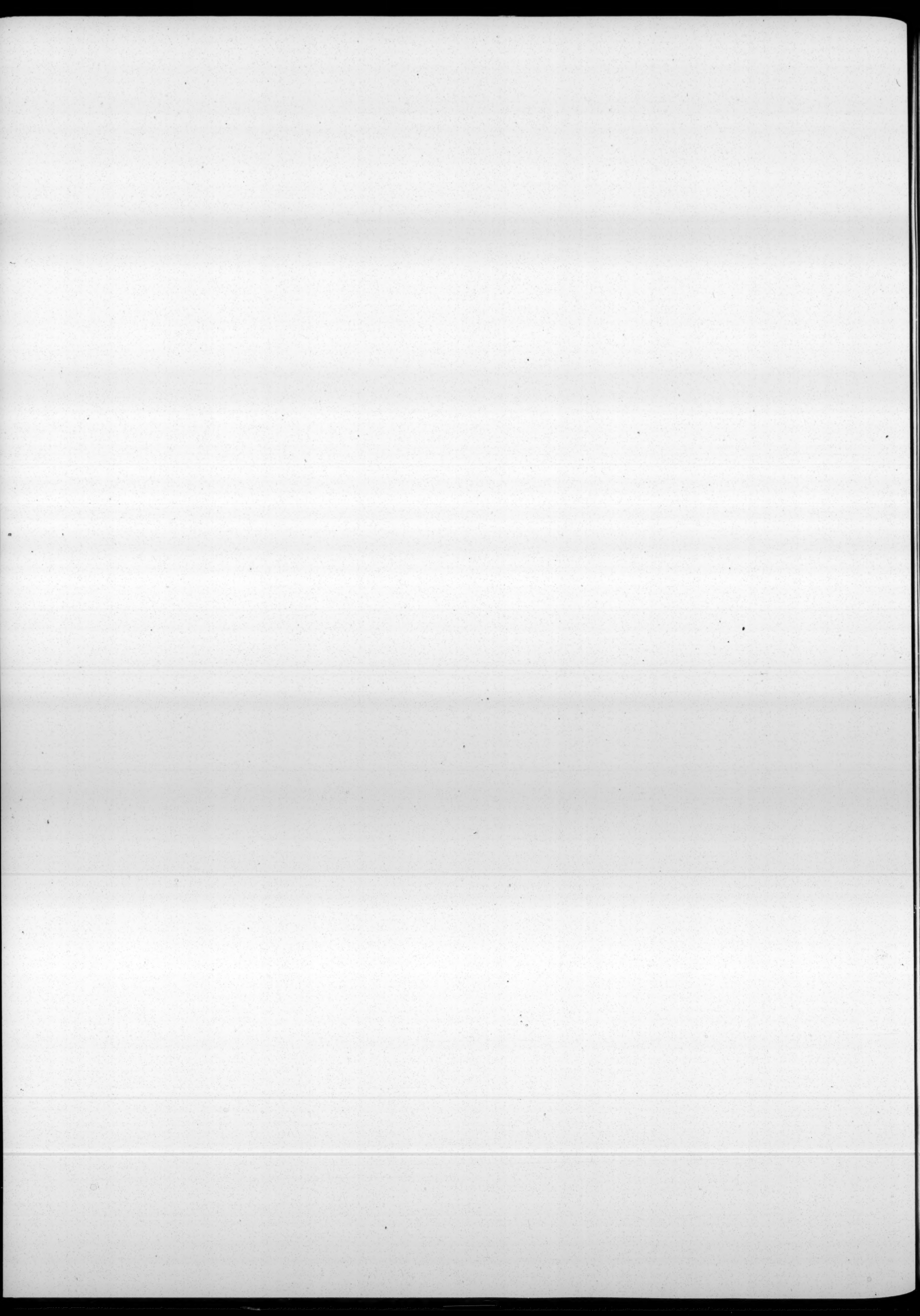
F I N I S



**C**HARLES the Second, by the Grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland **K I N G**, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all and singular Archbishops, Bishops, Arch-Deacons, Deanes, and their Officials; and to all Parsons, Ministers, Vicars and Curats, and all other Spiritual Persons; and also to all Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Constables, Church-wardens, Collectors for the Poore, and Head-boroughs; and to all Officers of Cities, Boroughs and Towns Corporate; and to all other our Officers, Ministers and Subjects, whatsoever they be, as well within Liberties as without, to whom these presents shall come greeting. Whereas John de Kraino Krainsky, Minister of Gods Word, Deputy of the National Synod of the Protestant Churches in the great Dukedom of Lithuania, hath in the name of those Churches presented unto Us his humble Petition and Supplication; thereby shewing, That those Protestant Churches, being in number about an hundred, have been of late years sorely oppressed by the merciless souldiers, as well Moscovites, Tartars, Cossacks, Swedes, as others; and many thousands of them, together with their faithful Pastors and Ministers have been cruelly plundered and massacred, and are at this time cruelly persecuted by the Enemies of the Protestant Religion in those Parts; and that also the said Churches had procured the translating and printing of the Bible in their language so far as to about the one half thereof, but were then by their impoverishment and other extremities forced to desist from that pious work, and that it seem'd good unto the said afflicted Churches to dispatch away unto Us the said John de Kraino Krainsky, with their humble Address and

Letters, to supplicate for Our Succor and Relief to be extended to them, for the preserving them from desolation and extirpation. And therefore he hath humbly besought Us to commiserate the said Protestant Churches, and their most sad and deplorable condition; and to vouchsafe them Relief both for their preservation and subsistence, and also for their proceeding in, and finishing of that most Christian work of translating & printing their said Bible, by recommending them to the Christian Charity of Our good Subjects, and granting unto them Our gracious permission for a Collection throughout this Our Kingdom of England. And whereas We have received certain information of the necessities of the said Protestant Churches, whose cases are the more to be deplored for that this extremity is fallen upon them for their sincerity and constancy in the true Religion, which We, together with them do profess, and which we are all bound in conscience to maintain to the uttermost of Our Powers. We taking these things into Our Princely consideration, and being moved with the bowels of compassion towards them, and with Christian zeal for the accomplishing of the said Translation, being a work so much tending to the glory of God, and enlargement of Christs Kingdom: And being well assured, that all Our loving Subjects of this Our Kingdom, who have long enjoyed the transcendent blessing of the Gospel, and largely tasted the comfort thereof, will be ready and forward to extend their bounty towards the Relief of these their fellow Christians, and towards the advancement of the said commendable and pious Work. Know ye therefore that We out of Our Christian compassion and Princely zeal, have given and granted, and by these our Letters Patents, under Our Great Seal of England, We do give and grant unto the said John de Kraino Krainsky, Deputy of the said National Synod of the Protestant Churches in the Great Dukedom of Lithuania, aforesaid, That a general Collection be made throughout this Our Realm of England and Dominion of Wales for the Relief and support of the said Protestant Churches in Lithuania, and for the furthering and finishing of the said pious Work of translating and printing their Bible, which Collection We will and command to be made and ordered in manner and form following (that is to say) We will and grant that Our own Printer at Our own charge, by the discretion of Our trusty and well-beloved Sir Richard Browne Knight and Baronet, one of the Clerks of Our Privy Council, shall forthwith print so many Briefs of these our Letters Patents as shall be sufficient to disperse them into every Church and Chappel where publique and Divine Service is usually celebrated in and throughout this Our Kingdom of England, and Dominion of Wales; and that the Letters Patents themselves under Our Great Seal be left with the aforesaid Sir Richard Browne; and that the said Sir Richard Browne do receive all the Briefs from Our Printer, and with all speed send so many of them unto every High Sheriff within this Our Realm and Dominion, as shall be requisite for every Church or Chappel within their several Counties to have one of them. And for better expedition to facilitate the performance of this Our charitable intention, We will and pleasure is, that the said Sir Richard Browne do prepare Letters effectual, recommending the care of this Collection unto the High Sheriffs, to be in the usual manner signed by the Lords of Our Privy Council, so to be sent to the High Sheriff of every County; and this to be done at Our proper costs and charges, and in the same manner, as if the said Letters did issue out for Our own immediate Service. And Our further Will and pleasure is, That every High Sheriff do disperse and lend them unto every chief Constable in every of the said Counties; and also to the Mayors and chief Officers of Cities, Boroughs and Towns Corporate, and that the said chief Constables do distribute the said Letters unto the Minister and Church-wardens of every Parish or Precinct, within their respective Constaberies; and that the said Mayors and other chief Magistrates do distribute the said Letters unto the Ministers and Church-wardens of every Parish or Precinct within their respective Jurisdictions. And We will and command you the said Parsons, Ministers, Vicars and Curats, for the better stirring up of a charitable Devotion, deliberately to publish and openly read the said Briefs unto the people upon the Lords Day, next after the same shall be tendered unto you, exhorting, perswading, and stirring them up, to extend their liberal, cheerful, and Christian-like Contributions and Bounties towards the said Pious and Charitable work. And that you the said Church wardens of every Parish or Chappel, and Collectors for the Poore, where such Collections are to be made as aforesaid, do Collect and gather the Alms and charitable Benevolence of all Our said loving Subjects; and further in the time of Divine Service, before the Sermon you do go from Seat to Seat in the respective Churches and Chappels in Our said Counties, to Collect and gather their said Alms. And moreover if you find it more expedient for an effectual performance of these Pious Works, you are to go from house to house in your respective Parishes upon the Week daves, to gather the Alms of Our said loving Subjects. And what by you shall be so gathered by vertue of these presents, in the said Parishes and places, to be by the Minister and your selves endorsed on the backside of these Our Letters Patents, or the true Copies or Briefs hereof, in words at length and not in figures, mentioning withal the City, Towns and County, where such respective Collection is or shall be made; which endorsement is to be subscribed with the hands of you the said Ministers and Church-wardens, and also to be Registered in the Books of your respective Parishes; and you the said Church-wardens of every Parish and Chappel in the said Counties, within three days after such Collection to pay over the money Collected, and deliver the Briefs endorsed to the chief Constable of such Constabery, wherein your Parish or Chappel lies; but you the said Church-wardens of every Parish and Chappel in the said Cities, Boroughs and Towns Corporate, to pay over the money Collected, and deliver the Briefs endorsed to the said Mayors, or other chief Magistrates there respectively, receiving from him or them a note under his or their hands of the sum so paid, and that such Mayor or other chief Magistrate (except the Lord Mayor of Our City of London) and chief Constable respectively within six days after such Receipt of the said Moneys, pay the same over to the hands of the High Sheriffs of the said Counties respectively, delivering to them also the said Briefs so endorsed as aforesaid, and taking from them a Discharge accordingly. And the Ministers and Church-wardens of every Church or Chappel of Our Cities of London and Westminster, the Suburbs and Liberties thereof, within three days after the Receipt of the said Moneys collected within their several Churches or Chappels or other places, to pay over the same to the Treasurers hereafter, in these presents named, together with the Briefs, and taking from them a discharge accordingly. And the said high Sheriffs shall pay over the said moneys by them received, or send the same within fourteen days after to the same Treasurers, viz. to Our Trusty & well-beloved Edward Fenn Gentleman, and John Fenn his Son, at the Treasury-house of the Navy Office in Leaden-Hall street in London, whom we do by these presents name, constitute, and appoint the Treasurers of all such Moneys as shall be collected, by vertue of these Our Letters Patents. And We do further Will and command all the said high Sheriffs, Mayors, chief Magistrates, chief Constables, Ministers, Church-wardens, and Overseers of the Poore, with all their care and diligence possible to perform the said Collection, together with the paying, delivering, and sending the moneys before mentioned, in the form, and within the time before in these presents prescribed to them, as they tender Our pleasure, and will answer the contrary at their perils. And Our further will and pleasure is, that they the said Edward Fenn and John Fenn as they shall receive any Sum, amounting to the Sum of One hundred pounds or above, do forthwith send, or by Exchange make over the same into the Parts beyond the Seas, for the Relief and Sustainance of the said Poore distressed Churches, beside such Sum as shall be necessary for the finishing of the said Pious Work of Translating and Printing the said Bible here in Our City of London, and for the maintenance of the said John de Kraino Krainsky, Deputy of the said Churches, or any other Deputy of the said Protestants, for the furthering of the said pious Works in such manner, as for their care, faithfulness, and discretions they will be answerable to Us for the same. And to that end that they keep a perfect account in Writing of all their Receipts, Payments, and Distributions of the said Moneys to be shewed unto Us, whensoever for Our Satisfaction We shall call for the same. In witness whereof We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patents: Witness Our Self at Westminster, the Twelfth of July in the Thirteenth Year of Our Reign.

D A W E.



# A True Table of all such F E E S

As are DUE, or can be CLAIMED in any

## BISHOPS-COURTS,

In all Cases; As they were Given in to the Commissaries

His Majesty

King CHARLES the First, Nov. 1630.

By the Commissaries, Registers, Proctors, &c.

UNDER THEIR OWN HANDS IN THE STAR-CHAMBER.

Necessary to be known by all Persons liable to be Concerned in the said BISHOPS-COURTS.

THIS is no part of the Scope of this Sheet, to debate the Legality, Expediency or Inconveniency of those Courts and Jurisdictions, commonly called, *Spiritual* or *Ecclesiastick*, as they are now managed: Nor whether the Persons that hold them, and grant forth *Citations* in their own Names and Stiles, and not in the *KINGS*, do not thereby Incur the Penalty of a *Premunire*; But its Business is, to Present you with an Exact Copy of their *FEES*, as they were stated by themselves to certain Commissioners, appointed by King CHARLES the First, to Inspect them, *Novemb. 1630*. Which Table being long since stified as much as in them lies, 'tis thought fit to Re-print the same from the Original first Printed *Anno Domini 1631*.

| In Cases of Instance, that is, between Party and Party.                                                                                                                                                                          | To the Commissary. | To the Register. | To the Apparitor. | In Cases of Office, that is, where the Court proceeds of its own Accord, and 'tis not between Party and Party.                                                                                       | To the Commissary. | To the Register. | To the Apparitor. | To the Commissary.                                                                                                                                           | To the Register. | To the Apparitor. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|------------------|-------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Imprimis</i> , For Decreeing the Original Citation, and for Sealing of it                                                                                                                                                     | 00-06              | 00-06            | 00-00             | <i>Imprimis</i> , For every Original Citation and Appearance of every Party                                                                                                                          | 00-06              | 00-06            | 04-00             | Item, For the Seal of the Judge to the same Process                                                                                                          | 06-08            | 00-00             |
| Item, For Decreeing the Original Citation in a Matrimonial Cause with an Inhibition, and for Sealing of it                                                                                                                       | 01-00              | 01-00            | 00-00             | Item, For every Decree, <i>Vin &amp; Modis</i>                                                                                                                                                       | 00-09              | 00-09            | 04-00             | Item, For the drawing of Articles against any Man Convented of Office, for lawful Proof made of the Truth of them                                            | 01-08            | 01-08             |
| Item, For the Decree of every Party principal                                                                                                                                                                                    | 00-09              | 00-09            | 00-00             | Item, For every Excommunication or Suspension under Seal                                                                                                                                             | 00-09              | 00-09            | 04-00             | Item, For every Act upon the withdrawing of a Caution out of the Registry                                                                                    | 00-00            | 00-11             |
| Item, For every Decree <i>Vin &amp; Modis</i>                                                                                                                                                                                    | 00-09              | 00-09            | 00-00             | Item, For every Absolution from an Excommunication or Suspension                                                                                                                                     | 00-09              | 00-09            | 00-00             | Item, For every Dispensation for Exhibiting of an Inventory into Court                                                                                       | 06-03            | 06-08             |
| Item, For every Excommunication or Suspension in Writing                                                                                                                                                                         | 00-09              | 00-09            | 04-00             | Item, For Letters Testimonial to be made upon any Cause, and for writing them, if the Cause so require                                                                                               | 06-08              | 06-08            | 00-00             | Item, For an Administration of the Goods of a Deceased, not extending to the Sum of Five Pounds                                                              | 00-00            | 00-06             |
| Item, For every Absolution from an Excommunication or Suspension                                                                                                                                                                 | 00-09              | 00-09            | 04-00             | Item, For the Examination of every Party principal                                                                                                                                                   | 00-09              | 00-09            | 00-00             | Item, For the Administration of the Goods of a Deceased, amounting above the Value of Five Pounds, and under Forty                                           | 02-06            | 02-06             |
| Item, For Letters Testimonial to be made upon a Search, or any other Cause                                                                                                                                                       | 06-08              | 06-08            | 00-00             | Item, For the Copy of every Parties principal Answer                                                                                                                                                 | 00-00              | 01-00            | 00-00             | Item, For the Administration of the Goods of a Deceased, amounting to Forty Pounds and upwards, let it be as many Thousands as it will, is                   | 06-08            | 06-08             |
| Item, For the Oath of every Witness upon any matter                                                                                                                                                                              | 00-00              | 00-00            | 02-00             | Item, For the Oath of every Party principal                                                                                                                                                          | 00-00              | 00-00            | 02-00             | Item, For the Probate of a Will, where the Value doth not exceed the Sum of Five Pounds                                                                      | 00-00            | 00-05             |
| Item, For Examination of every First Witness upon any matter                                                                                                                                                                     | 00-09              | 00-09            | 00-00             | Item, For drawing of Proxy for Appearance at all Visitations and Synods                                                                                                                              | 00-00              | 02-06            | 00-00             | Item, For the Probate of a Will, where the Goods exceed Five Pounds, and not above Forty Pounds                                                              | 02-06            | 01-00             |
| Item, For Examination of every other Witnesses                                                                                                                                                                                   | 00-04              | 00-04            | 00-00             | Item, For the Exhibition and Consignation of every Proxy in Writing at the Visitations and Synods only                                                                                               | 00-00              | 00-04            | 00-00             | Item, For the Probate of a Will, where the Goods do exceed the Value of Forty Pounds and upwards, let it be as much as it will                               | 02-06            | 02-06             |
| Item, For the Examination of Witnesses upon Interrogatories                                                                                                                                                                      | 00-09              | 00-09            | 00-00             | Item, For Registering the Names of the Churchwardens and Sidemen of every Parish                                                                                                                     | 00-00              | 00-04            | 04-00             | Item, For the Ingrossing of every Will, according to the length thereof, not exceeding eight Skins, for every large Skin of Parchment                        | 00-00            | 08-00             |
| Item, For the Examination of every Party principal                                                                                                                                                                               | 00-09              | 00-09            | 00-00             | Item, For every Certificate made to the Bishop by the Commissary for the Commutation of any Penance                                                                                                  | 06-08              | 06-08            | 12-00             | Item, For Ingrossing every Inventory and Accounts, according to the length thereof, not exceeding Two shillings for every Pref of Parchment                  | 00-00            | 02-00             |
| Item, For the Oath of every Party principal                                                                                                                                                                                      | 00-00              | 00-00            | 02-00             | Item, When any Penance is Commuted by the Bishop, and the Commutation extended to the Commissary                                                                                                     | 10-00              | 10-00            | 00-00             | Item, For Exhibiting of every Inventory, and for subscribing of the same                                                                                     | 00-06            | 00-06             |
| Item, For the Copy of every Witness upon any matter produced and examined                                                                                                                                                        | 00-00              | 00-08            | 00-00             | Item, For the writing of any Bond taken for the Indemnity of the Judge, or his Commissary upon any Cause                                                                                             | 00-00              | 01-00            | 00-00             | Item, For the Copy of every Act extracted out of the Registry under the Register's hand                                                                      | 00-00            | 01-00             |
| Item, For the Copy of the Parties principal Answer                                                                                                                                                                               | 00-00              | 01-00            | 00-00             | Item, For every Act passed in Court                                                                                                                                                                  | 00-00              | 00-04            | 00-00             | Item, For the Copy of every Inventory Testament, Libel, Matter, Allegations, or Articles whatsoever, extracted out of the Register under the Register's hand | 00-00            | 00-00             |
| Item, For every Commission for the Examination of a Party principal or Witnesses, or for the Prizing of Goods of a Deceased, or to take the Oath of a Party upon an Inventory, or Accounts, or any other matter                  | 05-00              | 05-00            | 00-00             | Item, For every Faculty that grants Licence, except for Teaching                                                                                                                                     | 05-00              | 05-00            | 00-00             | Item, For Letters of Request made to another Ordinary, to Cite one dwelling out of the Judges Jurisdiction                                                   | 01-08            | 01-08             |
| Item, For the Constitution of a Proctor in Writing                                                                                                                                                                               | 00-00              | 00-00            | 00-00             | Item, For Exhibiting every Bill of Presentments at the Visitation only                                                                                                                               | 00-00              | 00-04            | 00-00             | Item, For every Renunciation of an Administration of the Goods of a Deceased, or an Executor of a Will Admitted and Enacted                                  | 00-06            | 00-06             |
| Item, For every Act                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 00-00              | 00-04            | 00-00             | Item, For the Purgation of every Person to whom Purgation is assigned, and for his own hand                                                                                                          | 00-09              | 00-09            | 04-00             | Item, For every Decree made upon the distribution of Goods amongst the next of Kin, and for Registering the same                                             | 06-08            | 06-08             |
| Item, For every Act upon the opening or recovering of a Prohibition, Consultation, or any others of the King's Writs                                                                                                             | 15-00              | 15-00            | 00-00             | Item, For every Compurgator first sworn, and for his hand                                                                                                                                            | 00-09              | 00-09            | 02-00             | Item, The Fee of a Proctor every Court-day, in which he is Retained upon any Cause whatsoever, is                                                            | 01-00            | 00-00             |
| Item, For every Definitive Sentence, and Interlocutory Decree                                                                                                                                                                    | 05-00              | 05-00            | 12-00             | Item, For every other Compurgator                                                                                                                                                                    | 00-06              | 00-06            | 02-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |
| Item, For every Significavit to the Chancery, for the Taking and Imprisoning of an Excommunicate Person in any Cause, as well as Instance as Office                                                                              | 05-00              | 05-00            | 00-00             | Item, For every Intimation sent out for all those that will object against a Purgation of any man and his Compurgators                                                                               | 01-03              | 01-03            | 04-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |
| Item, For every Significavit to the Chancery, for the Freedom and Inlargement of an Excommunicate Person in any Cause, as well Instance as Office                                                                                | 05-00              | 05-00            | 00-00             | Item, For a Dismissal of every Man out of the Court for any Cause whatever                                                                                                                           | 00-06              | 00-06            | 04-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |
| Item, For the Copy of every Order of Penance                                                                                                                                                                                     | 06-00              | 06-00            | 12-00             | Item, For any Search made by the Register for any Act of Court, or any other Instrument, after a Cause is ended                                                                                      | 00-00              | 01-00            | 00-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |
| Item, For Transmitting every Process, <i>Judice a quo ad Judicem ad quem</i> , to the Register, according to the Taxation of the Judge <i>ad quem</i> , or according to Composition between the Register and the Party Appellant | 00-00              | 13-00            | 00-00             | Item, For every Sequestration of the fruit of a Benefice, and Publication of the same under Seal                                                                                                     | 05-00              | 05-00            | 12-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |
| Item, For the Seal of the Judge <i>a quo</i> , set to the Process Transmitted                                                                                                                                                    | 06-08              | 00-00            | 00-00             | Item, For Letters Commendatory for a Curate going out of the Jurisdiction                                                                                                                            | 03-04              | 03-04            | 00-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |
| Item, For all Letters of Guardianship under Seal                                                                                                                                                                                 | 06-08              | 06-08            | 00-00             | Item, For every Caveat entered                                                                                                                                                                       | 00-00              | 01-00            | 00-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                    |                  |                   | Item, For the Copy of every Order of Penance                                                                                                                                                         | 00-06              | 00-06            | 12-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                    |                  |                   | Item, For Transmitting a Process, <i>Judice a quo</i> , to Register according to the Taxation of the Judge <i>ad quem</i> , if there be no Composition made between the Register and Party Appellant | 00-00              | 13-00            | 00-00             |                                                                                                                                                              |                  |                   |

And no more; Therefore they Abuse you, when they take Ten Groats.

And indeed there is scarce one of all these Particulars, but the Officers belonging to these Courts, do now Demand, Take and Extort most Unjustly Greater Fees than are here set down, which yet are all that themselves had the Confidence to ask or pretend due, in the Time of King CHARLES the First; since which Time, They have not any Colour of Law, Reason or Authority, to have them increased. Therefore if any of them shall for the future Demand, or Take any Fees, Duties or Sums of Money more or greater, than are here set down, let the Party grieved forthwith Indict them for *Extortion*; the only way to Curb the Avarice and Oppression of greedy devouring Locusts, who, like the Sons of the *Horse-Leech*, always Cry, *Give! Give!* till with tedious Vexations they undo those they can get into their *Bradim-Clutches*.

FINIS.



March 1.

## A Message sent unto His Majesty, by a special Committee of both Houses, concerning the present dangers of this Kingdom.

*Most gracious Sovereign,*

**Y**our Majesties most loyall and obedient Subjects, the Lords and Commons in Parliament, do finde their just Apprehensions of sorrow and fear, in respect of the publike dangers, and miseries liketo fall upon Your Majesty and the Kingdom to be much encreased, upon the receipt of Your unexpected denyall of their most humble and necessary Petition, concerning the *Militia* of the Kingdom; Especially grieving, that wicked and mischievous Councillors should still have that power with Your Majesty, as in this time of Imminent and approaching ruine; Rather to encline Your Resolutions to that which is Apt to further the accomplishment of the desires of the most malignant enemies of Gods true Religion, and of the peace and safety of Your self and Your Kingdom, then to the dutifull and faithfull Councell of Your Parliament.

Wherefore they are enforced in all humility to protest, that if Your Majesty shall persist in that denyall, the dangers and distempers of the Kingdom are such, as will indure no longer delay: But unlesse You shall be graciously pleased to assure to them by these Messengers, that you will speedily apply Your Royall Assent to the satisfaction of their former desires, they shall be enforced, for the safety of your Majesty and your Kingdoms, to dispose of the *Militia* by the Authority of both Houses, in such manner as hath been propounded to your Majesty, and they resolve to do it accordingly.

They likewise most humbly beseech your Majestie to believe; That the dangerous and desperate designe upon the House of Commons, mentioned in their Preamble, was not inserted with any intention to cast the least aspersion upon your Majestie, but therein they reflected upon that malignant party, of whose bloodie and malicious practices they have had so often experience, and from which they can never be secure, unlesse your Majestie will be pleased to put from you those wicked and unfaithfull counsellors, who interpose their own corrupt and malicious designs betwixt your Majesties goodnesse and wisdom, and the prosperity and contentment of your Self, and of your people: And that for the dispatch of the great Affairs of the Kingdom, the safety of your Person, the protection and comfort of your Subjects, you will be pleased to continue your abode neere to London and the Parliament, and not to withdraw your Self to any other remoter parts; which if your Majestie should do, must needs be a cause of great damage and destruction.

That your Majesty will likewise be graciously pleased to continue the Princes Highnesse in these parts at *St. James*, or any other of your Houses neere London, whereby the designs which the enemies of the Religion and Peace of this Kingdom may have upon his Person, and the jealousies and fears of your people may be prevented.

And they beseech your Majesty to be informed by them, That by the Lawes of the Kingdom, the power of raising, ordering, and disposing the *Militia*, within any Citie, Town, or other place, cannot be granted to any Corporation by Charter, or otherwise, without the authoritie and consent of Parliament; And that those parts of the Kingdom which have put themselves in a posture of defence against the common danger, have therein done nothing, but according to the Declaration and Direction of both Houses, and what is justifiable by the Lawes of this Kingdom.

All which their most humble counsell and desires, they pray your Majestie to accept, as the effect of that dutie and Allegiance which they owe unto you, and which will not suffer them to admit of any thoughts, intentions, or endeavours, but such as are necessarie and advantageous for your Majesties Greatnesse and honour, and the safetie and prosperity of the Kingdom, according to that Trust and Power which the Lawes have reposed in them.



# Divers Questions upon His Majesties last Answer, concerning the *Militia*, Resolved upon by both Houses of Parliament.

*Resolved upon the Question by both Houses of Parliament.*

**H**at this Answer of His Majesty is a denyall to the desires of both Houses of Parliament, concerning the *Militia*.

*Resolved, &c.*

That those that advised His Majesty to give this Answer, are Enemies to the State, and mischievous Projectors against the defence of the Kingdom.

*Resolved, &c.*

That this denyall is of that dangerous Consequence, that if His Majesty shall persist in it; It will hazard the peace and safety of all His Kingdomes, unlesse some speedy remedy be applyed by the Wisdome and Authority of both Houses of Parliament.

*Resolved, &c.*

That such Parts of this Kingdom as have put themselves into a Posture of defence against the common danger, hath done nothing but what is justifiable, and is approved by the House.

*Resolved, &c.*

That if His Majesty shall remove into any remote Parts from His Parliament, it will be a great hazard to the Kingdom; and a great prejudice to the Proceedings of the Parliament.

*Resolved, &c.*

That these Houses holds it necessary, That His Majesty may be desired, That the Prince may come unto Saint James, or to some other convenient place neer about London, and there to continue.

*Resolved, &c.*

That the Lords be desired to joyn with this house in an humble request unto His Majesty; That he will be pleased to reside neer his Parliament; That both houses may have a convenience of Accessse unto him upon all occasions.

*Resolved, &c.*

That the Lords be moved to joyn with this house in some fit course of examination, to finde who were the Persons that gave his Majesty this advice, That they may be removed from his Majesty, and brought to condigne punishment.

*Resolved, &c.*

That no Charter can be granted by the King, to create a power in any Corporation, over the *Militia* of that place, without consent of Parliament.

*Resolved, &c.*

That the Lords shall be moved to joyn with this house in these Votes.

*Resolved, &c.*

That the Lords shall be desired to appoint a select Committee, that may joyn with a Committee of a proportionable number of this house; to consider, and prepare what is fit to be done upon these Votes, or upon any thing else that may arise upon this Answer of his Majesty concerning the *Militia*, and concerning the Prince



March, 2.

# Questions resolved upon by both Houses of Parliament: VVith an Order for the speedy Rigging of the Navy, for the defence of the Kingdom.

*Resolved upon the Question by both Houses of Parliament.*

**T**hat the Kingdom be forthwith put into a posture of defence, by Authority of both Houses, in such a way as is already agreed upon by both Houses of Parliament.

*Resolved, &c.*

That the Lords be desired to joyn with the House of Commons in this Vote.

*Resolved, &c.*

That a Committee shall be appointed to prepare a Declaration upon these two Heads, *viz.*

1. To lay down the just causes of the fears and jealousies given to these Houses; and to clear these Houses from any jealousies conceived against them.
2. And to consider of all matters that may arise upon this Message of His Majesty, and to declare their opinions what is fit to be done thereupon.

*Die Mercurii, 2 Martii, 1641.*

**T**He Lords and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, having received advertisement of extraordinary preparations made by the neighboring Princes, both by Land and Sea; the intentions whereof have been so represented, as to raise an apprehension in both houses, That the publike honour, peace, and safety of his Majesty and his Kingdom cannot be secured unless a timely course be taken for the putting of this Kingdom into a condition of defence, at Sea, as well as Land. It is therefore Ordered, by the Lords and Commons aforesaid, That the Earl of *Northumberland*, Lord high Admirall of England, do forthwith give effectuell direction and order. that all and every the Ships belonging to his Majesties Navy, which are fit for service, and not already abroad, nor designed for this Summers Fleet. be with all speed Rigged, and put in such a readinesse, as that they may soon be fitted for the Sea; And that his Lordship do also make known unto all the Masters and Owners of such Ships as now are in, or about any the Harbours of this Kingdom, and may be of use for the publike defence thereof, That it will be an acceptable service to the King and Parliament, if they likewise will cause their Ships to be Rigged, and so far put in a readinesse, as they may be at a short warning set forth to Sea, upon any immergent occasion, which will be a means of great security to his Majesty and his Dominions.

Severall Votes Resolved upon by both Houses of  
Parliament, concerning the securing of the Kingdome of England and Domini-  
on of Wales.

*Resolved upon the Question by the Lords in Parliament, nemine contradicente,*

**T**hat the Ordinance of the Lords and Commons in Parliament, for the safe-  
ty and defence of the Kingdom of England, and Dominion of Wales, is  
not any way against the Oath of Allegiance.

*Resolved upon the Question by the Lords and Commons in Parliament,*

That the severall Commissions, granted under the Great Seal, to the Lieutenants  
of the severall Counties, are illegall and voyd.

*Resolved upon the Question by the Lords and Commons in Parliament,*

That whosoever shall execute any Power over the *Militia* of this Kingdom, and  
Dominion of Wales, by colour of any Commission of Lieutenancy, without con-  
sent of both Houses of Parliament, shall be accounted a disturber of the Peace of the  
Kingdom.

*Die Martis, 15 Martii. 1641.*

*Resolved upon the Question by the Lords and Commons in Parliament,*

**T**hat the Kingdom hath been of late, and still is in so evident and imminent  
danger, both from enemies abroad, and a Popish and discontented party a  
home; That there is an urgent and inevitable necessity of putting his Ma-  
jesties Subjects into a posture of defence, for the safeguard both of his Majesty, and  
his People.

That the Lords and Commons fully apprehending this danger, and being sensi-  
ble of their own duty; to provide a sutable prevention, Have in severall Petition  
addressed themselves to his Majesty, for the ordering and disposing of the *Militia*  
of the Kingdom, in such a way, as was agreed upon by the wisdom of both Houses  
to be most effectuell and proper for the present Exigents of the Kingdom; yet could  
not obtain it, but his Majestie did severall times refuse to give his Royall assen-  
thereunto.

Ordered, That the House of Peers agrees with the House of Commons in this  
Proposition.

*Resolved upon the Question by the Lords and Commons in Parliament,*

That in this case of extream danger, and of his Majesties refusall, the Ordinance  
agreed on by both Houses, for the *Militia*, doth oblige the people, and ought to  
be obeyed by the Fundamentall Laws of this Kingdom.

*Resolved upon the Question by the Lords and Commons in Parliament,*

That these shall be the Heads of a Declaration.

*Resolved upon the Question by the Lords and Commons in Parliament,*

That such persons as shall be nominated Deputy-Lieutenants, and approved of by  
both Houses, shall receive the commands of both Houses, to take upon them to ex-  
ecute their Offices.

*Ordered by the Lords and Commons in Parliament, That these severall Votes shall be forthwith Printed and  
Published.*

Jo. Browne, Cleric. Parl.

# THE SEVERALL

Votes and resolution of both Houses of

<sup>England</sup> Parliament, concerning the Kings last message,

sent from *Huntington* to both Houses, on *Wednesday*  
the sixteenth of *March* 1641.

*Resolved upon the Question.*

**T**hat this House shall insist upon their former Votes concerning the Militia.

*Resolved upon the Question.*

That the Kings absence so farre remote from his Parliament is not onely an obstruction, but may bee a destruction to the affayres of Ireland.

*Resolved upon &c.*

That when the Lords and Commons in Parliament which is the supream Court of Iudicature in the Kingdome, shall declare vvhhat the Lavves of the Land is, to have this not onely questioned and controverted, but contradicted and a command that it should not bee obeyed, is a high breach of the priviledge of Parliament.

*Resolved &c.*

That a Committee shall bee appointed by this House to ioyne with a Committee of the Lords, to inquire where this Message vvas framed.

*Resolved &c.*


That those persons that <sup>advise</sup> his Maiestie to absent himselfe from the Parliament are enemies to the peace of this Kingdom, and iustly to bee suspected to bee favourers of the Rebellion in Ireland.

*Resolved &c.*

That those that advised his Maiestie to this Message are enemies to the peace of this Kingdom, and iustly to bee suspected to be favourers of the rebellion in Ireland.

*H. Great Brit. & I. - Charles* HIS  
MAIESTIES MOST  
GRATIOVS ANSVVER

To the Proposition of both houses of Parliament,  
for Ireland sent the Twenty fourth of *February* 1642.

 His Maiesty being Glad to receive any proposition that may repaire the Calamity of his distressed Kingdome of Ireland, especially when it may be without burthen or imposition, and for the ease of his good Subjects of this Kingdome hath graciously considered the Overture made by both Houses of Parliament to that purpose, and returnes this answere.

That as he hath offered and is still ready to venture his owne Royall person for the recovery of that Kingdome, if his Parliament shall advise him thereunto, so he will not deny to contribute any other assistance he can to that service, by parting with any profit or advantage of his owne there. And therefore (relying upon the wisdom of this Parliament) doth consent to every proposition now made to him, without taking time to examine vvwhether this course may not retard the reducing of that Kingdome, by exasperating the Rebels, and rendring them desperate of being received into Grace, if they shall returne to their obedience.

And his Majesty will be ready to give his Royall assent to all such Bills as shall be tendred unto him by his Parliament for the confirmation of every particular of this proposition.

LONDON, Printed for *Iohn Franke*.  
MDCXLII.



*H. Grant, Printer, &c. -  
Charles I. King*

## His Majesties Message to the House of Peers, April 22. 1642.



His Majestie having seen a Printed Paper, entituled, *A Question answered how Laws are to be understood and obedience yeelded*; ( which Paper He sends together with this Message ) thinks fit to recommend the consideration of it to His House of Peers, that they may use all possible care and diligence for the finding out the Author, and may give directions to His learned Councell, to proceed against Him and the Publishers of it, in such a way as shall be agreeable to Law and the course of Justice, as Persons who indeavour to stir up Sedition against His Majestie; And His Majestie doubts not but they will be very sensible how much their own particular Interest ( as well as the publike government of the Kingdom ) is, and must be shaken, if such Licence shall be permitted to bold factious spirits to withdraw His Subjects strict obedience from the Laws established, by such Seditious and Treasonable distinctions. And of Doctrines of this nature His Majestie doubts not but that their Lordships will publish their great dislike, it being grown into frequent Discourse, and vented in some Pulpits ( by those desperate turbulent Preachers, who are the great Promotors of the distempers of this time ) *That humane Laws do not binde the Conscience*; which being once beleaved, the civill Government and peace of the Kingdom will be quickly dissolved. His Majestie expects a speedie account of their Lordships exemplary Justice upon the Authors and Publishers of this Paper.

---

Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer  
to the Kings most Excellent Majesty : And by the  
Assignes of JOHN BILL. 1642.

# HIS MAIESTIES LETTER TO THE HIGH

*Sherife of the County of Yorke. May the fifth. 1641.*

*To Our trusty and welbeloved high Sheriffe of our County of Yorke.*



Rusty and welbeloved, Wee greet you well: Whereas Wee understand, that Sir *Iohn Hotham* takes upon him (without any legall authoritie or power) to issue Warrants to Constables, and other Our Officers, to raise divers of our trained Bands of this Our Countrey, and requires them to march with their armes, and to come into our Towne of *Hull*, where hee hath disarmed divers of them, keeps their arms and discharges the men, and whereas Wee are credibly, informed, that divers persons, who were lately Colonels, Lievtant-Collonels, Captains, and Officers of the trained Bands of this our County, intend shortly to summon, and endeavour to muster the

forces of this our County: For as much as by the Law of the Land, none of our trained Bands are to be raised or mustered, upon any pretence or authority whatsoever, but by speciall warrant under our own hand, or by a Legall Writ directed to the Sheriffe of the County, or by Warrant from the Lord Livetenant, or Deputy-Lieutenants of the County, appointed and authorized by Commisision under our great Seale. And whereas at present there is no Lord Lievtenant or Deputy-lievtenant legally authorized to command the forces and trained Bands of this our County of *Yorke*, and the Commisisions, Command, and Power of all Collonels, Lievtenant Collonels, Captains and Officers of our trained Bands, (which were derived from the Commisision and Power of the Lord-Lievtenant only) are now actually void, and of no force and authority. Our will and command therefore is, that you forthwith issue Warrants under your hand, to all the late Collonels, Lievtenant-Collonels, Captaines and Officers, who (whiles the Lord Lievtenant, Commisision was in force) had the command of the trained Bands of this our county: And also to all High and Petty Constables, and other Our Officers, in this Our County, whom it may concerne; charging and commanding them, and every of them, in Our Name, and upon their Allegiance, and as they tender the Peace of this our Kingdome, not to Muster, Leavie, or Raife, or to Summon, or Warne (upon any Pretence or Directions whatsoever) any of Our trained Bands to Rise, Muster, or March, without expresse Warrant under Our Hand, or Warrant from you Our Sheriffe grounded upon a particular Writ to that purpose; which Wee also command you, not to put in Execution without Our Privy and Allowance, whiles We shall reside in this Our County. And in case any of Our trained Bands shall rise, or gather together, contrary to this our Command, Then We will and command you to charge and require them, to dissolve, and retire to their dwellings. And if upon due Summons from you, they shall not lay downe their Arms, and depart to their dwellings; We will and command you, upon your Allegiance, and as you tender the peace and quiet of this Our Kingdome, to raise the Power of the County, and suppress them by force, as the Law hath directed and given you Power to doe. And to the end that this Our expresse Command may be notified to all Our good Subjects in this Our County, so as none may pretend hereafter to have beene misled through ignorance; We require you to cause these Our Letters to be forthwith read, and published openly in all Churches and Parishes in this our Countie. Herein you may not faile, as you tender the safety and honour of Our Person, the good and peace of this Our Kingdome, and will answer the contrary at your perill. For which this shall be your sufficient Warrant.

*Given at Our Court at Yorke the fifth day of May, in the eighteenth yeere of Our Reigne, &c.*

Printed at *Yorke*, by ROBERT BARKER and re-printed in *London*.



# An Ordinance of Parliament for a day of publike Thanksgiving for the Peace concluded between ENGLAND and SCOTLAND.



Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to give a happy close to the Treaty of Peace between the two Nations of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND, by his wise providence, defeating the evill hopes of the subtil Adversaries of both Kingdoms; For which great Mercy it was by the Kings most Excellent Majestie, the Lords and Commons in this present Parliament Enacted, That there should be a publike Thanksgiving in all the Parish Churches of his Majesties Dominions;

It is now ordained and declared by the Lords and Commons in Parliament, That the time for the Celebration of that publike Thanks to Almighty God for so great and publike a Blessing shall be on Tuesday the seventh of September next, by Prayers, Reading, and Preaching of the word in all Churches and Chappels of this Realm, whereof we require a carefull and due observance: That we may joyn in giving Thanks, as we partake of the Blessing, with our Brethren in SCOTLAND, who have designed the same day for that duty.



According to the Act of this present Parliament, For confirmation of the Treatie of Pacification between the two Kingdoms of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND, where it was desired by the Commissioners of Scotland, that the loyalty and faithfulness of his Majesties Subjects might be made known at the time of the publike Thanksgiving in all places, and particularly in all Parish Churches of his Majesties Dominions; which Request was graciously condescended unto by his Majestie, and confirmed by the said Act:

It is now ordered and commanded by both houses of Parliament, that the same be effectually done in all Parish Churches thorowout this Kingdom upon Tuesday the seventh day of September next coming, at the time of the publike Thanksgiving, by the severall and respective Ministers of each Parish Church, or by their Curats, who are hereby required to read this present Order in the Church.

Die Veneris 27. die Augusti 1641.

Ordered by the Lords in Parliament that the abovesaid Ordinance be printed.

Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer  
to the Kings most Excellent Majesty: And by the

Assignes of J. D.



## To the Kings Most Excellent Majesty :

*The humble Petition of the Lords and Commons now assembled in PARLIAMENT*

Delivered at Colebrook, 10 Nov. 1642. by the Earls of Pembroke and Northumberland, Lord Wainman, M. Perpoint, and Sir Jo. Hippsley.



BE Your Majesties most loyall Subjects, the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, being affected with a deep and piercing sense of the Miseries of this Kingdom, and of the Dangers to Your Majesties Person, as the present Affairs now stand, And much quickned therein with the sad Consideration of the great effusion of Blood at the late Battell, and of the losse of so many eminent Persons; And farther weighing the addition of Losse, Misery, and Danger to Your Majesty and Your Kingdom which must ensue, if both Armies should again joyn in another Battell, as without Gods speciall Blessing, and Your Majesties Concurrence with Your Houses of Parliament, will not probably be avoided.

We cannot but believe that a futable Impression of Tenderesse and Compassion is wrought in Your Majesties Royall Heart, being Your Self an eye-Witnesse of the bloody and sorrowfull Destruction of so many of Your Subjects; And that Your Majesty doth apprehend what diminution of Your Own Power and Greatnesse will follow; And that all Your Kingdoms will thereby be so weakned, as to become subject to the Attempts of any ill affected to this State. In all which Respects we assure our selves, That Your Majesty will be inclined graciously to accept this our humble Petition, that the Misery and Desolation of this Kingdom may be speedily removed and prevented: For the effecting whereof, we most humbly beseech Your Majesty to appoint some convenient Place, not far from the City of London, where Your Majesty will be pleased to reside, untill Committees of both Houses of Parliament may attend Your Majesty with some Propositions for the removall of these bloody Distempers and Distractions, and settling the state of the Kingdom, in such a Manner as may conduce to the preservation of Gods true Religion, Your Majesties Honour, Safety, and Prosperity, and to the Peace, Comfort, and Security of all Your People.

## His Majesties Answer

To the foresaid Petition, given to the Committee at  
Colebrooke, Nov. 11. 1642.



*We take God to witnesse how deeply We are affected with the Miseries of this Kingdom, which heretofore We have stroven (as much as in Us lay) to prevent; It being sufficiently known to all the world, That as We were not the first that took up Arms, so We professed Our readinesse of composing all things in a fair way, by Our severall offers of Treaty; And shall be glad (now at length) to finde any such Inclinations in others. The same tenderesse to avoyd destruction of Our Subjects (whom we know to be Our greatest Strength) which would alwayes make Our greatest Victories bitter to Us, shall make us willingly hearken to such Propositions, whereby these bloody Distempers may be stopped, and the great Distractions of this Kingdom settled, To Gods Glory, Our Honour, and the Well fare and Flourishing of Our People. And to that end shall reside at Our Own Castle at Windsor (if the Forces shall be removed) till Committees may have time to attend Us with the same (which, to prevent the inconveniences that may intervene, We wish may be hastened) and shall be ready there, or (if that be refused us) at any place where we shall be, to receive such Propositions as aforesaid, from both Our Houses of Parliament. Do you your Duty, We will not be wanting to Ours. God of his mercy give a Blessing.*



Instructions for Deputy Lieutenants, which are  
Members of the House of Commons, and other  
Lieutenants of severall Counties, concerning the  
last Propositions.

Together with

THE NAMES OF THE COMMISSARIES

who are to inroll and value the Horses and Arms, according to the Propositions.

1. **T**hat the Deputy Lieutenants of each County, which are Members of the House, shall have Authority to tender the Propositions to the other Deputy Lieutenants of the same County; and take their subscriptions, and all such Deputy Lieutenants, or any two of them as shall subscribe according to the Propositions, shall have Authority to assemble and call together all such Persons as they shall think fit, and to tender those Propositions to all such Persons as shall be present, or to any Persons within their Counties respectively, and receive their subscriptions: And the said Deputy Lieutenants, or any two of them, shall have Authority to name such, and so many Persons, as they shall think fit to assemble and call together every Person, or to repair to their severall houses or dwellings within their respective Counties, and to take their subscriptions, which subscriptions are by them to be returned to such Persons as shall be appointed Receivers in the respective Counties, who shall from time to time certify the sums, values, or proportions of such subscriptions to the Treasurers of London.
2. The said Deputy Lieutenants, or the greater part of them shall have power to name Receivers in their severall Counties and all such as shall either before or after their subscriptions, pay or bring in any Money or Plate, shall deliver the same to such Person or Persons as shall be appointed by the said Deputy Lieutenants, or the greater part of them, under their hands to be Receivers, which the said Persons so appointed shall cause to be delivered to the Treasurers in London, named in the said Propositions; and shall receive Acquittances from the said Treasurers, in the name, and to the use of the severall Persons from whom they shall receive such Money or Plate, and shall deliver such Acquittances to the severall Persons to whom they do belong. And all such as make such returns of Money or Plate, shall receive reasonable allowance from the Treasurers for the same according to their discretions.
3. All that finde Horses, shall presently send them up to London, according to the Propositions.
4. In those Counties where no Commissions are issued to those that were nominated for Deputy Lieutenants, or none have been nominated, there the same Authority to be given to such Justices of Peace, or other Gentlemen of those Counties, which shall be named by the Knights, and Burgeses of those Counties, and approved by both Houses, as is to the Deputy Lieutenant in the first Instruction.
5. That the time of notice shall be taken, to be from the time that every man hears the Propositions first read by the Authority aforesaid.
6. It is Ordered, That Captain Burrell, Master Lloyd, John Smith of London, Gent, and Francis Dowsett of London, Gent be Commissaries to Inroll and value the Horses and Arms, to be raised according to the Propositions.

Ordered that this be forthwith Printed:

H. Elfyng, Cler. Parl. D. Com

# THE POPISH Courant.

TRANSLATED by *Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;*

*Venales Animæ, ibi fas, ubi maxima merces,  
Introrsum Turpes, speciosa pelle decora.*

Rome, Novem. 1<sup>st</sup>. 1714.



FOR an *Allhallows-Goose* to our Catholic Friends, we here present you with a List of the Pope's *Standing Troops*, kept on foot for securing his present Possessions, and retrieving his lost Dominions, for the Buoying up the Pretender, and encouraging *Schism* and *Rebellion*; which Troops are all, from time to time raised and maintain'd at the charge of those Kingdoms and States whom they are design'd to ruin.

1. *Don Lucifer*, Prince of the revolted *Seraphims Generalissimo*.

2. His Holiness in his proper Person, *Lieutenant-General*.

3. The Pretender, *Major-General*.

4. The Father General of the *Society of Judas*, always residing in this City, *Grand Master of the Artillery*.

5. A Council of War, consisting of 70 *Scarlet Bullies*, call'd *Cardinals*, formerly simple *Parish-Priests* of Rome, but now esteem themselves equal to the best *Crown'd-Heads* in *Christendom*.

6. The *Forlorn-Hope*, consisting of two Regiments of *Irish Priests*, and 20000 *Begging Fryers*, with this Motto in their *Ensigns*—*Vaxter non habet animam*.

7. The *Van-guard*, consisting of two Squadrons of *Atheists* and *Debauchees*, who are to lead the way in this Holy War, mask'd under several disguises, and sometimes being sent forth as *Spies*, make very advantageous Discoveries.

8. The main Body, consisting of many Legions of *Fanatical Voterics*; the Ignorant, the Malancholy, the Malecontented, the Jealous, the Disappointed, the Bankrupt, the Superstitious, &c. all Listed in several Companies, distinguish'd

by their several habits, into three Grand Battalions, viz,

1. The Battalion of *St. Austin*, containing the Regiment of *St. Ierome*, the Regiments of the *Carmelites*, the Regiment of the *Crouched Fryars*, and the Regiment of *St. Dominick*.

2. The Battalion of *St. Benediēt*, made up of *Clugnie Monks*, the notable Regiment of the *Cathustians*, the Regiment of *Clystertian Monks*, and the Regiment of *Cælestines*.

3. The Battalion of *St. Francis*, consisting of three Regiments! The Regiment of *Cordiliars*, the Regiment of *Fryars Minus*, and the Regiment of *Capuchins*; these being the Infantry, make up about 200000.

The Cavalry are generally *Iesuits*, the Best *Light-Horse-Men* in the World, to do Mischief; their Colonels are *Escobar*, *Mariana*, *Vasques*, *Vilbos*, *Concik*, *Liamas*, *Achokier*, *Dealtozar*, *Tambourin*, *Sanchez*, *Bizozen*, *De Bobadilla*, *Scophra*, *Jedrezza*, *Volfangi* a *Verbreg Squelanti*, *Vostherii Streversdroffe*, &c.

You may perhaps think these Names *Hobgoblins* rather than *Christians*; but I assure you they are all famous *Jesuits*; and yet if you should count them *Devils*, considering their Villanies, and the Wickedness they have promoted in the World, by their Writings and Practices, you would not be much mistaken.

I shall take my leave of the whole Troop with a very significant Anagram, deduced from the Name of one of their late *Votariers*.

Lo! A DAMNED CREW.

*Dic cujus nomen — Et Phillida Solus habeto.*

Find out the Mistry and take the Pope's Blessing for your pains.

LONDON, Printed by R. Ward, in the Strand.

The Humble  
**A D D R E S S**

Of the Right Honourable the  
 Lords Spiritual and Temporal  
 In PARLIAMENT Assembled,  
 PRESENTED TO  
**HIS MAJESTY,**

On *Munday* the Twenty third Day of *January*, 1715.

*Die Sabbati 21 Januarii, 1715.*

*Most Gracious Sovereign,*



WE Your Majesties most Dutiful and Loyal Subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament Assembled, beg Leave to Assure Your Majesty, That the Landing of the Pretender in this Kingdom hath Increased our Indignation against him and his Adherents; and that we are fully Convinced, that it is not only Requisite for the Security, but also for the future Ease and Interest of Your Majesties Subjects, to Exert themselves on this Occasion in a more than ordinary manner, to put a speedy End to these present Disorders, and to Prevent those Calamities which must  
 A attend

attend a Lingring Rebellion within the Kingdom, and to Discourage its being Supported by any Assistance from Abroad: And that we will, to the utmost of our Power, Assist Your Majesty, not only in Subduing the present Rebellion, but in Destroying the Seeds and Causes of it, that the like Disturbances may never arise again to Impair the Blessings of Your Majesties Reign.

---

His MAJESTIES most Gracious Answer.

My LORDS,

**T**HIS Address is a fresh Instance of your Duty and Affection to My Person and Government, and of your Just and Tender Concern for the Safety of My People.

The Vigour and Resolution you express on this Occasion will, I hope, contribute very much to the putting a Speedy and Effectual End to this Rebellion.

---

Die Lunæ 23 Januarii, 1715.

**O**Rdered by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament Assembled, That the Address of this House presented to His Majesty, and His Majesties most Gracious Answer thereunto, be forthwith Printed and Published.

William Cowper,  
Cler' Parliamentor'

---

London, Printed by John Baskett, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty, And by the Assigns of Thomas Newcomb, and Henry Hills, deceas'd. 1715.

*The SPEECH of the Lords Justices, Delivered  
by the Lord Chancellor to both Houses of  
Parliament, on Thursday the Fifth Day of  
August, 1714.*

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*



**I**T having pleas'd Almighty God to take to himself Our late most Gracious Queen, of Blessed Memory, We Hope, that nothing has been Omitted, which might Contribute to the Safety of these Realms, and the Preservation of Our Religion, Laws, and Liberties, in this Great Conjunction. As these Invaluable Blessings have been Secured to Us by those Acts of Parliament, which have Settled the Succession to these Kingdoms in the most Illustrious House of *Hanover*, We have Regulated Our Proceedings by those Rules which are therein prescribed.

The Privy Council soon after the Demise of the late Queen, Assembled at St. *James's*, where, according to the said Acts, the Three Instruments were Produced and Opened, which had been deposited in the Hands of the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Lord Chancellor, and the Resident of *Brunswick*. Those, who either by their Offices, or by virtue of these Instruments, had the Honour of being appointed Lords Justices, did, in Conjunction with the Council, immediately proceed to the Proclaiming of Our Lawful and Rightful Sovereign

Sovereign King *George*, taking, at the same time, the necessary Care to maintain the Publick Peace.

In pursuance of the Acts before mentioned, this Parliament is now Assembled, and We are perswaded, you all bring with you so hearty a Disposition for His Majesties Service, and the Publick Good, that We cannot Doubt of your Assistance in every thing, which may promote those great Ends.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

We find it necessary to put you in mind, That several Branches of the Publick Revenue are Expired by the Demise of Her late Majesty, and to Recommend to you the making such Provisions in that respect, as may be requisite to Support the Honour and Dignity of the Crown; And We assure Our Selves you will not be wanting in any thing that may conduce to the Establishing and Advancing of the Publick Credit.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

We forbear laying before you any thing, that do's not require your immediate Consideration, not having received His Majesties Pleasure; We shall only Exhort you, with the greatest Earnestness, to a perfect Unanimity, and a firm Adherence to Our Sovereigns Interest, as being the only means to continue among Us Our present happy Tranquillity.

F I N I S.



The Sacred and Solemn

**O A T H**

To be taken by His most Serene Majesty King  
**GEORGE**, at his Royal Coronation in *Westminster-Abbey*,  
on *Wednesday* the 20th of *October*, 1714.



The Arch-Bishop, or Bishop, says,  
I L L you solemnly promise and swear to Govern the  
People of this Kingdom of England, and the Dominions  
thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parlia-  
ment agreed on, and the Laws and Customs of the same.  
King.] *I solemnly promise so to do.*

A. B. or B.] Will you to your power cause Law and Justice in  
Mercy to be executed in all your Judgments ?  
King.] *I will.*

A. B. or B.] Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the  
Laws of GOD, the true Profession of the Gospel, and Protestant Re-  
formed Religion established by Law ? And will you preserve unto  
the Bishops and Clergy of this Realm, and to the Churches commit-  
ted to their Charge, all such Rights and Privileges as by Law do or  
shall appertain unto them or any of them ?

King.] *All this I promise to do.*

Then the King lays his Hand on the Evangelists, and says,

King.] *The Things which I have here before promised, I will perform  
and keep.*

**So help me God.**

Then the King kisses the Book.

God  
King



Save  
George.

London, Printed by *W. Heathcote*, in *Exeter-Court* in the *Strand*.

THE  
S P E E C H  
O F

The Lords Justices,

Delivered by the

Lord Chancellor

To both HOUSES of

PARLIAMENT,

On *Thursday* the Fifth Day of *August*, 1714.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *John Baskett*, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty, And by the Assigns of *Thomas Newcomb*, and *Henry Hills*, deceas'd. M DCC XIV.

*King George. printed August 4. 1714*  
Die Jovis 5 Augusti, 1714. *Day of June*  
*But it was in a Sunday*

**O**Rdered by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament Assembled, That the Speech of the Lords Justices, Delivered by the Lord Chancellor this Day to both Houses of Parliament, be forthwith Printed and Published.

Math. Johnson,  
Cler<sup>y</sup> Parliamentor<sup>y</sup>



¶ His Majesties second Message to the Parliament,  
concerning Sir John Hothams Refusall to give His MAJESTIE  
Entrance into His Town of HULL.



WE are so much concerned in the undutifull affront (an indignity all  
Our good Subjects must disdain in Our behalf) we received  
from Sir John Hotham at Hull, that we are impatient till we re-  
ceive Justice from you; and are compelled to call again for an  
Answer, being confident (however you would be so carefull,  
(though without Our consent) to put a Garrison into that Our  
Town, to secure it and Our Magazine against any attempt of  
the Papists) that you never intended to dispose and maintain it  
against Us your Sovereign: Therefore we require you forthwith (for the Businesse  
will admit no delay) That you take some speedy course, that Our said Town and Maga-  
zine be immediately delivered up unto Us, and that such severe exemplary proceedings be  
against those persons (who have offered Us this insupportable affront and injury) as by  
the Law is provided: And till this be done, we shall intend no Businesse whatsoever (other  
Then the businesse of Ireland) For if we are brought into a Condition so much worse then  
any of Our Subjects, that whilst you all enjoy your Priviledges, and may not have your  
Possessions disturbed, or your Titles questioned, we onely may be spoiled, thrown out of  
Our Towns, and Our goods taken from Us; 'tis time to examine how we have lost those  
Priviledges, and to try all possible wayes, by the help of God, The Law of the Land,  
and The affection of Our good Subjects, to recover them, and vindicate Our self from  
those Injuries. And if we shall miscarry herein, we shall be the first Prince of this King-  
dom that hath done so; having no other end, but to defend The true Protestant Profession, The  
Law of the Land, and The Libertie of the Subject: And God so deal with Us, as we continue in  
those Resolutions.

¶ Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer  
to the Kings most Excellent Majesty. And by the

His Majesties  
MOST GRACIOUS  
S P E E C H

To both HOUSES of  
P A R L I A M E N T,

On *Wednesday* the Twentieth Day of *July*, 1715.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *John Baskett*, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty, And by the Assigns of *Thomas Newcomb*, and *Henry Hills*, deceas'd. MDCCXV.

# His Majesties

MOST GRACIOUS

# S P E E C H

To both HOUSES of

# P A R L I A M E N T,

On *Wednesday* the Twentieth Day of *July*, 1715.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*



THE Zeal you have shown for Preserving the Peace of My Kingdoms, and your Wisdom in Providing so good a Law to Prevent all Riotous and Tumultuous Proceedings, give Me great Satisfaction; but I am sorry to find, that such a Spirit of Rebellion has discover'd it self, as leaves no room to doubt but these Disorders are set on foot, and encouraged by Persons Disaffected to My Government, in Expectation of being Supported from Abroad.

The Preservation of Our Excellent Constitution, and the Security of Our Holy Religion, has been, and always shall be My chief Care; and I cannot Question but your Concern for these Invaluable Blessings is so great, as not to let them

be Exposed to such Attempts, as I have certain Advices are Preparing by the Pretender from Abroad, and Carrying on at Home by a Restless Party in his Favour.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

In these Circumstances I think it proper to ask your Assistance, and make no Doubt but you will so far Consult your own Security, as not to leave the Nation, under a Rebellion actually begun at Home, and Threatned with an Invasion from Abroad, in a Defenceless Condition; and I shall look upon the Provision you shall make for the Safety of My People as the best Mark of your Affection to Me.

C

---

F I N I S.

---

His Majesties  
MOST GRACIOUS  
S P E E C H  
To both HOUSES of  
P A R L I A M E N T,  
On *Wednesday* the Twenty first Day of *September*, 1715.

---

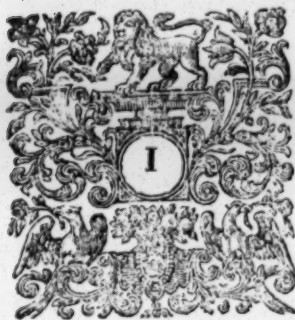


---

L O N D O N,  
Printed by *John Baskett*, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty, And by the Assigns of *Thomas Newcomb*, and *Henry Hills*, deceas'd. MDCCXV.

*His MAJESTIES most Gracious SPEECH  
to both Houses of Parliament, on Wednesday  
the Twenty first Day of September, 1715.*

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*



Am perswaded you are all by this time very desirous of some Recess, and that it cannot be defer'd longer, without great Inconvenience to your private Affairs.

But before I can part with you, I must Return you My most Sincere Thanks for your having Finished, with so much Wisdom and Unanimity, what I Recommended to your Care; And particularly I must Thank you, *Gentlemen of the House of Commons,* for the

Provision you have made, as well for the Support of the Honour and Dignity of the Crown, as for the other necessary Occasions of the Publick; especially for your having done it by Means so little burdenson to my People; which, I assure you, recommends the Supplies to Me above any other Circumstance whatsoever.

*My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

The Open and Declared Rebellion, which is now actually begun in *Scotland*, must Convince all, who do not wish to see Us given up into the Hands of a Popish Pretender, of the Dangers to which We have been, and are still Exposed.

I thought it Incumbent upon Me, to give you the Earliest Notice of the Designs of Our Enemies, and I cannot sufficiently Commend the Zeal and Dispatch with which you Impower'd Me, at a Time when the Nation was in so Naked and Defenceless a Condition, to make such Preparations as I should think Necessary for Our Security; you shall have no reason to Repent of the Trust and Confidence you repose in Me, which I shall never Use to any other End than for the Protection and Welfare of My People.

It was scarce to be Imagined, That any of My Protestant Subjects, who have Known and Enjoyed the Benefits of Our Excellent Constitution, and have heard of the great Dangers they were wonderfully Deliver'd from by the Happy Revolution, should by any Arts and Management be Drawn into Measures that must at once Destroy their Religion and Liberties, and subject them to Popery and Arbitrary Power; but such has been Our Misfortune, that too many

of My People have been Deluded, and made Instrumental to the Pretenders Designs, who had never dared to think of Invading Us, or Raising a Rebellion, had he not been Encouraged by the Success his Emissaries and Adherents have already had in Stirring up Riots and Tumults, and by the further Hopes they entertain of Raising Insurrections in many Parts of My Kingdoms.

The Endeavouring to persuade My People, That the Church of *England* is in Danger under My Government, has been the main Artifice employed in Carrying on this Wicked and Traiterous Design; This Insinuation, after the Solemn Assurances I have given, and My having laid hold on all Opportunities to do every Thing that may tend to the Advantage of the Church of *England*, is both Unjust and Ungrateful; Nor can I believe so Groundless and Malicious a Calumny can make any Impression upon the Minds of My Faithful Subjects, or that they can be so far Mised, as to think the Church of *England* is to be Secured by Setting a Popish Pretender on the Throne.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

The Proofs this Parliament has given of their Unshaken Duty and Affection to Me, and of their Love and Zeal for the Interest of their Country, will recommend you to the good Opinion and Esteem of all who have their Religion and Liberty truly at Heart, and has laid a lasting Obligation upon Me, and I question not but by your further Assistance in the several Countries to which you are going, with the Blessing of Almighty God, who has so frequently interposed in Favour of this Nation, I shall be able to Disappoint and Defeat the Designs of Our Enemies.

Our Meeting again to do Business Early in the next Winter, will be useful on many Accounts, particularly that the Sitting of Parliaments may be again brought into that Season of the Year which is most Convenient, and that as little Delay may be given as is possible to your Judicial Proceedings; and I shall at present give such Orders to My Lord Chancellor, as may not put it long out of My Power to Meet you on any sudden Occasion.

*And then the Lord Chancellor, by His Majesties Command, said,*

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

**I**T is His Majesties Royal Will and Pleasure, That both Houses should forthwith severally Adjourn themselves to *Thursday* the Sixth Day of *October* next.

# Charles R.



WE cannot but take notice of the great Industry and Malice wherewith some Men of a Seditious and Restless Spirit; do spread abroad a most false and scandalous Report of a Marriage or Contract of Marriage supposed to be had and made between Us and one Mrs *Walters*, alias *Barlow*, now deceased, Mother of the present Duke of *Monmouth*, aiming thereby to fill the minds of Our Loving Subjects with Doubts and Fears, and if possible, to divide them into Parties and Factions, and as much as in them lies, to bring into Question the clear undoubted Right of Our True and Lawful Heirs and Successors to the Crown. We have therefore thought Our Self obliged to let Our Loving Subjects see what steps We (out of Our Care of them and their Posterity) have already made, in order to obviate the ill Consequences that so dangerous and malicious a Report may have in future times upon the Peace of Our Kingdoms.

In January last was Twelvemonth, We made a Declaration written with Our own Hand in these Words following;

**T**Here being a false and malicious Report industriously spread abroad by some, who are neither Friends to

*Me or the Duke of Monmouth, as if I should have been either Contracted or Married to his Mother; and though I am most confident that this idle Story cannot have any effect in this Age, yet I thought it My Duty in relation to the true Succession of this Crown, and that future Ages may not have any pretence to give Disturbance upon that score, or any other of this nature, to Declare, as I do here Declare in the presence of Almighty God, That I never was Married, nor gave any Contract to any Woman whatsoever, but to My Wife Queen Catherine, to whom I am now Married. In witness whereof I set my Hand at Whitehall the Sixth of January 167<sup>8</sup>.*

**Charles R.**

And this Declaration I make in the presence of

*W. Cant.*

*H. Finch. C.*

*H. Coventry.*

*J. Williamson.*

To

**T**O strengthen which Declaration,  
 We did in *March* following,  
 ( which was *March* last was Twelve-  
 month ) make a more publick Declarati-  
 on in Our Privy Council, written like-  
 wise with Our own Hand; and having  
 caused a true Transcript thereof to be En-  
 tred in Our Council Books, We Signed  
 it, and caused the Lords of Our Privy  
 Council then attending us in Council, to  
 subscribe the same likewise, and We  
 Ordered the Original to be kept in the  
 Council Chest, where it now remains.  
 The Entry whereof in the Council Book,  
 is in these words following;

B

At

At the Court at *WHITEHALL*, March the 3<sup>d</sup>, 167<sup>2</sup>.

Present

## The Kings most Excellent Majesty

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Lord Chancellor              | Earl of <i>Essex</i>         |
| Lord Treasurer               | Earl of <i>Bathe</i>         |
| Duke of <i>Lauderdale</i>    | Earl of <i>Craven</i>        |
| Marquess of <i>Worcester</i> | Earl of <i>Aylesbury</i>     |
| Earl of <i>Offory</i>        | Lord Bishop of <i>London</i> |
| Lord Chamberlain             | Lord Bishop of <i>Durham</i> |
| Earl of <i>Sunderland</i>    | Lord <i>Maynard</i>          |
| Earl of <i>Clarendon</i>     | Mr. Vice-Chamberlain.        |

**H**is Majesty was this day pleased to Command,  
That the Declaration hereafter following be  
entred in the Council Book, It being all Writ-  
ten and Signed by His Majesties own Hand, in a Pa-  
per which His Majesty this day delivered at the  
Boord, to be kept in the Council Chest. *Viz.*

**F**Or the avoiding of any Dispute  
which may happen in time to come,  
concerning the Succession of the Crown,  
I do here Declare in the presence of  
Almighty God, That I never gave nor  
made any Contract of Marriage, nor  
was Married to any Woman whatso-  
ever, but to My present Wife Queen  
Catherine now living. *Whitehall, the*  
*Third day of March 167<sup>8</sup>.*

Charles R.

His

His Majesty Commanded us who were present  
at the Making and Signing this Declaration, to At-  
test the same,

*Finch C.*

*Danby*

*Lauderdale*

*Worcester*

*Offory*

*Arlington*

*Sunderland*

*Clarendon*

*Essex*

*Bathe*

*Craven*

*Aylesbury*

*H. London*

*N. Durham*

*W. Maynard*

*G. Carteret.*

**I**N April last We found the same Rumour not onely  
revived again, but also improved with New Ad-  
ditions, To wit, It was given out, That there  
was a Writing yet extant, and lately produced before  
several Persons, whereby the said Marriage, or a  
Contract at least (for the Report was various) would  
appear, and that there are several Lords and others  
yet living, who were pretended to have been present  
at the said Marriage. We knew full well that it  
was impossible that any thing of this should be true,  
(there being nothing more groundless and false then  
that there was any such Marriage or Contract between  
Us and the said *Mrs Walters*, alias *Barlow*) yet We  
proceeded to call before Us, and caused to be Inter-  
rogated in Council, such Lords and other Persons,  
as the common Rumour did surmise to have been  
present at the pretended Marriage, or to know some-  
thing of it, or of the said Writing. And though it  
appeared to all Our Council, upon the hearing of  
the said Lords and other Persons severally Interroga-  
ted, and upon their denying to have been present at  
any such Marriage, or to know any thing of it, or  
of

of any such Writing, That the raising and spreading of such a Report, so incoherent in the several parts of it, was the effect of deep Malice in some few, and of loose and idle Discourse in others; Yet We think it requisite at this time, to make Our Declarations above recited more publick; and to Order the same (as We do hereby with the Advice of Our Privy Council) to be forthwith Printed and Published. And We do again upon this Occasion call Almighty God to Witness, and Declare upon the Faith of a Christian, and the Word of a King, that there was never any Marriage, or Contract of Marriage had or made between Us and the said Mrs *Walters*, alias *Barlow*, the Duke of *Monmouths* Mother, nor between Us and any Woman whatsoever, Our Royal Consort Queen *Catherine*, that now is, only excepted.

And We do hereby strictly require and command all Our Subjects whatsoever, that they presume not to utter or publish any thing contrary to the tenor of this Our Declaration, at their Peril, and upon pain of being proceeded against according to the utmost Severity and Rigor of the Law.

*Given at Our Court at Whitehall, the second day of June, in the Two and thirtieth Year of Our Reign.*

---

F I N I S.

FOR

The Right Noble and Potent Prince

J A M E S

Duke of Buccleugh and Monmouth,

G E N E R A L

Of His Majesty's Forces now in

S C O T L A N D.

The humble Supplication of the *Nonconformists* in the *West*, and other Places  
of this Kingdom, now in Arms, in their own Name, and in the Name of  
all the rest of those who adhere unto us in this Church and Kingdom of

S C O T L A N D.

Sheweth,

**T**hat We are the *Presbyterians* of the Church and Kingdom of *Scotland*, being by a long continued Tract  
of Violence and Oppression upon us in our Lives, Liberties, Fortunes and Consciences, and with-  
out all hope of Remedy; and being cut off from all access of Petitioning, and that by an Act of Par-  
liament, of pouring forth Our just Grievances and Complaints; and Our Lives being made so bitter  
by cruel Bondage, as that Death seemed more eligible than Life, (the Causes whereof We have partly mention-  
ed in our Declarations) and being by unavoidable necessity driven into the Field in Arms in our own innocent  
self-defence, and now looking on it as a most favourable Providence that your Grace is come amongst us at such  
a time (of whose Princely Clemency, and Natural Goodness and Aversion from shedding Christian Blood we have  
so favourable a Report) we accept with all thankfulness to God of this opportunity, to lay before your Grace our sad  
Grievances and humble Request; all which we know will be mis-represented to your Grace, by such as have studi-  
ously, yet without any just Ground, except in the matters of Our God, been the Principal Actors of our sad and  
deplorable Sufferings.

May it therefore please Your Grace to Grant Liberty under safe Conduct, to some  
of our Number, to address themselves to Your Grace, to lay open our hearts in  
this Matter, that some speedy and effectual Redress may be by Your Grace's Fa-  
vour and Authority made, to the establishing of the Nations Peace: In doing  
whereof Your Grace will do that which is most acceptable to the ~~God~~ com-  
mendable Preventor of all the Miseries and Ruines that threaten this poor  
Land; yea and we doubt not shall bring upon You the Blessings of many thousands,  
Men, Women and Children, though not with us, yet sincere Lovers of us,  
Sympathizers with us, and Favourers of our Righteous Cause: That the good  
Lord may incline Your Grace's Heart to this, is the humble Request

Of Your Grace's humble Suppliant

R. Hamilton, in the Name of the

Covenanted Army now in Arms,

To the right Honourable,  
Our right vvorthy and grave Senatours, the Lord  
Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of Lon-  
don in Common Council assembled,

The most humble Petition and Address of divers young men, on the behalf of themselves and  
the APPRENTICES in and about this honourable City,

*Most humbly sheweth,*

**I**T hath pleased the good and onely wise G O D for our and the Nations crying sins to manifest his displeasure for many years together against these once flourishing, now sadly divided, distracted, and almost ruined Nations: and yet blessed be God, this Honourable City hitherto hath been no proportionable sharer in the calamities which our Brethren in other parts of these now miserable Nations have suffered, which are now aggravated by our divisions, and such a generall decay of trading, as doth exceed the worst of former times; all which we look upon, as a most sad presage of some heavy & dismal judgment very near at hand, if not our sudden ruin: together with the destruction and utter dissolution both of Church and State, which will inevitably ensue as a just reward upon our multipl'd provocations, under the most signal manifestations of Gods most gracious presence & the most engaging mercies that ever people did enjoy (unlesse it please our most gracious G O D whose name hath been exceedingly dishonoured by the violation of many sacred and solemn Oaths) amongst us to work our deliverance out of this contexture of dangerous mischiefs, into which we have already wound our selves: or which as the inundations of mighty waters may suddenly break in upon us: and being sadly sensible of the calamities, under which the three Nations groan for want of a well ordered and established Government. We being members in the same politicall body cannot but sympathize with the rest of our Brethren: and forasmuch as your endeavours may contribute very much thereto, and the well or ill management of your Talents, in the discharge of your Trusts may now make these Nations happy or else leave them irrecoverably miserable. We hold our selves obliged in conscience to G O D and our Country, both by the Lawes of G O D and the Land, in the behalfe of our selves, and all good and peaceable people in the Land, and the many thousands that know not their right hand from their lefts: and in the behalfe of the Children unborn who in time to come, may have cause to blesse or curse the day of their birth for your sakes, do make this humble Address unto you, as the onely means under G O D now left us to redresse these growing mischiefs which make us and the three Nations in these times of our great trouble cry unto you (as those of Macedonia did in the Apostles Vision) *Come and help us.* And we beseech you, our most Grave and Worthy Senatours, as you tender the welfare of these bleeding Nations, to stand in the wide gap of our breaches, with your prayers, improving your Councils, and every Talent (which God hath reposed in you) for the honour of God, and the peace of his Church by a reall reformation; and we question not but our most gracious G O D will then break through the thick Clouds of these black and dark providences, and return unto us our Judges as at the first, and our Counsellours as at the beginning, with the abundance of the blessings of peace, that Judgment may run down our streets, and righteousness as a mighty stream. And we humbly desire the two great Pillars of the Land *Magistracy* and *Ministry* may be asserted and encouraged: in order unto which, we humbly present to your Grave and serious Considerations;

First, the Priviledges of the Gospel which we do enjoy at this day in the faithfull preaching & dispensing of Gods holy Word and Sacraments, together with the labours of so many of his faithfull servants in the Ministry, and the libertie of these sacred Ordinances being the best and choicest of our National blessings; in respect of which, we may well say (with holy David) *God hath not dealt so with any Nation:* which with thankfulness we desire to acknowledge as a great mercy to this Land: And should the Lord remove his Candlestick out of his place (as we have just cause to fear he will, unlesse we do repent.) Then may we indeed complain with Phineas his Wife, *the glory is departed from our Israel*, and a dark and dismal night of black and gloomy Ignorance, Error and Prophanenesse will invelope our valley of vision. And to th'end that this choice Blessing (which we account more precious then our lives) may be conveyed to Posterity. We most humbly desire the Ministry may be countenanced and encouraged, the Universities upheld and maintained, which have nursed many famous Preachers for piety and learning in this and former ages, and your Authority used for the terror of evil doers, but the praise of them that doe well.

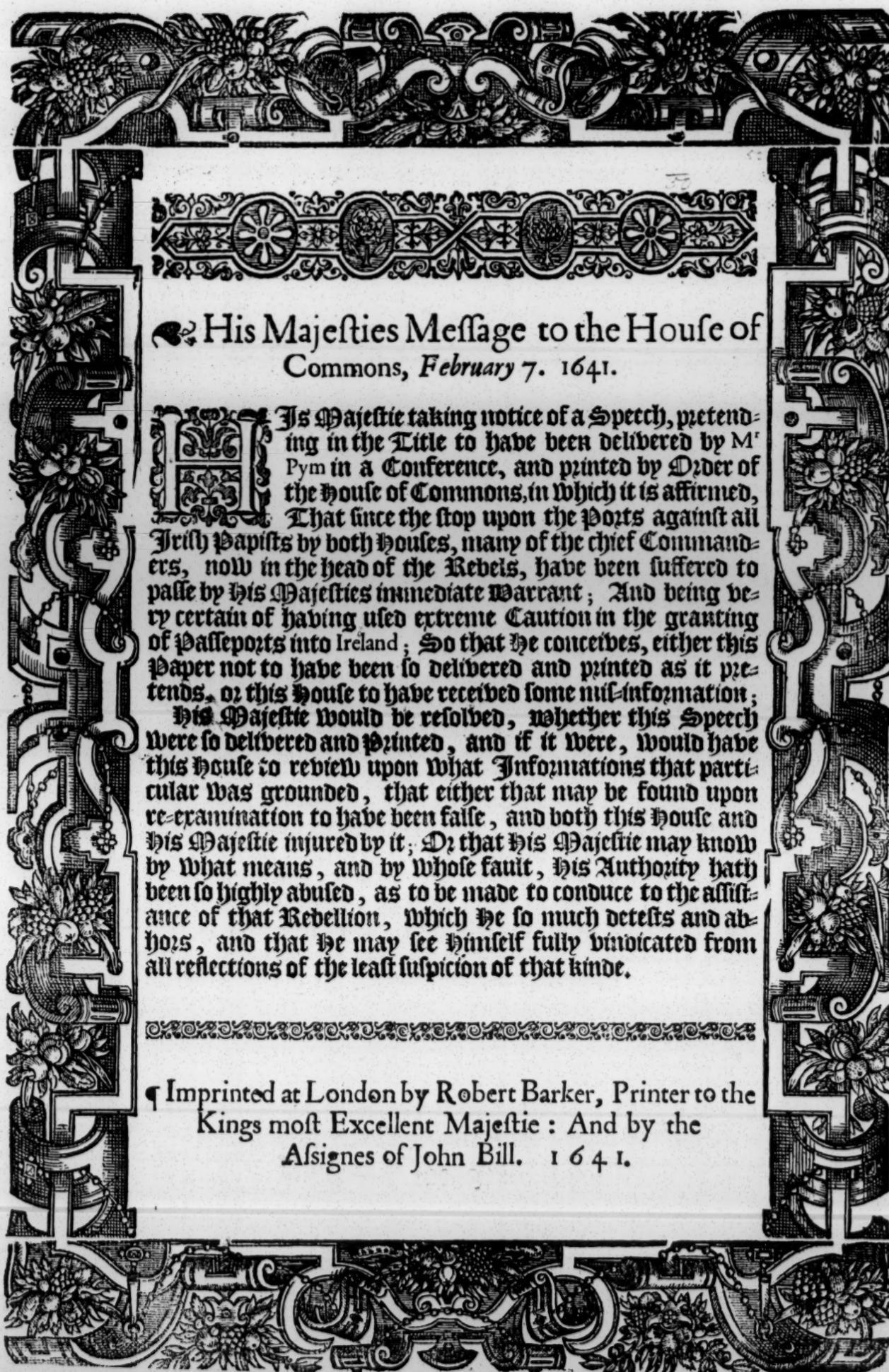
Secondly, we esteem and assert as our undoubted birth right, the freedome and priviledges of our Parliaments, as being the great Charter of the people of England, which we account equally dear with our lives, in the enjoyment of which we yet hope under G O D to see a happy and lasting settlement both in Church and State. Therefore we most humbly desire that a new election may be made, or else that those worthy Gentlemen chosen to serve as members in the late free Parliament, may be reformed to their priviledges, and sit without disturbance or force from the Army. That they may consider in this evil time, what *England, Scotland* and *Ireland* ought to doe, which (with submission to your Grave judgements) we humbly conceive to be the most probable means under G O D to establish the true Protestant Religion, reform the Lawes, secure our Liberties and preserve our lives and outward concernments, to promote Learning, and encourage Virtue, whereby peace with our neighbour Nations may be renewed and established, the Army satisfied, their Arrears paid, and Trading restored. In all which, most Grave and worthy Senatours, your own concernments (as well as ours) are so deeply engaged, that we perswade our selves you will be instrumentall to further our desires, by all peaceable and lawfull means, and we hope it will put an end to our divisions, which (if G O D in mercy prevent not) may soon break out into another civil War, and render us as a prey to a forreign enemy, *For a Kingdome divided against it self cannot stand.*

*Now we leave it unto you our most grave and worthy Senatours, duely to consider if you part with these our great National blessings, whether you will not discover a palpable breach of trust, and leave your names for a reproach to the generations following, who will in the ages to come rise up and call you blessed, if you be carefull to preserve them now, and convey them to Posterity: And now We beseech the Lord to strengthen both your hearts and hands; and give you wisdom from on high to direct you in all your Consultations, as may be most for the honour of God, the peace of his Church throughout the World, and the settlement, safety, and happinesse of these poor Nations; And by his assistance we resolve to stand by you and with you to the utmost hazard of our lives and all that is dear unto us, to promote the same.*

Munday 5. December.

This day the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council being assembled, the fore-recited Petition was presented by several young men and Apprentices, in the behalf of themselves and several thousands which have subscribed the same; the which being received, was ordered to be read, and thereupon a Committee chosen to consider thereof, and to give their speedy report unto the next Court concerning the same.

*At the same Court it was likewise Ordered, that the Lord General Fleetwood should be desired to draw off the Souldiers unto their severall quarters; it being then also Ordered that every Common Council man in his severall precinct, should give notice to the House-keepers within the same, that they should keep their Servants and Apprentices at home: thereby to preserve the peace of the City.*



His Majesties Message to the House of  
Commons, *February 7. 1641.*

**H**IS Majestie taking notice of a Speech, pretending in the Title to have been delivered by M<sup>r</sup> Pym in a Conference, and printed by Order of the house of Commons, in which it is affirmed, That since the stop upon the Ports against all Irish Papists by both Houses, many of the chief Commanders, now in the head of the Rebels, have been suffered to passe by His Majesties immediate Warrant; And being very certain of having used extreme Caution in the granting of Passeports into Ireland; So that he conceives, either this Paper not to have been so delivered and printed as it pretends, or this house to have received some mis-information; His Majestie would be resolved, whether this Speech were so delivered and printed, and if it were, would have this house to review upon what Informations that particular was grounded, that either that may be found upon re-examination to have been false, and both this house and his Majestie injured by it; Or that his Majestie may know by what means, and by whose fault, his Authority hath been so highly abused, as to be made to conduce to the assistance of that Rebellion, which he so much detests and abhors, and that he may see himself fully vindicated from all reflections of the least suspicion of that kinde.

¶ Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the  
Kings most Excellent Majestie: And by the  
Assignes of John Bill. 1641.



HIS  
**MAIESTIES LETTER**  
**TO THE LORD KEEPER OF**  
**THE GREAT SEALE OF**  
**ENGLAND:**

Concerning Sir Edward Herbert Knight,  
 and the Five Members of the House of Commons,  
 Read in both Houses the 9<sup>th</sup> of *March*. 1641.

*CHARLES REX,*



Ight trusty and welbeloved Councillor, Wee greete you well, and have thought good hereby to certifie that we did the third of *January* last, deliver to Our Attourney certaine Articles of Accusation ingrossed in *paper*, a Coppie whereof VVe have sent here inclosed, and did then command him in Our Name, to acquainte Our House of Peeres, that divers great & Treasonable designes and practises against us and the State had come to *Our knowledge*; for which VVe commanded him, in Our Name, to accuse the sixe persons in the said paper mentioned of High Treason, and other high misdemeanors by delivering the paper to Our said House, and to desire to have it read, and further to desire in Our name, that a Select Committee of Lords, might be appointed to take the examinations of such witnesses as VVe would produce, and as formerly had beene done in cases of like Nature, according to the Iustice of the house, & the Committe to be under a command of secrecy as formerly, and further in Our Name to aske liberty, to adde & alter if there should be cause, according to Iustice: and likewise to desire that Our said House of Peeres would take care of the securing of the said persons, as in Iustice there should be cause: Wee doe further declare that Our said Attourney, *did not advise* or contrive the said Articles, nor had any thing to doe with, or in advising any breach of Priviledge that followed after, And for what he did in obedience to Our commands, Wee conceive he was bound by oath, and the duty of his place, and by the trust, by Vs reposed in him so to doe: And had he refused to obey Vs therein, VVe would have questioned him for breach of oath, duty, and Trust.

But now having declared, that wee find cause wholly to desist from proceeding against the persons accused, Wee have commanded him to proceed no further therein, nor to produce nor *discover* any prooffe concerning the same.

Given at *Royston*, the Fourth of *March*. 1641.

*London*, Printed for *J. Franke, J. Wright* and are to be sold at his shop  
 the next doore to the *Kingshead* in *Elcetstreet*. 1641.

# AN ACCOUNT

Of what passed at the  
EXECUTION

Of the Late  
*K. Fitzroy afterwards Scott*  
Duke of Monmouth,

On Wednesday the 15th of July, 1685. on Tower-Hill.

TOGETHER

With a Paper Signed by Himself that morning in the *Tower*,  
in the Presence of the Lords Bishops of *Ely*, and *Bath* and  
*Wells*, Dr. *Tennison*, and Dr. *Hooper*.

AND ALSO,

The Copy of His Letter to His MAJESTY after he was taken,  
Dated at *Ringwood* in *Hants*ire, the 8th of *July*.

**T**He late Duke of Monmouth came from the Tower to the Scaffold, attended by the Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Tennison and Dr. Hooper, which four the King was graciously pleased to send him, as his Assistants to prepare him for Death; and the late Duke himself intreated all four of them, to accompany him to the Place of Execution, and to continue with him to the last. The two Bishops going in the Lieutenant's Coach with him to the Barrs, made seasonable and devout Applications to him all the way; and one of them desired him not to be surprized, if they to the very last upon the Scaffold, renewed those Exhortations to a Particular Repentance, which they had so often repeated before.

At his first coming upon the Scaffold, he looked for the Executioner, and seeing him, said, *Is this the man to do the business? Do your work well.*

Then the late Duke of Monmouth began to speak, some one or other of the Assistants during the whole time, applying themselves to him.

Monmouth. *I shall say but very little; I come to die; I die a Protestant of the Church of England.*

*Assistants.* My Lord, if you be of the Church of England, you must acknowledge the Doctrine of Non-resistance to be True.

M. *If I acknowledge the Doctrine of the Church of England in general, that includes all.*

A. Sir, it is fit to own that Doctrine particularly, with respect to your Case. Here he was much urged about that Doctrine of Non-resistance, but he repeated in effect his first Answer.

Then he began as if he was about to make a premeditated Speech, in this manner.

A

M. J

M. *I have had a Scandal raised upon me about a Woman, a Lady of Vertue and Honour. I will name her; the Lady Henrietta Wentworth. I declare, That she is a very Vertuous and Godly Woman. I have committed no Sin with her; and that which hath passed betwixt Us, was very Honest and Innocent in the sight of God.*

A. In your Opinion perhaps, Sir, as you have been often told; (*i. e.* in the Tower) but this is not fit Discourse in this Place.

Mr. Sher. Gostlin. Sir, were you ever married to her?

M. *This is not a Time to Answer that Question.*

Mr. Sher. Gostlin. Sir, I hoped to have heard of your Repentance for the Treason and Bloodshed, which hath been committed.

M. *I dy very Penitent.*

A. My Lord, It is fit to be Particular; and considering the Publick Evil you have done, you ought to do as much good now, as possibly you can, by a Publick acknowledgment.

M. *What I have thought fit to say of Publick Affairs, is in a Paper which I have signed; I refer to my Paper.*

A. My Lord, there is nothing in that Paper about Resistance, and you ought to be Particular in your Repentance, and to have it well grounded. God give you True Repentance.

M. *I dy very Penitent, and dy with great Chearfulness, for I know I shall go to God.*

A. My Lord, you must go to God in his own way: Sir, be sure you be truly Penitent, and ask forgiveness of God, for the Many you have wronged.

M. *I am sorry for every one I have wronged, I forgive every Body, I have had many Enemies, I forgive them all.*

A. Sir, your acknowledgment ought to be Publick and Particular.

M. *I am to die; pray, My Lord — I refer to my Paper.*

A. They are but a few Words that we desire: We onely desire an Answer to this Point.

M. *I can bless God that he hath given me so much Grace, that for these two years last past, I have led a Life unlike to my former Course, and in which I have been happy.*

A. Sir, Was there no Ill in these two Years? In these years, these great Evils have happened, and the giving publick Satisfaction is a necessary part of Repentance; be pleased to own a Detestation of your REBELLION.

M. *I beg your Lordship that you will stick to my Paper.*

A. My Lord, as I said before, ~~there is nothing in your Paper~~ about the Doctrine of Non-resistance.

M. *I repent of all things that a true Christian ought to repent of. I am to die; pray, My Lord —*

A. Then (My Lord) we can only recommend you to the Mercy of God, but we cannot pray with that Chearfulness, and Encouragement as we should, if you had made a Particular Acknowledgment.

M. *God be praised, I have Encouragement enough in my self; I die with a clear Conscience; I have wronged no man.*

A. How Sir, no man? Have you not been guilty of Invasion, and of much Blood, which has been shed, and it may be of the loss of many Souls who followed you? You must needs have wronged a great many.

M. *I do, Sir, own that, and am sorry for it.*

A. Give it the true name, Sir, and call it Rebellion.

M. *What name you please, Sir, I am sorry for invading the Kingdom, and for the Blood that has been shed, and for the Souls which may have been lost by my means, I am sorry it ever happened [which he spake softly.]*

Mr. Sher. Vandeput. [To some that stood at a distance.] He says he is very sorry for invading the Kingdom.

A. We have nothing to add, but to renew the frequent Exhortations we have made to you, to give some Satisfaction for the publick Injuries to the Kingdom. There have been a great many lives lost by this Resistance of your LAWFUL PRINCE.

M. *What I have done has been very ill, and I wish with all my heart it had never been; I never was a man that delighted in Blood; I was very far from it; I was as cautious in that as any man was; the Almighty knows how I now die, with all the Joyfulness in the World.*

A. God grant you may, Sir; God give you True Repentance.

M. *If I had not True Repentance, I should not so easily have been without the fear of dying. I shall die like a Lamb.*

A. Much may come from natural Courage.

M. *I do not attribute it to my own Nature, for I am fearful as other men are; but I have now no fear, as you may see by my Face, but there is something within me which does it, for I am sure I shall go to God.*

A. My Lord, be sure upon good Grounds; Do you repent you of all your Sins, known or unknown, confessed or not confessed, of all the Sins which might proceed from Error in Judgment?

M. *In general for all, I do with all my Soul.*

A. God Almighty of his infinite Mercy forgive you. Here are great numbers of Spectators, here are the Sheriffs, they represent the Great City, and in speaking to them, you speak to the whole City; make some Satisfaction by owning your Crime before them:

*He was silent here.*

Then all went to solemn Commendatory Prayers, which continued for a good space, the late Duke of Monmouth and the Company kneeling, and joyning in them with great fervency.

Prayers being ended, before he and the four who assisted him, were risen from their Knees, he was again earnestly exhorted to a true and thorough Repentance.

After they were risen up, he was exhorted to pray for the King; and was asked, Whether he did not desire to send some dutiful Message to His Majesty, and to recommend his Wife and Children to his Majesty's Favour.

M. *What harm have they done? do it if you please; I pray for him, and for all men.*

A. Then the Versicles were repeated.

O Lord shew thy Mercy upon us.

M. [He made the Response.] *And grant us thy Salvation.*

A. [It followed.] O Lord save the King.

M. *And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.*

A. Sir, do you not pray for the King with us? (The Versicle was again repeated.)

O Lord save the King.

M. (After some pause he answered) Amen.

Then he spake to the Executioner concerning his undressing, &c. and he would have no Cap, &c. and at the beginning of his undressing it was said to him on this manner;

A. My Lord, you have been bred a Souldier, you will do a generous Christian thing, if you please to go to the Rail, and speak to the Souldiers, and say, That here you stand a sad example of Rebellion; and entreat them and the People to be Loyal, and Obedient to the King.

M. *I have said I will make no Speeches; I will make no Speeches; I come to die.*

A. My Lord, ten words will be enough.

Then calling his Servant, and giving him something like a Tooth-pick Case; here (said he) give this to the Person, to whom you are to deliver the other things.

M. (To the Executioner.) *Here are six Guineys for you; Pray do your Business well; don't serve me as you did my Lord Russel; I have heard you struck him three or four times.*

) Here (to his Servant) take these remaining Guineys and give them to him, if he does his Work well.

Exec. I hope I shall.

M. *If you strike me twice, I cannot promise you not to stir.*

During his undressing and standing towards the Block there were used by those who assisted him, divers Ejaculations proper at that time, and much of 51<sup>st</sup>. Psalm was repeated, and particularly, Deliver me from Blood Guiltiness, O God, Thou God, &c.

Then he lay down, and soon after he raised himself upon his Elbow, and said to the Executioner, Prethee let me feel the Ax; he felt the Edge, and said, I fear it is not sharp enough.

Executioner. It is sharp enough, and heavy enough.

Then he lay down again.

During this space many pious Ejaculations were used by those that assisted him with great fervency. Ex. Gr. God accept your Repentance, God accept your Repentance, God accept your IMPERFECT Repentance; My Lord, God accept your GENERAL Repentance; God Almighty shew his OMNIPOTENT Mercy upon you; Father into thy Hands we commend his Spirit, &c. Lord Jesus, receive his Soul.

Then

Then the Executioner proceeded to do his Office.

This is a true account, Witness our Hands,

*Francis Ely.*

*Thomas Tenison.*

*William Gofflin,*

} *Sheriffs.*

*Thomas Bath & Wells.*

*George Hooper.*

*Peter Vandeput,*

*A Copy of the Paper, to which the late Duke of Monmouth referred himself in the Discourses he held upon the Scaffold.*

**I** Declare, That the Title of King was forc't upon me, and, That it was very much contrary to my Opinion, when I was Proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the World, I do declare, That the late King told me, He was never Married to my Mother. Having declared this, I hope that the King, who is now, will not let my Children suffer on this account. And to this I put my Hand this fifteenth day of July, 1685.

MONMOUTH.

Declared by himself, and Signed in the Presence of Us,

*Fran. Ely.*

*Thomas Tenison.*

*Tho. Bath & Wells,*

*George Hooper.*

*A Copy of the Duke of Monmouth's Letter to the King, Dated from Ringwood the 8th of July, 1685.*

**Y**our Majesty may think, it is the Misfortune I now ly under, makes me make this Application to you; but I do assure your Majesty, it is the Remorse I now have in me, of the Wrong I have done you in several things, and now, in taking up Arms against you. For my taking up Arms, it never was in my Thoughts since the King died. The Prince and Princess of Orange will be Witness for me, of the Assurance I gave them, That I would never stir against you; but my Misfortune was such, as to meet with some Horrid People, that made me believe things of your Majesty, and gave me so many false Arguments, that I was fully led away, to believe, That it was a Shame and a Sin before God not to do it. But, Sir, I will not trouble your Majesty at present with many things I could say for my self, that I am sure would move your Compassion, the chief end of this Letter being only to beg of you, That I may have that Happiness, as to speak to your Majesty: For I have that to say to you, Sir, that I hope may give you a long and happy Reign. I am sure, Sir, when you hear me, you will be convinced of the Zeal I have for your Preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done. I can say no more to your Majesty now, being this Letter must be seen by those that keep me. Therefore, Sir, I shall make an end, in begging, of your Majesty to believe so well of me, That I would rather dy a thousand Deaths, than excuse any thing I have done, if I did not really think my self the most in the wrong, that ever any Man was, and had not from the bottom of my Heart an abhorrence for those that put me upon it, and for the Action it self. I hope, Sir, God Almighty will strike your Heart with Mercy and Compassion for me, as he has done mine with the abhorrence of what I have done. Therefore I hope, Sir, I may live to show you how Zealous I shall ever be for your Service; and could I say but one Word in this Letter, you would be convinced of it; but it is of that consequence, That I dare not do it. Therefore, Sir, I do beg of you once more, to let me speak to you, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be, Your Majesties most Humble and Dutiful

MONMOUTH.

*London, Printed for Robert Horne, John Baker, and Benjamin Tooke, 1685.*

*H. P. B.*

---

A LETTER to a  
**FRIEND**

Concerning the  
**SICKNESS and DEATH**

Of His Highness the  
**Duke of Gloucester.**

With the True Copies of Three Letters  
*Wrote by Dr. Hannes, Dr. Gibbons, and Dr. Radcliffe, to the KING; And also the Surgeons Certificate who Dissected him.*

Publish'd for the Rectifying the Many Mistaken  
Rumours Spread on this Most Lamented  
Loss.

S I R,

**N**ews is a Compound in which Falshood is generally the Largest Ingredient; so must beg leave to tell you your Commands would have been more speedily obeyed in any thing, than to write on this unhappy Solemn Subject. But the Injunction your Letter laid on me, as well as the various Reports this Town has afforded, put me on an Exact Enquiry after the Truth; and now I have had the good luck to find it, I fear any dress I might put on would disguise it, therefore I send it you naked in the Copies of Three Letters Wrote, to his Majesty, by the Three Eminent Physicians who attended his High-

*ness in his short Sickness, and the Three noted Surgeons Certificate who opened him. They are Examined with the Originals, and I know you will as clearly inform your self and the Countrey from them, as any body else is able : And I hope this will make my Excuse for not writing you the Melancholy News sooner, as you requested,*

London, the

Your Obliged Servant,

1<sup>st</sup>. of Octob. 1700.

B. P.

*A Copy of Dr. Hannes's Letter to the KING,  
in relation to the Duke of Gloucester's Death.*

ON *Wednesday, July the 24<sup>th</sup>*. His Highness the Duke of *Gloucester*, after the Ceremony of his Birth-Day was over, found himself feteagu'd and indispos'd the same Night, and the next Day He was extremely Sick, and complain'd of his Throat. All *Friday* He was hot and Feavourish. On *Saturday* Morning, upon his losing a little Blood, He thought himself better ; but in the Evening his Feavour appearing more violent, a Blister was directed with such other Remedies as were thought most proper, his Highness went this Day very often to Stool ; this day a Rash came out on his Skin, which increas'd the next, more Blisters were laid on. On *Sunday* in the Afternoon the Feavour growing stronger He went into a Delirium, which lasted with his Life : He pass'd this Night as he had done the preceeding, with short broken Sleeps, and incoherent Talk. On *Monday*, the Blisters having taken effect, and the Pulse mending, it was thought probable his Highness might recover. About Eleven at Night we were alarm'd with a sudden change, and about two Hours after, Nature giving way to the Malignity of the Distemper, His Highness Expir'd.

*A Copy of Dr. Gibbons's Letter,  
July the 30<sup>th</sup>. 1700.*

I came to wait on his Royal Highness *July the 28<sup>th</sup>*, being *Sunday*, betwixt Three and Four in the Morning. I found him very Feavourish, with a quick and low Pulse, and a crude Urine, and was inform'd by those that attended him, that He had had several Stools that Afternoon. He swallow'd with ease, and when I look'd into his Throat, I found nothing amiss there. About Eight the same Morning I found him in a Sweat, and Eruptions began to appear in his Skin, which towards the Afternoon increas'd, and at Night appear'd like a Rash. About Three in the Afternoon He strove to Vomit, and brought up a great deal of Vescid Phlegm, presently after which He had a large Stool, and had like to have fainted away,

away, but by applying proper Remedies, recover'd his Spirits in some Reason. By the help of Alexipharmacal Medicines He continued in a Breathing Sweat, and the Rash out, till about Eleven of the Clock last Night, when on the sudden He was seiz'd with a difficult Breathing, and could swallow nothing down, and dy'd before Midnight.

---

*A Copy of Dr. Radcliff's Letter, July  
the 30th. 1700.*

ON Sunday the 28th. about Noon, I was sent for to attend upon his Highness the Duke of Gloucester at Windsor, I got thither about Six in the Evening, where I found his Highness in Bed with a very high Fever upon him, his Flesh was extream hot, a high colour in his Cheeks, with several Eruptions upon his Skin and Face, attended with a Rash; which gave some Suspicion that it might prove the Small-Pox: His Pulse was very quick and Feverish; his Tongue White, and his swallowing without pain or difficulty: his Breathing by fits short, and attended with great sighing; his Urine Pale and without Sediment, and He himself very Restless and extream Light headed. He had that day several Stools, and with the last so weaken'd, that He had like to have fainted away. After that I had inform'd my self of the present Circumstances and Condition of his Distemper, I retired with Mr. Gibbons, and Dr. Hannes ( who were both there ) to consult about his Recovery: We order'd him that Night a Drink, which was proper to suppress his Looseness, which had it's effect, for He had no Stools afterwards. His Fever was a Malignant Fever in all it's Symptoms, with a Rash attending it: We order'd him Cordial-Powders and Cordial-Julips to resist the Malignity; He took a Paper of those Powders that Night, which kept him in a Breathing Sweat, and brought out the Rash in a greater quantity; He had but very little Rest that Night with great sighing and dejection of Spirits, and towards Morning complain'd very much of his Blisters; they were open'd in the Morning, and they were drawn, and Run well; upon the Running of his Blisters He was less Light-headed, and the Rash came out more, so that towards Noon his Head was considerably better, and his Breathing freer, which gave us some Encouragement at that time to hope his Recovery: We order'd him in the Evening two more Blisters, and to continue the Method He was in, hoping, by the assistance of 'em, He would have a better Night, and be less Light-headed: But before the Blisters could take place, the Malignity of the Distemper retreating from the Skin upon the Vital Parts, He was on a sudden, after a little dozing, taken with a sort of Convulsive Breathing, with a defect in Swallowing, and a total Deprivation of all Sense, which lasted about an Hour, and so between Twelve and One at Night he departed this Life.

*The Opinion of the Surgeons, that Dissected  
the Duke of Gloucester.*

**W**Hereas 'tis reported that we the *Surgeons*, who Dissected the Body of his Highness the Duke of *Gloucester*, have given it as our Opinion, that He dy'd of a *Quinsy*, or sore Throat : We do now (as we did upon Dissection declare our Opinions) that the sole Occasion of His Highness's Death was a very high Malignant Fever.

*Charles Bernard.*

*Edward Green.*

*William Cowper.*

---

**F I N I S.**

---

**L O N D O N.**

Printed and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane.*

A TRUE  
**NARRATIVE**  
 OF THE  
**Duke of Monmouth's**  
 Late JOURNEY into the  
**WEST,**  
 IN A  
**LETTER**  
 FROM AN

Eye-witness thereof, to his Correspondent in *London*:

S I R,

**T**HAT branch of our contest (which these unhappy times have occasioned betwixt your self and me, privately) concerning the present temper of the people of *England*, as to the reception of Popery, hath now (I think) so fully been decided, that I shall no longer differ from you in that point, but with joy acknowledg to you, that I am perfectly convinced, nay sure, that not only the Principles, but even the very *Genius* of the people of *England* will never endure to be again rid like a Hackney of *Rome*, to both the temporal and eternal destruction of the poor Creature. Of this my eyes as well as my understanding saw the demonstration, when I saw that incredible (if not universal) confluence of people of all Qualities, Sexes, and Ages, meet to welcome a Protestant Duke into these Countries. Now that I have not miscall'd this a Demonstration, pray observe this Journal of the Duke's progress, and the peoples joy.

On the 24<sup>th</sup> of *August* he came from *Esq; Thyn's* in *Wiltshire* to *Esq; Speak's* in *Sommerfetshire*, in which Progress he had all the way  
 A been

been caressed with the joyful Welcomes and Acclamations of the people, who came from all parts, 20 miles about, filling and lining the Hedges with Men, Women and Children, some going before, some following after for some miles in the High-ways, all the way, and incessantly with hearty and great shouts crying, God bless our King *Charles*, and God bless the Protestant Duke. Some Towns and Parishes expressed also their Country-respects in strewing their fireets and ways thorough which he passed, with herbs and flowers, as was seen at *Ilchester*, and *Pitbyton*, &c. In some places where no other better present could be expected or made, the honest kind Goodwomen with rustlick sincerity presented to him bottles of Wine, which he courteously accepted and tasted. Some of these good Dames could not refrain their joys, but in their homely phrase call'd out to him thus, *Master, we are glad to see you, and you are welcome into our Country.* And then some caught hold of his Feet, some took him by the Hand, some by the Coat, but all cried, Welcome, welcome, no *Popery*, no *Popery*, &c. When he drew near to *Elq*; *Speake* by 10 miles, he was met by 2000 persons on Horse back, who were so increast before they arrived at *Mr. Speake*, that some conjectured they were in number near 20000, others said, they were many more. At his arrival the *Elq*; set out several Hogstheads and Vessels of Beer, Ale, and Sider, to entertain the people, notwithstanding that they (to enlarge their passage to the hild) had broke down several perch of his Park-pales; and though the hoopings, shoutings, and acclamations of the people had so affrighted the Deer out of the Park, that as yet they cannot be got in again (it's conceiv'd that the people did get Vension as well as the Duke) yet true, loyal Protestant, and *English* Gentleman thus received the Duke and the people. May he be an Example to all the Gentry for his Loyalty to his King, and love to his Country, for being an Orthodox Protestant, and a true hospitable lover of our dear true Protestant *Englishmen*.

On the 26 of *August* he dined with *Sir J. Sydenham* at *Brempton*, where he met such an abundance of people, and such a splendid entertainment, that it was difficult to determine which deserved the greater wonder.

On the 27th of *August* he dined with that true Patriot *William Strond*, Esq; at *Barrington*, whose noble Treat to this illustrious Prince and Protestant Duke, suited those high qualities. Nor was this Dinner without that best of Musick, the joyful shouts of thousands.

After Dinner he went to *Chard*, where was presented to him a Collation of great variety and excellency, the second Course was the hearts and tongues of very numerous people. He arrived there about

about five in the Afternoon, followed by a Train of 500 Horsemen; but when entred, he was met by a Crowd of Men, Women and Children, not a Mute amongst them all, but all almost made deaf with their own Crys and Acclamations; scarce was there one that drank not the Kings Health, and the Dukes, to which still succeeded their loud Vollies of God bless the King with long Life, God bless the Protestant Duke his Son, &c.

That Evening he was most acceptably receiv'd and lodg'd by that worthy *English* Gentleman, Esq; *Prideaux*.

The next day, viz. 28th of *August*, after a great and sumptuous Dinner, he rode to *Ilminster*, where he accepted of a Collation as at *Chard*; from thence to *Whitlackindon*, where was his stated Lodgings.

On the 29th of *August* (being *Sunday*) he observed it with a due Protestant and Christian respect, and went to *Ilminster*-Church, &c.

On the 30th of *August*, he removed to *Calliton*, and lodged with the most ingenious, loyal, and generous Sir *Walter Young*.

On the 31 he lodged with that *English* Worthy Esq; *Dukes*, at *Ottertun*, in which and all the other parts, his Treatments were rich and great, and every where his rejoicing admirers numberless.

But on the first of *Septemb.* he journied to *Exceter*, where he was magnificently entertain'd at the Dean's house by that Gentleman of unspotted Loyalty, Sir *William Courtney*. The Citizens, together with the people of all the adjacent parts, (verily believed to exceed 20000 persons) came all forth to meet the Duke with their Souls and Mouths filled with love and joy, trumpetting forth his welcome, and shouting out thus, God bless our Gracious Sovereign King *Charles*, God bless the Protestant Duke, God bless the Protestant Prince, &c. But that which most deserves remark, was the appearance of a company of brave stout young men, all clothed in linnen Waist-coats and Drawers, white and harmless, having not so much as a stick in their hand, but joining hands, their number was reputed to be 10 or 1200 (the least conjecture of them was 800) these met the Duke within 3 miles of the City, being put into order on a small round hill, and divided into two parts, and so attended the coming of the Duke, who when arrived rode up between them, and after rode round each company, who then united, and went hand in hand in their order, before the Duke into the City. Where when arrived, the great concourse of people, the amazing shouts, the universal joys were such, as are more easily related than can be credited by the absent Reader. I shall only say of it, that it suited (at this time) the reception that a Protestant people was willing to give to an illustrious Protestant Prince.

*Sept. 2.* he returned to Esq; *Speake*, where again flocked in to meet

meet and see him the whole neighbouring Country, as not yet enough satisfied, unless thus extraordinarily to caresse him in his return.

Sept. 3. he dined at the worthy Esq; *Harvy's* near *Yewil*, and after rode to Esq; *Thyn's*, the Country still waiting in great shoals to expect him on *Hornden-hill*, from *Crookhorn*, *Yewil*, and all other circumjacent parts to the number of 4 or 5000 to take their leaves of him, and to present him their thanks for his kind visit, and his acceptance of their *English* true-hearted respects.

Sir, you cannot but with difficulty imagine (except you had been both an eye and an ear-witness, as I was) with what earnestness the people of all sorts, all sexes, all ages and degrees came forth to express their Loyalty to their King and Sovereign in praying for his long life and happy reign, and in heartily drinking his Health every where, but especially also in manifesting their true *English* hearty love to this Protestant Duke, having never since his Majesties happy Restauration, had the good occasion to see amongst them their King, or any of his Royal Family until now. The Country esteeming it a great glory and happiness to see one of that stock to appear amongst them.

Lastly, let us remark, that in all this progress were divers persons of noble as well as gentle quality, viz. Lords, Knights, Esquires and Gentlemen, who together with the Duke made a Constellation of *English* Protestants glorious in their beams derived from the Sun of great *Britain*.

*God bless and save the King.*



His Majesties Answer to a Message sent to  
Him by the House of Commons, concerning Licences  
granted by Him to persons to go into *Ireland*.



His Majestie hath seen and considered the Message presented to Him by the Lord Compton and Master Baynton, the 19<sup>th</sup> of March 1641. at York; Touching such persons as have been Licensed by His Majestie to passe into Ireland.

Though he will not insist upon what little Reason they had to suspect that some ill-affected persons had passed into Ireland, under colour of His Majesties Licence (Inferences being slender Proofs to ground belief upon) yet he must needs avow, That any thing that is yet Declared, he cannot see any ground why Master Pym should so boldly affirm before both Houses of Parliament, That since the stop upon the Ports by both Houses against all Irish Papists, many of the chief Commanders now in the head of the Rebels, have been suffered to passe by His Majesties immediate Warrant; For as yet there is not any particular person named that is now so much as in Rebellion (much lesse in the head of the Rebels) to whom His Majestie hath given Licence;

And therefore according to His Majesties Reply upon that Subject, His Majestie expects, That his house of Commons publish such a Declaration, whereby this mistaking may be cleared, That so all the world may see His Majesties Caution in giving of Passes; and likewise, That his Ministers have not abused His Majesties Trust, by any surreptitious Warrants.

And lastly, His Majestie expects, That henceforth there be more warinesse used, before such publike Aspersions be laid, unlesse the Grounds be beforehand better warranted by sufficient Prooves.

Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer  
to the Kings most Excellent Majesty : And by the  
Assignes of JOHN BILL. 1641.



*His Great Majesty Charles I.*

HIS MAJESTIES  
LETTER IANVARY the 24<sup>th</sup>.

IN ANSWER TO THE  
PETITION OF BOTH HOUSES

Of Parliament, as it was presented by the Earle of New-  
port, and the Lord Seymer. Ian. 21. 1641.



His Majesty having seene and considered the Petition presented unto Him, the one and twentieth of this instant, by the Earle of Newport, and the Lord Seymer, in the names of both Houses of Parliament. Is pleased to return this Answer. That Hee doth well approve of the desire of both Houses, for the speedy proceeding against the persons mentioned in the Petition; wherein His Majesty finding the great inconveniences by the first mistake in the way, hath endured some delayes, that He might be informed in what Order to put the same; But before that that be agreed upon, His Majesty thinkes it unusuall, or unfit to discover what prooffe is against them, and therefore holds it necessary, lest a new mistake should breed more delayes; which His Majesty to His power will avoid. That it be resolved whether His Majesty be bound in respect of priviledges to proceed against them by impeachment in Parliament; Or whether He be at liberty to prefer an Inditement at the Common Law, in the usuall way, or have His choice of either: VVhereupon His Majesty will give such speedy directions for the prosecution, as shall shew His Majesties desire to satisfie both Houses, and to put a determination to the businesse.

London Printed for HENRY TWYFORD.

---

The Very COPY of a

# P A P E R

Delivered to the

## S H E R I F F S,

Upon the Scaffold on *Tower-hill*, on *Friday Decemb. 7. 1683.*

By *Algernon Sidney, Esq;*  
Before his Execution there.

---

*Men, Brethren; and Fathers; Friends, Countrymen, and Strangers;*

**I**T May be expected that I should now say some Great matters unto you, but the Rigour of the Season, and the Infirmities of my Age, encreased by a close Imprisonment of above Five months, doth not permit me.

Moreover, we live in an Age that maketh Truth pass for Treason: I dare not say any thing contrary unto it, and the Ears of those that are about me will probably be found too tender to hear it. My Tryal and Condemnation doth sufficiently evidence this.

*West, Rumsey, and Keyling*, who were brought to prove the Plot, said no more of me, than that they knew me not; and some others equally unknown unto me, had used my Name, and that of some others, to give a little Reputation unto

their Designs. The Lord *Howard* is too infamous by his Life, and the many Perjuries not to be denied, or rather sworn by himself, to deserve mention; and being a single Witness would be of no value, though he had been of unblemished Credit, or had not seen and confessed that the Crimes committed by him would be pardoned only for committing more; and even the Pardon promised could not be obtained till the Drudgery of Swearing was over.

This being laid aside, the whole matter is reduced to the Papers said to be found in my Closet by the Kings Officers, without any other Proof of their being written by me, than what is taken from suppositions upon the similitude of an Hand that is easily counterfeited, and which hath been lately declared in the Lady *Car's* Case to be no Lawful Evidence in Criminal Causes.

But if I had been seen to write them, the ma-

ter would not be much altered. They plainly appear to relate unto a large Treatise written long since in answer to *Filmer's Book*, which by all Intelligent Men is thought to be grounded upon wicked Principles, equally pernicious unto Magistrates and People.

If he might publish unto the World his Opinion, That all Men are born under a necessity derived from the Laws of God and Nature, to submit unto an Absolute Kingly Government, which could be restrained by no Law, or Oath; and that he that hath the Power, whether he came unto it by Creation, Election, Inheritance, Usurpation, or any other way, had the Right; and none must Oppose his Will, but the Persons and Estates of his Subjects must be indispensably subject unto it; I know not why I might not have published my Opinion to the contrary, without the breach of any Law I have yet known.

I might as freely as he, publickly have declared my Thoughts, and the reasons upon which they were grounded, and I persuaded to believe, That God had left Nations unto the Liberty of setting up such Governments as best pleased themselves.

That Magistrates were set up for the good of Nations, not Nations for the honour or glory of Magistrates.

That the Right and Power of Magistrates in every Country, was that which the Laws of that Country made it to be.

That those Laws were to be observed, and the Oaths taken by them, having the force of a Contract between Magistrate and People, could not be Violated without danger of dissolving the whole Fabrick.

That Usurpation could give no Right, and the most dangerous of all Enemies unto Kings were they, who raising their Power to an Exorbitant Height, allowed unto Usurpers all the Rights belonging unto it.

That such Usurpations being seldom Compasfied without the Slaughter of the Reigning Person, or Family, the worst of all Villanies was thereby rewarded with the most Glorious Privileges.

That if such Doctrines were received, they would stir up men to the Destruction of Princes with more Violence than all the Passions that have hitherto raged in the Hearts of the most Unruly.

That none could be Safe, if such a Reward were proposed unto any that could destroy them.

That few would be so gentle as to spare even the Best, if by their destruction of a Wild Usurper they should become God's Anointed; and by the most execrable Wickedness invest himself with that Divine Character.

This is the Scope of the whole Treatise; the Author gives such Reasons as at present did oc-

cur unto him, to prove it. This seems to agree with the Doctrines of the most Reverenced Authors of all Times, Nations and Religions. The best and wisest of Kings have ever acknowledged it. The present King of *France* hath declared that Kings have that happy want of Power, that they can do nothing contrary unto the Laws of their Country, and grounds his Quarrel with the King of *Spain*, Anno. 1667. upon that Principle. King *James* in his Speech to the Parliament Anno. 1603. doth in the highest degree assert it: The Scripture seems to declare it. If nevertheless the Writer was mistaken, he might have been refuted by Law, Reason and Scripture; and no Man for such matters was ever otherwise punished, than by being made to see his Error; and it hath not (as I think) been ever known that they had been referred to the Judgment of a Jury, composed of Men utterly unable to comprehend them.

But there was little of this in my Case; the extravagance of my Prosecutors goes higher: the above-mentioned Treatise was never finished, nor could be in many years, and most probably would never have been. So much as is of it was Written long since, never reviewed nor shewn unto any Man; and the fiftieth part of it was produced, and not the tenth of that afford to be read. That which was never known unto those who are said to have Conspired with me, was said to be intended to stir up the People in Prosecution of the Designs of those Conspirators.

When nothing of particular Application unto Time, Place, or Person could be found in it, (as hath ever been done by those who endeavour to raise Insurrections) all was supplied by *Innuendo's*.

Whatsoever is said of the Expulsion of *Tarquinius*; the Insurrection against *Nero*; The Slaughter of *Caligula*, or *Domitian*; The Translation of the Crown of *France* from *Meroveus* his Race unto *Pepin*; and from his Descendants unto *Hugh Capet*, and the like applied by *Innuendo* unto the King.

They have not considered, that if such Acts of State be not good, there is not a King in the World that has any Title to the Crown he bears; nor can have any, unless he could deduce his Pedigree from the Eldest Son of *Noah*, and shew that the Succession had still continued in the Eldest of the Eldest Line, and been so deduced to him.

Every one may see what advantage this would be to all the Kings of the World; and whether that failing, it were not beter for them to acknowledge they had received their Crowns by the Consent of Willing Nations; or to have no better Title unto them than Usurpation and Violence, which by the same ways may be taken from them.

But I was long since told that I must Dye, or the Plot must Dye.

Least the means of destroying the best Protestants in *England* should fail, the Bench must be filled with such as had been Blemishes to the Bar.

None but such as these would have Advised in the King's Council, of the means of bringing a Man to death; Suffered a Jury to be packed by the King's Solicitors, and the Under-Sheriff; Admit of Jury-men who are not Freeholders; Receive such Evidence as is above mentioned; Refuse a Copy of an Indictment, or to Suffer the Statute of 46. *Ed.* 3. to be read, that doth expressly Enact, It should in no Case be denied unto any Man upon any occasion whatsoever; Overrule the most important Points of Law without hearing. And whereas the Stat. 25 *Ed.* 3. upon which they said I should be Tried, doth Reserve unto the Parliament all Constructions to be made in Points of Treason, They could assume unto themselves not only a Power to make Construc-

tions, but such Constructions as neither agree with Law, Reason, or Common Sense.

By these means I am brought to this Place. The Lord forgive these Practices, and avert the Evils that threaten the Nation from them. The Lord Sanctifie these my Sufferings unto me; and though I fall as a Sacrifice unto Idols, suffer not Idolatry to be Established in this Land. Bless thy People, and Save them. Defend thy own Cause, and Defend those that Defend it, Stir up such as are Faint; Direct those that are Willing; Confirm those that Waver; Give Wisdom and Integrity unto All. Order all things so as may most redound unto thine own Glory. Grant that I may Dye glorifying Thee for all thy Mercies; and that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be Singled out as a Witness of thy Truth; and even by the Confession of my Opposers, for that *OLD CASE* in which I was from my Youth engaged, and for which Thou hast Often and Wonderfully declared thy Self.

---

We do Appoint *Robert Horn, John Baker, and John Redmayne,*  
to Print this Paper, and that none other do Presume to  
Print the same.

*Peter Daniel.*

*Sam. Dashwood.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *R. H. J. B. and J. R.* and are to be sold by *Walter Davis*  
in *Amen Corner, MDCLXXXIII.*

Die Martis, 28<sup>o</sup> Octobris, 1645.



Veritas it is very well known what miseries befell the Inhabitants of the Town and County of Leicester, when the Kings Army took Leicester, by plundering the said Inhabitants, not only of their wares in their Shops, but also all their household goods, and their apparell from their backs, both of men, women and children, not sparing in that kinde Infants in their Cradles; and by violent courses and tortures, compelled them to discover whatsoever they had concealed or hid, and after all that imprisoned their persons, and thereupon forced them to borrow money to purchase their enlargement, to the undoing of the Tradesmen, who are indebted for a great part of their wares, which the Enemy took away; and also to the ruin of many of the Countrey, and those the best affected to the Parliament, that brought their goods into the Town for protection. Be it therefore Ordained, and it is hereby Ordained by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, and by the Authority of the same; That a generall Collection be made in and throughout the City of London, and lines of Communication, and all other Cities, Towns, Liberties, Priviledged places, and within the County of Middlesex, Kent, Suffex, Surrey, Hartford, Essex, Suffolke, Norfolk, and County and City of Norwich, Bedford, Cambridge, and the Isle of Ely, Huntington, Lincoln, Nottingham, Darby, Stafford, Leicester, Warwick, and the County and City of Coventrey, Northampton, Buckingham and Rutland, for and towards the relief of such Inhabitants of the said Town and Countrey of Leicester, who are well-affected to the proceedings of Parliament, and ruined by the Enemies taking of the said Town. And for the more speedy and better effecting of this Ordinance; the said Lords and Commons do hereby command, that the same be forthwith put in print, and published, and dispersed within the aforesaid Counties of Middlesex, Kent, Suffex, Surrey, Hartford, Essex, Suffolke, Norfolk, and County and City of Norwich, Bedford, Cambridge, and the Isle of Ely, Huntington, Lincoln, Nottingham, Darby, Stafford, Leicester, Warwick, and the County and City of Coventrey, Northampton, Buckingham and Rutland, as well within liberties as without; And that the Parsons, Vicars and Curates of the said Parishes, Towns, Hamlets, and places respectively, are hereby required to read this Ordinance in their severall Churches and Chappels, upon the next Lords Day after the same shall be delivered unto them, when the Congregations are assembled together, both in the fore-noon and after-noon, and to exhort the people to a free and liberall Contribution to this so necessary and charitable a worke. And the Minister and Church-wardens of every such Parish, Hamlet, Town and place; And where no Minister and Church-wardens is or are; then two of the most sufficient men of Estates of such Parish, Hamlet, Town or place, are hereby authorized, after the reading of this Ordinance as aforesaid, to go with all convenient speed from house to house, to every of the Inhabitants of the said Parishes, Towns, Hamlets and places respectively; and to collect and gather, the free and charitable benevolences of the Inhabitants thereof, that shall be willing to contribute to this so pious and charitable a worke: And that every such Minister, Church-wardens and other persons, shall cause to be written in a Schedule, the severall Summe or Summes of Money so given, and the Parish and place where the same is so given: And that the said severall Ministers, Church-wardens and other persons, shall subscribe the said Schedule with their hands; and that they shall within twenty dayes next after every such Collection respectively, bring or send the said Schedule, with the Money so collected or gathered, and the Copy of this Ordinance that shall be sent unto them, unto the Major or Chief Magistrate of the chief City or Town, that is in the Parliaments power within any of the said respective Counties, who are hereby authorized and required to receive the same accordingly: And within twenty dayes after their respective receipt thereof, to send the same unto William Hobson, Thomas Eyres, William Kendall, and Thomas Churchman, Gentlemen and Citizens of London, at the Checker-chamber in Guild-hall London; and there deliver the said Schedule, Copy and Money, unto them the said William Hobson, Thomas Eyres, William Kendall, and Thomas Churchman, who are hereby appointed and authorized Treasurers for that purpose, and to receive the same, and to defray the necessary charges of sending up the said Money. And lastly it is hereby Ordained, That the Committee of Leicester, or any seven of them (except such of them as shall expect benefit by this benevolence) shall by vertue of this Ordinance, have power to take the accompts of the said Treasurers, and shall also give them reasonable allowances for their charges: And what Money shall be collected or gathered upon this Ordinance, shall be divided and paid by the said Treasurers or any two of them, to amongst the aforesaid persons according to the said computation of their severall losses proportionably: And the certificate of them the said Committee, or any seven of them, what every person or persons, part or parts cometh unto, according to the said computation, together with such person or persons Acquittance for the receipt of his or their part or parts of the said collection, shall be a sufficient discharge to the said Treasurers: Provided alwayes, and it is hereby declared, that this Ordinance shall continue for the space of twelve Months, and no longer.

Io. Browne, Cleric.  
Parliamentorum.

H. Elsyng, Cler. Parl. D. Com.

# HIS MAJESTIES SPEECH TO THE

Gentry of the County of YORKE,

Attending his Majestie at the City of Yorke, on

Thursday the 12<sup>th</sup> of May, 1642.

Gentlemen,



Have cause of adding not altering, what I meant to say when I gave out the summons for this dayes appearance, I little thought of these Messengers, or of such a Message as they brought, the which, because it confirms mee in what I intend to speake, and that I desire you should be truly informed of all passages between me and the Parliament, you shall here read, First, my answer to the Declaration of both Houses concerning *Hull*, the answer of the Parliament to my two Messages concerning *Hull*, together with my Reply to the same, and my Message to both Houses declaring the Reasons why I refused to passe the Bill concerning the *Militia*.

All which being read his Majesty proceeded.

I Will make no paraphrases upon what yee have heard, it more <sup>by</sup>benefiting a Lawyer then a King, onely this observation, since Treason is countenanced so neere me, it is time to looke to my safety: I avow it was part of my wonder, that men (whom I thought heretofore discreet, and moderate) should have undertaken this imployment, and that since they came (I having delivered them the Answer: you have heard, and commanded them to returne personally with it to the Parliament) should have flatly disobeyed me upon pretence of the Parliaments command. My end in telling you this, is to warne you of them, for since these men have brought me such a Message, and disobeyed so lawfull a Command. I will not say what their intent of staying here is, onely I bid you take heed, not knowing what doctrine of disobedience they may preach to you, under colour of obeying the Parliament. Hitherto I have found and kept you quiet, the enjoying of which was a chiefe cause of my comming hither (Tumults and disorders having made mee leave the South) and not to make this a seat of Warre, as malice would (but I hope in vaine) make you beleieve; Now if disturbances doe come, I know whom I have reason to suspect.

To be short, you see that my Magazine is going to be taken from me (being my owne proper goods) directly against my will; The Militia (against Law and my consent) is going to be put in Execution: And lastly, Sir *Iohn Hothams* Treason is countenanced; All this considered none can blame me to Apprehend dangers. Therefore I have thought fit (upon these reall Grounds) to tell you, That I am resolved to have a Guard (the Parliament having had one all this while upon imaginary Iealousies, onely to secure my person. In which I desire your concurrence and assistance, and that I may be able to protect you, the Lawes, and the true Protestant profession from any Affront or Injury that may be offered, which I meane to maintaine my selfe without charge to the Countrey, intending no longer to keepe them on foote, then I shall be secured of my just Apprehensions by having satisfaction in the particulars before mentioned.

Printed at Yorke, and now reprinted at London by Alice Norton, for Humphrey Tuckey,  
at the Blacke spread Eagle in Fleet-street. 1642.

# THANKES TO THE P. A R L I A M E N T.

Come let us cheere our hearts with lusty wine,  
Though Papiſts at the Parliament repine;  
And Rattle-Heads ſo buſily combine  
That thou canſt call thy Wife and Children thine,  
*Thanke the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſells.*

Like filly Sheepe they did us daily ſheare,  
Like Aſſes ſtrong our backs were made to beare,  
Intollerable burdens, yeare by yeare,  
No hope, no helpe, no comfort did appeare,  
*But from the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

With taxes, and Monopolies oppreſt,  
Ship-mony, Souldiers, Knighthood, and the reſt,  
The Coate and Conduſt-mony was no jeſt,  
Then think good neighbour how much we are bleſt  
*In the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

Were not theſe plagues worſe then a ſweeping rot,  
O how unkindly did they uſe the Scot;  
But thoſe bould blades did prove ſo fiery hot  
This ſwinging Bowle to them, this other Pot  
*To the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

Who did regard our povertie, our teares,  
Our wants, our miſeries, our many feares,  
Whipt, ſtrippt, and fairely baniſht as appeares;  
You that are maſters, now of your owne eares  
*Bleſſe the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

Great paine to till the land ere it be ſowne,  
And yet the bread we eate was not our owne,  
So greedy were thoſe Catterpillers growne,  
But now the neſt of filthy Birds are ſlowne  
*From the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

At Country men, they had a deadly ſting  
They would have pul'd us bare both taile and wing,  
And all for ſooth for profit of the King,  
Are they not found falſe knives in every thing  
*By the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

Had not theſe thieves an Ore in every Boate,  
And ſtill their wicked mallice is aſſoate,  
Would they not now perſwad's to cut our throate,  
By printed Proclamations againſt the Vote,  
*Of the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

See how this wiſe Aſſembly they abuſe,  
And fill their heads with tittle tattle Newes,  
As if they were farre worſe than Turkes and Jewes,  
Beauſe they are the men whom we did chuſe,  
*For the great Gounſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

Simion and Levy, Twins together joyn'd,  
In Alter-worſhip, let their flockes be pin'd,  
Why ſhould men preach that have ſo little minde;  
This makes theſe Wolves ſo eaſily inclin'd  
*'Gainſt the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

New tell me Tom, ſhall we thus cheated be,  
By Papiſts, Athieſts, and the Hirarchie  
To fall from thoſe who faine would ſet us free,  
And undergoe ſuch care for thee and me,  
*That great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

The bloody Papiſt aſt their Tragick part,  
Though covered cloſe with Subtilty and Art,  
The Prelates have their Spoke in the ſame Cart,  
Both ayming now to wound us to the heart;  
*In the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

Where's our defence if we cut off our hand,  
Shall we to fire our houſes light a brand,  
And joyne with thoſe who would deſtroy the Land,  
For my part I reſolve to fall or ſtand,  
*With the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

They goe in feare of poyſon and of knives,  
Are ſlaves themſelves to free our feete from gyves,  
Neglect their owne to ſave us and our wives,  
He looſe them all, had I a thouſand lives,  
*For the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

Come Drawer quickly bring us up our ſcore  
We will not pay in Chalke behind the doore,  
The Sun is ſleeping on the Weſterne Shore,  
Mute me to morrow I will tell thee more  
*Of the great Counſell of the King,  
And the Kings great Counſell.*

F I N I S.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Thomas Underhill, at the Signe of the  
Bible in Woodſtreet. 1642.

# HIS MAJESTIES

## Letter to the Gentry of Yorkshire,

MAY, the sixteenth, 1642.

To our right trusty and well beloved the Gentry of York,  
and others of this our County of York, whom it doth or may  
concern.



WE have with great contentment considered your dutifull and affectionate *Answer* to our Proposition concerning the unsufferable affront which we received at *Hull*; Wee have not beene deceived in that confidence we had in your affection, wherefore we desire you to assure the rest of your Countrymen, who through negligence were omitted to be summoned: that Wee shall never abuse your love by any power wherewith God shall enable us to the least violation of the least of your Liberties, or the diminution of those Immunities which We have granted you this Parliament, though they be beyond the Acts of most (if not all) Our Predecessours; being resolved with a constant and firme resolution to have the Law of this Land duely observed, and shall endeavour only so to preserve Our just Royall Rights, as may enable us to protect our Kingdome and people, according to the ancient Honours of the Kings of *England*, and according to the trust which by the law of God and this land is put into the Crowne, being sufficiently warned by the late affront at *Hull*, not to transerre the same out of our power, concerning which *Affront* we will take sometime to *Advise*, which way we may usefully imploy your affections, In the mean time we shall take it well from all such as shall personally attend us, *so followed and provided*, as they shall think fit for the better safety of our person, because we know not what suddain violence, or affront may be offered unto us, having lately received such an actuall testimonie of rebellious intentions as Sir *Iohn Hotham* hath expressed at *Hull*: Being thus secured by your affections and assistance, we promise you our protection against any contrary power whatsoever, And that you shall not be molested for your humble and modest Petition, as of late you have been threatned.

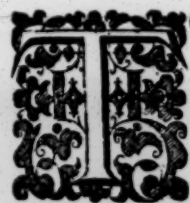
Given at Our Court at York, May the 16, 1642.

Printed at London by A. N. for Humphrey Tuckey. 1642.

73

# HIS MAJESTIES MOST GRACIOUS MESSAGE:

Sent to both Houses of Parliament, by Captain *Henry Heron*, the Thirteenth of this Month of April, MDCXLIII.



Shew to the world how earnestly His Majesty longs for Peace, and that no successe shall make him desire the continuance of His Army to any other end, or for any longer time then that and untill things may be so settled, as the Law may have a full, free, and uninterrupted course for the defence and preservation of the rights of His Majesty, both Houses, and his good subjects.

1. As soone as His Majesty is satisfied in His first Proposition concerning His own Revenue, Mazines, Ships, Forts, in which he desires nothing but that the just knowne Legall Rights of His Majestie (devolved unto Him from His Progenitors) and of the persons trusted by Him, which have violently beene taken from both, be restored unto Him, and them, unlesse any just and legall exceptions against any of the persons trusted by Him (which are yet unknown to His Majesty) can be made appeare to Him.

2. As soone as all the Members of both Houses shall be restored to the same capacity of sitting and voting in Parliament, as they had upon the first of January 1642. the same belonging unto them by their birthrights, and the free election of those that sent them, and having been voted from them for adhering to His Majesty in these times of distractions, His Majesty not intending that this should extend either to the Bishops, whose votes have been taken away by Bill, or to such in whose places upon new Writs, new election have been made.

3. As soone as His Majesty and both Houses may be secured from such tumultuous assemblies, as to the great breach of the Priviledges, and the high dishonour of Parliaments, have formerly assembled about both Houses, and awed the Members of the same, and occasioned two severall complaints from the Lords House, and two severall desires of that House to the House of Commons to give in a Declaration against them, the complying with which desire might have prevented all these miserable distractions which have ensued, which security His Majesty conceives, can be onely sealed by adjourning the Parliament to some other place, at least twenty miles from London, the choice of which, His Majesty leaves to both Houses: His Majesty will most cheerfully and readily consent that Armies be immediately disbanded, and give a present meeting to both His Houses of Parliament at the same time and place at, and to which the Parliament shall be agreed to be adjourned.

His Majesty being most confident that the Law will then recover the due credit and estimation, and that upon a free debate in a full and peaceable convention of Parliament, such provisions will be made against seditious preaching and printing against His Majesty, and the established Lawes, which have been one of the chiefe causes of the present distractions, and such care will be taken concerning the legall and knowne Rights of His Majestie, and the Property and Liberty of His Subjects, that whatsoever hath been published or done in or by colour of any illegall Declaration, Ordinance or Order, of one or both Houses, or any Committee of either of them, and particularly to raise Armes without His Majesties consent, will be in such manner recalled, disclaimed, and provided against, that no Seed will remaine for the like to spring out of for the future, to disturb the Peace of the Kingdome, and to endanger the very being of it.

And in such convention His Majesty is resolved by His readinesse to consent to whatsoever shall bee proposed to Him by Bill for the reall good of His Subjects (and particularly for the better discovery and speedy conviction of Recusants, for the education of the children of Papiests by Protestants in the Protestant Religion, for the prevention of practises of Papiests against the State, and the due execution of the Lawes, and true levying of the penalties against them) to make knowne to all the world how causelesse those feares and jealousies have been raised against Him, and by that so distracted this miserable Kingdome.

And if this offer of His Majestie be not consented to (in which He asks nothing for which there is not apparent Justice on His side) and in which He defers many things highly concerning both Himselfe and People, till a full and peaceable convention of Parliament (which in Justice He might now require) His Majesty is confident that it will then appeare to all the world, not only who is most desirous of Peace, and whose fault it is that both Armies are not disbanded, but who have been the true and first cause that this Peace was ever interrupted, or those Armies raised, and the beginning or continuance of the Warre, and the destruction and desolation of this poore Kingdome (which is too likely to ensue) will not by the most interessed passionate or prejudicate person be imputed to His Majesty.

OXFORD,

Printed by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to the Vniversity, 1643



Die Jovis, 12. Maii 1642.

## The Declarations of both Houses of Parliament.

**T**HE Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament do declare, That they are resolved to maintain those Lords and Gentlemen, Committees of both Houses of Parliament, residing at York, in those things they have done, and shall further do in obedience of their commands for the preserving the peace of the Kingdom.

The Lords and Commons do declare, That if any person whatsoever shall Arrest, or Imprison the persons of those Lords and Gentlemen, or any of them, or any other Member of either House, that are, or shall be employed in the service of both Houses of Parliament; or shall offer violence to them, or any of them, for doing of any thing in pursuance of their commands, or the instructions of both Houses given unto them, shall be held disturbers of the proceedings of Parliament, and publike enemies of the State. And that all persons are bound by their Protestation, to endeavour to bring them to condigne punishment.

The Lords and Commons do declare, That those of the City of *London*, and all other persons that have obeyed the Ordinance for the *Militia*, and done any thing in execution thereof, Have done it according to the Law of the Land, and in pursuance of what they were commanded by both Houses of Parliament and for the defence and safety of the King and Kingdom, And shall have the assistance of both Houses of Parliament against any that shall presume to question them, for yeilding their obedience to the said command in this necessary and important service; And that whosoever shall obey the said Ordinance for the time to come, shall receive the same approbation and assistance from both Houses of Parliament.

Ordered by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament  
That the abovesaid Declarations shall be forthwith Printed and  
Published.

*Joh. Brown, Cleric. Parl.*

*R. Hunt Wright & Son. Printers.*



By the King.



Hereas, upon Summons from Vs, divers Gentlemen of this Our County of York did attend Vs upon Thursday the twelfth of this instant May, when We declared Our Resolution (for the Reasons then delivered by Vs) to have a Guard to secure and defend Our Person, and desired therein the Concurrence and Assistance of the Gentry of this County. And whereas divers Gentlemen of this County, for many Reasons and Occasions, could not then appeare to receive Our pleasure on that behalfe, whereunto divers have subscribed. We have therefore thought good hereby to give notice as well to those Gentlemen who were not then present, as to those who did then attend Vs, that Our Command is, That as well those Gentlemen who are charged with Horse, as others, appear at York upon Friday the twentieth of this Moneth, in such manner and equipage as will be convenient for the guard of Our Person. And We require and command, That in the interim no other Warrants, Order, or Command whatsoever shall distract or hinder this Our Service. And We further will and command, That this Our Order be forthwith published by the Sheriffe of this Our County: For which this shall be sufficient Warrant.

*Given at Our Court at York, the fourteenth day of May, in the eighteenth  
year of Our Reigne, 1642.*

Imprinted at York, and reprinted at London for Edward  
Blackmore, at the signe of the Angel in Pauls Church-yard, 1642.

To the Right Honourable the House of Peeres  
Now Assembled in Parliament.

The humble Petition of many thousands of Courtiers, Citizens, Gentlemens and Trades-mens wives, inhabiting within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, concerning the staying of the Queenes intended voyage into *Holland*; with many serious causes and weighty reasons, (which they desire) may induce the Honourable House to detaine Her Majestie.

*Presented and read in the House by the Lord Mandevill, the 10. of February. 1641.*

*Humbly sheweth,*

**T**Hat your Petitioners, their Husbands, their Children, and their Families, amounting to many thousand soules; have lived in plentifull and good fashion, by the exercise of severall Trades, and venting of divers workes: For learning whereof, many of them have served Apprentiships, others taken houses and shops both in the Citie and Suburbs, and also in the Exchanges at very great rents: All depending wholly for the sale of their commodities, (which is the maintenance and very existence and beeing of themselves, their husbands, and families) upon the splendor and glory of the English Court, and principally upon that of the Queenes Majesty; By occasion of whose Royall presence we have hitherto had ready utterance for our commodities, and were thereby enabled to pay our rents, and live in good repute: But upon late notice that her Majestie is resolved instantly to depart the Kingdome, we cannot but thereby fore-see an utter cessation and decay of all our trading; So shall we become utterly disabled to pay our rents, support our selves, or our families; and can apprehend nothing but distraction, penury, and ruine: Or that our eminent and inevitable necessities will produce some violent effect. And your Petitioners have caused to feare that this sudden resolution in her Majestie is occasioned by some just distaste taken at divers unusuall and tumultuous assemblies, to the affright of her Royall Person, and at the unpunisht printing of many licentious and scandalous Pamphlets; some covertly, some plainly, wounding her sacred Majestie in the opinion of the vulgar, as an Abbettor or Counsellor of such designs, which are pretended to disturbe the peaceable government both of this Kingdome and *Ireland*: Whereas your Petitioners are confident She was not onely a solicitous Mediator for the assembling of this gracious Parliament, but that since Her comming into this Kingdome She never did ill office to any particular Subject, but hath oft beene an Instrument of many Acts of mercy and grace to multitudes of distressed people.

And your Petitioners likewise considering the great happinesse brought to this Nation in her Princely Issue, which native comfort this Nation hath beene barren now almost a hundred yeares; are the more encouraged,

*Humbly to pray,* That this Honourable Assembly would give some speedy assurance to Her Majestie, that the Authors and Instigators of such seditious tumults and scandalls shall be strictly enquired after, and punished and that She may receive such publique vindication by the Parliament, against all such calumners of Her sacred Majestie; and give Her that due honour and reverence we are sure She merits, and joyne with us in Petition for Her continuall residence amongst us: whereby She receiving full assurance of the love and fidelity of Her Subjects in this Kingdome; your Petitioners may with some comfort address themselves to Her Majesties compassion of her affectionate people, humbly to pray her stay.

*So shall they have cause to pray for your Honours prosperity in all your actions: And ever remaine the true and faithfull Protestants to the Church of England, till death.*

London printed for *T. Hales.* 1641.



By the King.

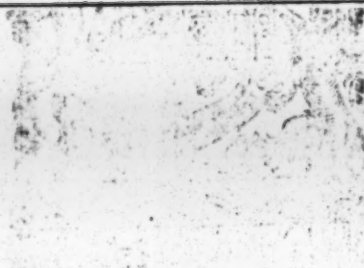
A Proclamation and Declaration to inform Our loving Subjects of Our Kingdom of England of the seditious practices of some in Scotland, seeking to overthrow Our Regall Power under false pretences of Religion.



Hereas We have endeavoured now for a long time together by all calm and fair wayes to appease the disorders and tumultuous carriages caused by some evil affected persons in Our Realm of Scotland, but hitherto all in vain, we have now thought it not onely fit, but necessary in generall to informall Our loving Subjects in this Our Realm of England, what the truth is of Our proceedings, what Our lenitie and gentlenesse hath been towards them, and what froward and perverse returns they have made to Us, notwithstanding all their specious pretences, the better to insinuate themselves and their Odious cause into the minds of Our loyall Subjects here. These disorders and tumults have been thus raised in Scotland, and fomented by factious spirits, and those Traiterously affected, begun upon pretences of Religion, the common cloak for all disobedience; but now it clearly appears, the aim of these Men is not Religion (as they falsely pretend and publish) but it is to shake off all Monarchicall government, and to vilifie Our Regall power justly descended upon Us over them: Nay their malice reaches so farre, both against Our Power and Person, as that in a most cunning and subtil way they have endeavoured to poison the hearts of Our good and loyall Subjects of this Our Kingdom, and to seduce them (were it in their power) to the like Rebellious courses with themselves: Now though we are most confident of Our peoples affections towards Us (of which they have given Us clear testimony by their ready and cheerfull Assistance in this cause) and have not the least thought that those turbulent spirits shall any way prevail with them, yet we cannot but hold it requisite to give them timely notice of their Traiterous intentions, which very many wayes appears unto Us.

As first, By the multitude of their printed Pamphlets, or rather indeed infamous Libels, stuffed full of calumnies against Our Regall Authority, and Our most just proceedings, and spreading of them in divers parts of this Our Kingdom.

Secondly, By their sending of Letters to private persons, to incite them against Us, and sending of some of their fellow-Covenanters to be at private meetings in London, and else-



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

500 EAST HARTWELL STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

TEL. 373-5100

1968

CHICAGO, ILL.

1968

CHICAGO, ILL.

1968

CHICAGO, ILL.

1968

CHICAGO, ILL.

CHICAGO, ILL.

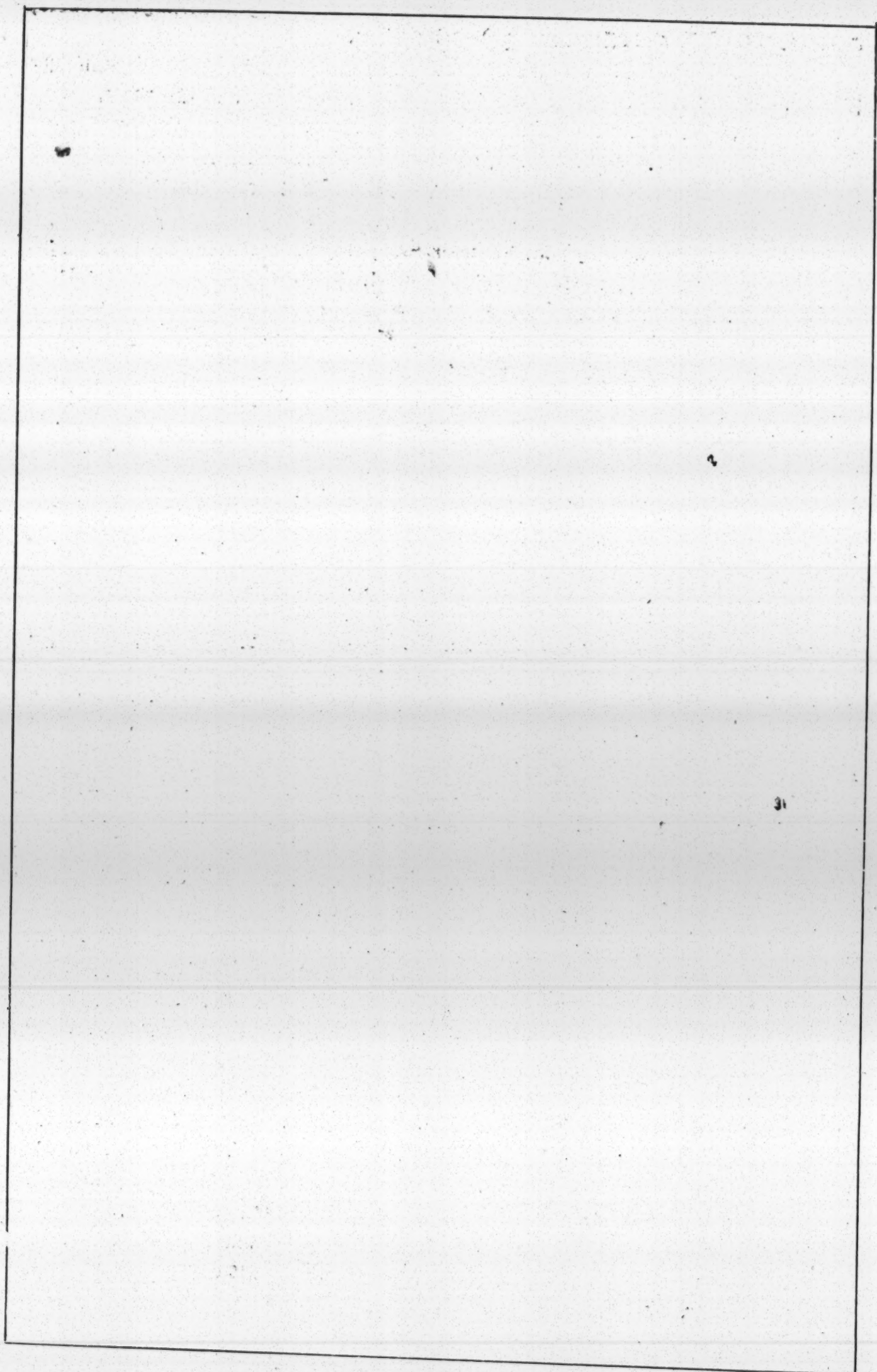
CHICAGO, ILL.

and some of those Letters (lewd enough) we have seen.

Thirdly, By their publike contemning of all Our just Commands, and their mutinous protesting against them, a course not fit to be endured in any well ordered Kingdom.

Fourthly, By their rejecting of the Covenant commanded by Our authority, because it was commanded by Us, whereas no Covenant or Band of that nature in that Kingdom hath ever been or can be legall and warrantable, which hath not been commanded, or at least assented unto by Royall authority: As for instance, That Covenant in Our dear Fathers time was condescended unto by him, and so the Subject (at the humble Petition of the generall Assembly it self) permitted by him to signe it. We say it again, That Our Covenant was rejected by them, because commanded by Us; And this is manifest, because for matters of Religion Ours agreed in all things with their own Covenant: By which Covenant of theirs, they have Treacherously induced many of Our people to swear to a Band against Us; which Band and Covenant (or rather Conspiracy) of theirs, could not be with God, being against Us the Lords anointed over them: But it was and is a Band and Covenant pretended to be with God, that they may with the better countenance do the works of the devill; such as all Treasons and Rebellions are.

And lastly, By their most hostile preparations in all kindes, as if we were not their King, but their sworn Enemy: For what can their intentions be, being thus prepared, but to invade this Kingdom, should they not finde Us ready, both to resist their force and to curbe their insolencies: For many, and some of the chiefest amongst them, are men, not onely of unquiet spirits, but of broken fortunes. and would be very glad of any occasion (especially under the colour of Religion) to make them whole upon the Lands and Goods of Our Subjects in England, who we presume (besides their allegiance to Us) will look better to themselves & their estates, then to share them with such desperate Hypocrites, who seek to be better, and cannot well be worse. We demand again, what intentions else they can have; for we have already often assured them by Our published Proclamations, that we are so far from thinking of any Innovation or Alteration of Religion, that we are resolved to maintain the same Constantly, and as it is established by Law in that Our Kingdom; Nay, so desirous have we been to give content unto them, as that we have in a manner condescended to all which they Petitioned for; Nay, Our Princely Clemency in these produced no better effect, then increasing and daring Insolencies, to Our dishonour both at home and abroad: Yet we passed by all till they struck at the very Root of Kingly government; for they have now assumed to themselves Regall power; for whereas the Print is the Kings in all Kingdoms, these seditious men have taken upon them to Print what they please, though we forbid it, and to prohibit what they dislike, though we command it; and with the greater affront have forbid and dismissed the Printer whom we established: Besides, they have taken upon them to Convene Our Subjects, raise Armies, block up and besiege Our Castles, to lay Impositions and Taxes upon Our people, threatening such as continue in loyalty to Us, with force and violence. To this we shall adde that they have slighted the directions and power of Our Councill Table in that Kingdom, and have set up Tables of their own, at which, some of their Leaders sit under the name of Committees from the late pretended generall Assembly or their Deputies. And thus they meet when and where they please, Treat and Conclude what they please, and send their Edicts thorow all



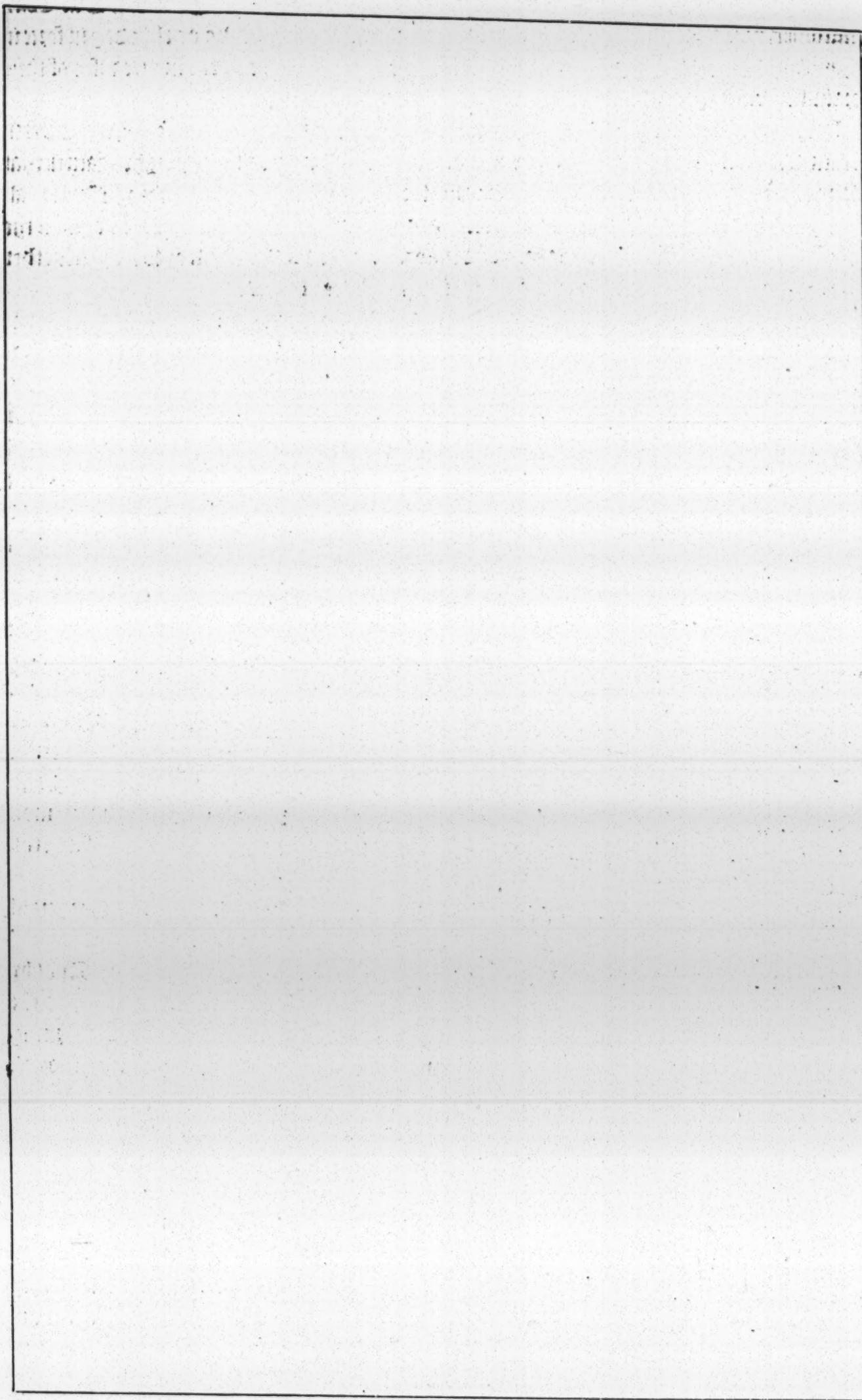
missioner, or Councell, and directly contrary to many standing Lawes at this day in force in that Kingdom, and yet pretend violation of their Lawes, as one of the main causes of their brain-sick distempers.

Here therefore we take God and the world to witnesse, we hold our self forced and constrained to Arm, not onely to reclaim them, and to set our kingly authority right again in that our ancient and native Kingdom, but also for the safety of this Kingdom, our loyall Subjects in it, with their wives, children, and goods, as well as our own, against the rage and fury of these men and their Covenant. And this we think fit to let you further know, that we hope in time to make the best of them see that we will endure no such Covenant and Band in our Kingdom, to which we shall not consent: So the question is not now, whether a Service Book to be received or not; nor whether Episcopall government shall be continued, or Presbyteriall admitted, but whether we are their King or not: For though in some of their Libels they give us good words, and speak us fair for their own ends, especially in their last, Printed at Edenburgh, February quarto 1639. yet some of them refuse both the Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy, and publicly maintain that they are not obliged to take the same. Now how can we think these men are dutifull and loyall in their hearts, that broach such dangerous Opinions, or Religiously minded that teach such rebellious Doctrine, and so contrary to all which Protestant Divines teach towards the King and the Civill Magistrate; Nay, they have infected divers of their Country-men (which are come into other parts) with the same Venome; for three Scots-men taken in Wales, are at this day Imprisoned for direct denyall of our Supremacie and their Allegiance, saying, They cannot take those Oathes, because they have sworn to the Covenant. But though we have been thus milde towards them, and continued so long, yet we would not have any of them, or any of our other Subjects think, that we can or will permit Episcopall Government, established by many Acts of Parliament in that our Kingdom, to be abolished, seeing it is known to the whole Christian world, that the same is most Christian in it self, and most peaceable for the Civill State, and most consonant to Monarchicall Government.

And we would have our Subjects of that Kingdome consider, what will become of the third Estate there in Parliament, if Episcopacie should be abrogated.

And further, we think fit to Declare unto you, and to the Christian world, That by our Intention of introducing the Service-Book into that Kingdome, we had not the least thought of Innovation of Religion in this or that, but meerly to have a Conformity with that worship of God which is observed within both our other Kingdomes, though ill minded men have wrested some things in it to a sinister sence.

We further give you to understand, that there is a large Declaration coming forth, containing all the particular passages which have occurred in this businesse from the very beginning, attested with their own foul Acts, to disanull and shame their fair, but false words. But because this cannot so soon be made ready, we hold it most expedient to let this short Declaration forerun it, that our loyall Subjects here and elsewhere, may not be infected with their false, wicked, specious, but most Seditious Informations. For example sake in their last Pamphlet ( besides divers other false, base, and fawning passages ) there are these scandalous and most notorious untruths: As first, they say, That we have commit-



... and the Armies we now raise, into the hands of professed Papists, which is not more dishonourable to Our self, and the noble Persons intrusted by Us, then odiously and notoriously false. Again they say, That some of power in the Hierarchie of England have been the cause of Our taking Arms to Invade Our native Kingdome, and of meddling with their Religion; whereas it is most certain, that no one of them have done any thing therein, but by Our own Princely direction and command. And for Arms, it is notoriously known to all Our Councell then present, That their Counsels were for Peace, and have been the perswaders (asmuch as in them lay) of the undeserved Moderation wherewith we have hitherto proceeded towards so great Offenders.

And further they say, That they intend no Act of Hostility against England, unlesse they shall be necessitated in their own defence. We would fain know, defence of what: Is it of disobedience: Defence against whom: Is it not against Us their True and Lawfull Sovereign: If they will defend against Us, it ought to be by Law, and not by Arms: That Defence we shall never deny them: This by Arms we shall never permit them. Now Our Laws which they seem so much to value, are in a manner oppress'd by them, in so much that Our Judges are so awed, as that they dare hardly proceed according to Law.

With these, and the like mutinous Libels, we desire Our good Subjects should not be infected, but that all of them might know the present necessity we have to Arm Our Self, which is for no other end, save onely for the safety and security of this Our Kingdome, the reestablishment of Our Authorities in that, and the suppressing of such as have misled and abused Our Subjects there, and would (if not prevented) do the like here; but is no way to inforce any Innovation of Religion established in that Kingdome, or any wayes to infringe the Laws thereof, or any of their Liberties whatsoever, which are according to Law.

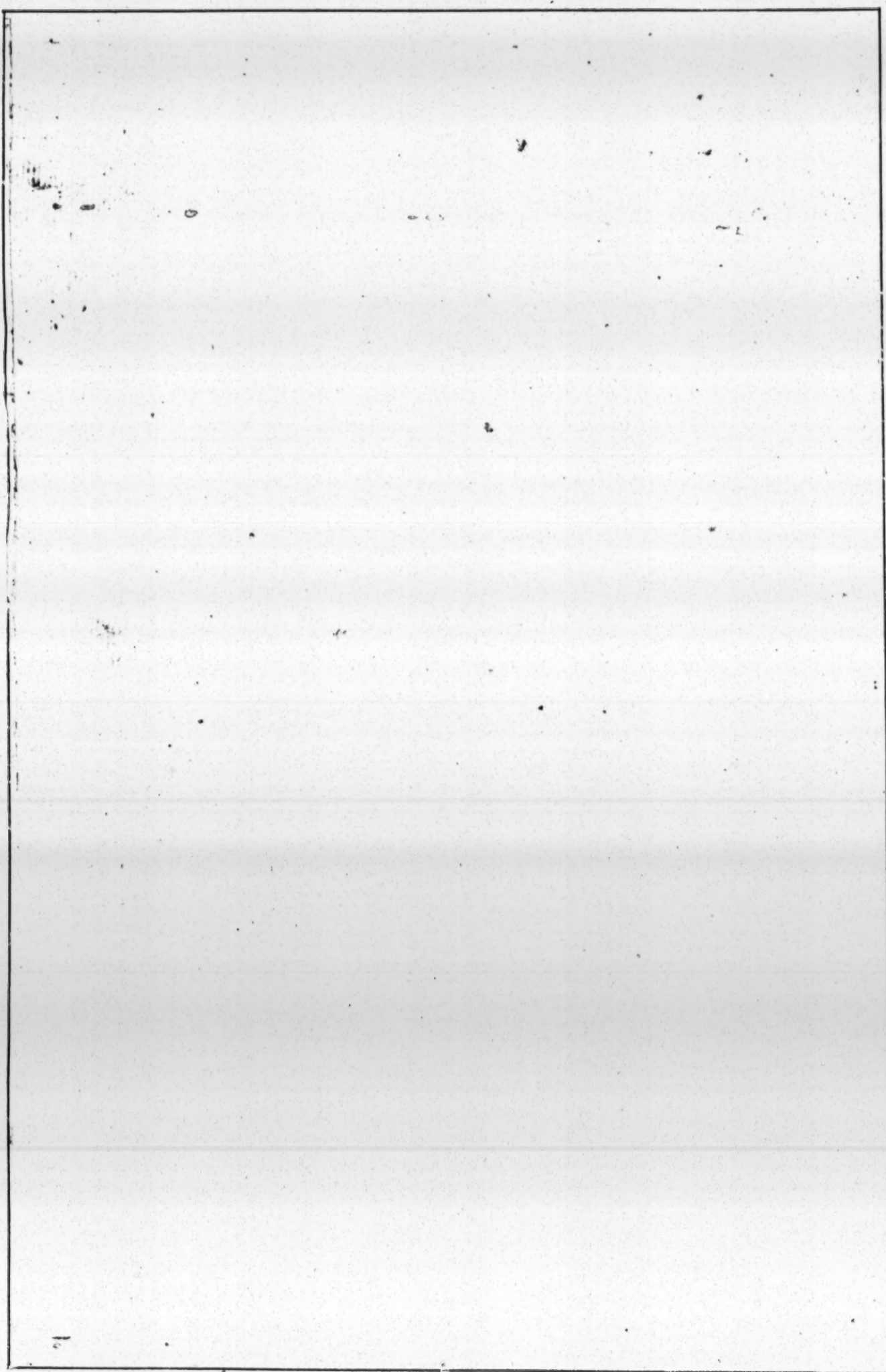
These are therefore to will and Command all Our loving Subjects of this Our Kingdome, That they receive no more of their seditious Pamphlets sent from Scotland, or any other place, concerning those affairs, which can have no other use or influence then to draw the hearts of Our loyall People to the like Rebellious courses. And that such of Our Subjects here, as have already received any of these Rebellious Pamphlets, do presently deliver them to the next Justice of Peace, that he may send them to one of Our Secretaries, as both they and the Justices of Peace will answer it at their uttermost perils.

And Our further will and pleasure is, That this Our Proclamation and Declaration be read in time of Divine Service in every Church within the Kingdome, That all Our People to the meanest, may see the notorious carriages of these men, and likewise the Justice and Mercy of all Our proceedings.

Given at Our Court at Whitehall the seven and twentieth day of February, in the fourteenth yeer of Our Reign of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.

¶ God save the King.

¶ Imprinted at London by ROBERT BARKER, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majestie: And by the Assignes of JOHN BILL. 1638.



# The Red-Crosse:

OR,

## Englands Lord haue mercy vpon vs.



Notable Relation of many Visitations by the Plague in times past, as well in other Countries as in the City of London, and the certaine causes thereof: With a true number of all those that dyed in the last great Visitation, at the comming in of King James:

And also the number of all those that haue dyed this present Visitation; with two speciall Medicines against the Plague.

**I**T is no doubt, that the corruption of the Aire, together with vncleanly and vnwholsome keeping of dwelling, where many are pestered together, as also the not-observing to haue fires private & publickly made as well within houses, as without in the streets, at times when the Aire is infected, are great occasions to increase, corrupt, and produce pestilent Diseases. Neither can it be denied, that the ouer-boldnesse of many preasing into infected places, and the lewdnesse of others with Sores vpon them, presuming into the open Ayre, some of wilfulnesse, but truly many of necessity, contaminateth and corrupteth diuers: as the Leprosie, the Pocks, and sundry such vnclean diseases doe: as by drinking, lying in company, and other such meanes, where pure complexions and cleane bloods are defiled with such as are putrified; and therefore carefully to be auoyded. But all these are accidentall, and rather effects then the cause. For it plainly appeareth in the Booke of Exodus, that when it pleased the Almighty God to smite the Egyptians, the Children of Israel were appointed to dip Isop in the Blood of the Paschall Lambe, and smite of that blood on the outward Postsof their dores, that when the slayer came to destroy in one night all the first borne in Egypt, he might passe ouer the houses of Gods children. So that it is plaine, it was an Angell then sent to smite those cruell people with the Pestilence.

Then first, this City of London, cannot be denied, to haue had as great blessings as euer had Ierusalem: for here God hath long time bene present by his Word and Sacraments, yet they haue abounded in all iniquity, when Ierusalem long since had not a stone left vpon a stone.

Secondly, London is situated as pleasantly as Sodom, and her sister Cities before they sunke, euen for the same finnes that wee haue committed: for the sinne of Sodom (saith the Prophet Ezechiel) was pride, fulnesse of bread, and contempt of the poore. That these finnes raigne in London, who can deny? To them, adde fulnesse of drinke; for therein wee exceede the Nation, that within these fifty yeeres wee hated for drunkennesse: and I doubt, That vname-able sinne of Sodomy is vsed in too many places of the City. Yet London stands, and so God grant with his mercy it long may.

Laityly, where in the change of Princes, (especially after long peace, as London most happily enioyed all the time of our late Soueraigne Queene Elizabeth, of worthy memory) many Cities haue come to miserable spoile, if not to ruine: yet London, by our most potent Lord and King, hath increased in tranquillity, blessing powring vpon blessing: saue only now for our negligence, God hath with his owne hand smitten vs, and sent many to mourne in death after our late Soueraigne deceased, whom we had almost vngatefully forgotten in a day.

In the City, called the great Cair, there is a Plague once euery seuen yeeres, which commeth with such a fiercenesse, that the most part of the people there doe dye thereof: and diuers of them that remaine aliue, lose their eye-sight with the vapours and great heat which commeth from the ground.

In the yeere of Christ, 81. and in the yeere 188. there continued a great time a Plague in Rome, of which there daily dyed two thousand people.

In the yeere 254. fiftene Prouinces of the Romane Empire, were in a manner consumed with the Pestilence.

In the yeere 530. there dyed in Constantinople fve thousand a day, and diuers times ten thousand: and at that time, in some other parts of Greece, there were not sufficient liuing men left to bury their dead.

And in the yeere 1569. there fell such a Plague in Constantinople, that there died in six moneths space, seuen hundred thousand persons, and the yeere following fell such a famine, that a penny loafe of Bread of English money, was worth a crowne of gold: by reason whereof, the people died as fast then of the Famine, as they did before of the Plague.

In the yeere 540. there began an vniuersall Plague all ouer the world, that continued 50. yeeres with great violence.

In the yeere 1348. in Paris in France, there dyed a hundred thousand people of the Plague.

In the yeere 1359. so great a Pestilence there was in Italy, that there were scarce ten left of a thousand.

In the yeere 1521. there died in Rome a hundred thousand of the Pestilence.

In the yeeres 1576. and 77. in Millan, Padua and Venice, there fell a hundred thousand in euery City: and in Bohemia (being but a small Kingdome) there dyed three hundred thousand the same time.

Soone after the conquest of King William, Duke of Normandy, when the people were subdued to him, and the Knights fees rated which he had made, and himselfe placed with Crowne and Scepter, he tooke number of the Acres of land in all the Realme, and of all the people, and of all the cattell: after which fell so fore a Plague, that the people died in such number, that Tillage decayed, Famine ensued, with Rot of cattell, that men were faine to eat flesh of Dogs, Cats and Mice. A fearefull example for Princes.

In the Raigne of King Edward the third, there fell a very great Pestilence in the East-Indies, among the Tartarians, Saracens and Turkes, which lasted the space of seuen yeeres: through the feare whereof, many of the Heathens willingly offered themselues to become Christians. And shortly after, by reason of Passengers from one Prouince to another, the same Pestilence was dispersed in many Christian Kingdomes, & amongst other places, brought into England; where it was so fororable all ouer the Land, that not onely men, but also Beasts, Birds and Fishes were smitten therewith, and found dead with Botches vpon them. Also among men, the numbers that were left aliue, were scarcely sufficient to bury their dead. At which time, with the rest that then dyed of the Plague, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, Blanch, Duchesse of Lancaster, and the Earle of Warwick ended their liues. So that in one yeere, in a little plot of ground of thirteene Acres compasse, then called Spittle-croft, and now the Charter-house, was buried fifty thousand persons, besides all them that were buried in the Church-yards, and diuers places in the fields.

Also in Barbary, Alexandria, Tripolie, and in Constantinople, in the yeere 1602. fell so greivous a Plague, that there dyed three thousand a day for a long time together.

Our visitations, though our finnes exceede, haue bene more gentle: For in the first great Plague in our memory, after the loe of New-hauen, from the first of Ianuary 1562. to December 1563. there dyed of the Plague, twenty thousand, one hundred, thirty six.

In the second great Visitation, from the 20. of December 1592. to the 23. of the same moneth, in the yeere 1593. dyed in all 25886. of the Plague in and about London, 15003. And in the yeere before, 2000.

In the last Visitation which it pleased God to strike vs with, at the comming in of King James of happy memory, there dyed from the 17. of December 1602. to the 14. of Iuly 1603. the whole number in London and the Liberties, 4314. Whereof of the Plague, 3310.

From the 25. of August, to the 1. of September, there dyed in London and the Liberties, 3385. whereof of the Plague 3035. being the greatest number that dyed in one weeke.

From the 23. of December, 1602. vnto the 22. of December, 1603. there died of all Diseases, within London and the Liberties, thirty eight thousand, two hundred, foure and forty; whereof, of the Plague, thirty thousand, five hundred, seuentie eight: and the next yeere following, London was cleere of that infection, and then were all the Shires in England greivously visited. Note the worke of God.

Now those that dyed this present Visitation, 1625. are here set downe weekly, for better satisfaction to the Reader.

From the 23. of Iune, to the 30. of the same, totall, 942.

Whereof of the Plague, 390.

From the 30. of Iune, to the 7. of Iuly, totall, 1222.

Whereof of the Plague, 593.

From the 7. of Iuly, to the 14. of the same, totall, 1741.

Whereof of the Plague, 1004.

From the 14. of Iuly, to the 21. of the same, totall, 2850.

Whereof of the Plague, 1819.

From the 21. of Iuly, to the 28. of the same, totall, 3583.

Whereof of the Plague, 2471.

From the 28. of Iuly, to the 4. of August, totall, 4517.

Whereof of the Plague, 3659.

There haue dyed from the 2. of Iune, to the 4. of August, 17359.

Whereof of the Plague 6771.

Buried in Stepney, from the 18. of Iuly, to the 24. totall, 184.

Whereof of the Plague, 144.

From the 24. of Iuly, to the 31. of the same, totall, 259.

Whereof of the Plague, 241.

A preferuation by way of defence, to be vsed in common Assemblies, and in open Aire.

**V**When you goe abroad into the open Aire, and amongst company hold a peece of strong Tobacco in your hand to smell too; or the Root called Angelica, to bite on now and then, as occasion requireth: as for Tobacco, it hath approbation from the most learned Doctors of the Kingdome, to be a most rare Antidote and Preferuatiue, either being smelled vnto, or taken fasting in the morning: provided, that presently after the taking thereof, you drinke a deepe draught of six shillings Beere, and walke after it.

A necessary Prayer for the present time.

**O** God of glory, Lord of power, distributor of vengeance, and yet the fauourable Physicion of sicke soules and bodies, looke downe vpon thy sinfull, yet prostrate seruants, the people of the City of London, who are euery where heart-strucke with the Arrowes of thy angry Visitation: Wee haue sinned, wee haue sinned, wee haue greivously offended, and without thy grace there is no helpe, being now shunned and despised, euen of all the Country people round about vs; for whom, notwithstanding, we earnestly pray, as for our selues: beseeching thee, of thy vmeasurable goodnesse, not to looke vpon them according to their deserts, but to haue mercy on them and vs; and stay thy heavy hand from them as well as from vs. O Lord God of mercy, be good to vs, and looke not vpon our finnes: for if thou wayest the offences of man, no flesh shall stand before thee. We haue sinned, we confesse, O Lord, we haue sinned, there is no righteousness in vs, nor any helpe but thine. O then, let thy Angell stay his hand, as he did at thy mere full appointment, when David offending thee, saw the sword ouer Ierusalem. Let the doores of our hearts be sprinkled with the Blood of that Immaculate Lambe, Christ Iesus, that the slayer may passe by vs, as hee did when the first borne in Egypt were smitten with the Pestilence. O God, thou canst slay and restore againe, strike into sickness, and giue health; for thou art onely a Saviour. O God, the Maker of vs all, looke mercifully on thy workmanship. O God, the Saviour of vs all, be an Intercessor to thy Father for vs. O God the holy Ghost, the Comforter of vs all, inspire vs with true repentance, that we may humbly seeke, and suddenly finde mercy from the holy Trinity; one God in vnty, euer to be honoured, while man hath breath, or creatures any being. Haue mercy, O God, haue mercy, O God: for to thee mercy belongeth, which all true Repentants purchase in our Redeemer Iesus: in whose name we beseech thee to free vs and our brethren, from this fearefull Visitation: concluding these our requests with that absolute forme of Prayer, which he himselfe hath taught vs, saying, Our Father which art in Heauen, &c.

FINIS.

God saue the King.

London printed for Iohn Trundle, and are to be sold at his Shop in Smith-field, neere the Hospitall-gate. 1625.



# The Last Will and Testament OF THE Charter of London.

**I**N the Name of our Sovetaign Lord *Charles* by the Grace of God *Amen.* The Kalends of *May* in the Year of our Lord God, 1683. I *Polycarpion* Charter of *London*, Alias *Hidra*, the many headed Monster, the Rebellious Subject and unprofitable Servant of our Lord the King, Weak in Power, But Strong in Will to stand in the Opposition to my Lord and Maker, Weak and infirm in Body, but in good and perfect Memory of all my former Inormities, and Sence of my present Infirmities, Do with great Reluctancy of Spirit most unwillingly, and with an Eyil Mind, Render and give into the hands of my Gracious Sovereign all the Spirit of Life and Soul Enfranchisements Priviledges, Freedoms, and Immunities, with all the Contents, Clauses, particulars and Provisos, which he and his Noble Ancestors have from time to time bestow'd upon me since he first fashion'd me into a Body Politick. And that Factionous Body, whose Mutinous Members have brought me to this untimely End, I Commit to the Goals and Newgate, the Rope and Hangman, from whence most of them took their Original, and to which 'tis fittest they should Return, there Decently to be dispatched into tother World, not doubting but at the next Resurrection of Soul and Body, Members and Charter, I shall Receive the same Body again by the great Power and Indulgent Bounty of a Gracious King, who with me is able to Subdue all the Charters in *England* to himself, Not a Vile Corruptable, Mutinous, Factionous, Riorous, Rebellious Body, but a most Obedient, Loyall, Conformable, Sincere and perfect Body, and in all Points more lasting and Glorious then the former. First, as Touching my Wife *Polyhymnia*, with whom I coupl'd in fear & Allegiance, till I went a Whoring after my own Invention, teaching other Citys by my Example to Mutiny and Rebell; and tho' my Wife also turn'd Prostitute, admitting all Countrys and Nations, Sects & Factions into her lew'd Embraces, yet because she was once my Lawful Wife, and hath born me many Children, I therefore give and bequeath to her as long as she shall Remain a Widdow, the Occupation of this whole Body Impolitick with every Individual Member thereof, to Occupy with all People, Nations and Commodities, even as I at present Occupy the same. As also all Profits, Uses and Interests. Rising out of any Sum, or Sums of Mony, provided it be in any hands, but the Bankers, with the third out of all my Goods, Excepting Leases upon the Conventicles, with a third for her Dower, all my Goods excepted and always Reserv'd to me and my Heirs for Ever, my Golden Chain and Coller of S S, my Golden Hanger, Silver Head-Peace, Satten Doublet and Fursgown, all which my Will is, shall be annexed to the Freehold and Remains as Heirloms to my Successors and Heirs for ever.

Let this Suffice for my Wit's Portion, desiring that she may mend her lew'd Life and be more Diligent for the Future in-bringing up these our  
Rebel-

Rebellious Children in the Principles of Allegiance and Loyalty, that the King may be to her a Husband, and to her Children a Father, as he is to those that Deserves it at this Day, to whom I have bequeath'd all my Tenements, goods and profits afore said, provided they take not unlawful Toll upon the Markets; for the Rest of my Children, tho' many of 'em I Fear will never come to good, being led astray with the Spirit of Pride, Sedition, Faction & Rebellion, yet cause the Law of Nature requires that I should take some Care for them. To *St. R. C--ton*. I bequeath all that the Chamberlain has left of the Common Stock to purchase *Paddington* Manor with the Demesnes and Appurtenances thereunto belonging, since there are no more *Dukedoms* to be purchased, and tis thought that *Tyburn* paying his Arcars next year to the City, will yeild a better Rate then 20 per cent. in the Bankers hands. To *Sir T. P--er*, I leave all the Manor of *Moorfields* with all the Wenches and Bawdihouses thereunto belonging, with *Mrs. Creswels* for his immediate Inheritance, to Enjoy & Occupy all from the Bawd to the Whore downward at 19 s. in the Pound Cheaper then any other Person, because he may not Exhaust the Chamber by paying Old Arrears, nor imbezil the Stock by runing into new Scores.

*Sir P. W--d* because he fell from the Truth, I cut off with an *Olive* Shilling. To *Dr. B.* I leave all the Advowsons of the Church Livings through *London*, and the Liberties thereof to turn into Conventicles when he shall prevail against the Church and Government: to *Hobl--d* the Jew, I do bequeath *Baxsters* Meeting House to be converted into a Synagogue, because though the Jew be not so good a Christian, it's thought hee'l make the better Subject of the two. *Sh. B--l*, I do bequeath for ever the Office of Catarer to every Whigs Feast, and in case no other be found to be Cheif Executioner to Chop off the Head of *R. Monarchy* if he can get it in his Churches; to *Pa--n* and *Da--is*, I leave a perpetual Commission to lead all the Factionous Tumults and Riots in the City in hopes when they come to be Hang'd for Mutinying, the Captains will lead the *Van*. To *P--ton* and *Hitherinton*, because their Scandalous Tongues have devour'd their Estates, I do bequeath the Kings Bench for a Mansion House for Ever, and because they may not want fellow Comforters in their Affliction, I do bequeath the C--ner with the wood be Sheriffs (if they scape Hanging in that time) to be their Companions next Year.

To those Lawyers and Quacks who pretended to prolong my Life but sent me faster into tother World, I leave 'em my Back part to Engross their Ignoramus Arguments and Jurys upon. To *W--ny* and *M--rd* I leave two Balls of Wax which bears the Impression of the great Seal of *England* to Seal the Bill of Exclusion in the next prevailing Parliament, and the rest to the *Salamanca* Doctor to sign his Blank Commissions for the next Invisible Army of Pilgrims ready to Land upon *Banslead Downs*. To all the rest of the Plotters, Sectaries and Dissenters, who have brought my gray Hairs with sorrow to the Grave (if Ropes shou'd be wanting) I leave my Hyde to be cut into Halsters, that all Rebels may have their just Reward. And to all the Loyal Party, I leave all the Wealth, Pleasure and Power of the City with the two Gyants in *Guild-hall* to Defend them from the Violence of the Factionous Tumults, till a New Charter like your New *London*, Rise more Glorious out of the Ashes of the Old. And for the due and Just Performance of this my *Last Will and Testament*, I leave the afore said *Dr. B--t* my Trustee, which I desire of him to Preach my Funeral Sermon.

In Witness, &c.



By the King,

# A P R O C L A M A T I O N

Signifying His Majesties Pleasure, That all Men being in Office of Government at the Decease of the late King, His Majesties most Dear and most Entirely beloved Brother, shall so continue, till His Majesties further Direction.

JAMES R.



Orasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God lately to call unto his infinite Mercy the most high and Mighty Prince, King Charles the Second of most Blessed Memory, the Kings Majesties most dear and most entirely beloved Brother, by whose Decease the Authority and Power of the most part of the Offices and Places of Jurisdiction and Government within this Realm, and in the Realm of Ireland did cease and fail, the Sovereign Person failing, from whom the same were derived. The Kings most Excellent Majesty in his Princely Wisdom and Care of the State (reserving to his own Judgment hereafter, the Reformation and Redress of any Abuses in Mil-government, upon due Knowledge and Examination thereof) is pleased, and hath so expressly signified, That all Persons that at the time of the Decease of the late King his dearly beloved Brother, were Duly and Lawfully Possessed of, or Invested in any Office, or Place of Authority or Government, either Civil or Military, within this Realm of England, or in the Realm of Ireland, or in any other his Majesties Dominions belonging thereunto; And namely, all Presidents, Lieutenants, Vice-Presidents, Judges, Justices, Sheriffs, Deputy-Lieutenants, Commissioners of Musters, Justices of Peace, and all others in place of Government, either Heaner or Superior, as aforesaid; And all other Officers and Ministers, whose Interests and Estates in their Offices are determined, or ceased by the means aforesaid, shall be, and shall hold themselves continued in the said Places and Offices, as formerly they held and enjoyed the same, until his Majesties Pleasure be further known.

And that in the mean While, for the Preservation of the Peace, and necessary Proceedings in matters of Justice, and for the Safety and Service of the State; All the said Persons of whatsoever Degree or Condition may not fail, every one severally, according to his Place, Office, or Charge, to proceed in the Performance and Execution of all Duties thereunto belonging, as formerly appertained unto them, and every of them, while the late Kings Majesty was living.

And further, his Majesty doth hereby Will and Command all and singular his highness Subjects, of what Estate, Dignity, or Degree, they or any of them be, to be Aiding, Helping and Assisting, and at the Commandment of the said Officers and Ministers, in the Performance and Execution of the said Offices and Places, as they and every of them Tender his Majesties Pleasure, and will answer for the Contrary at their uttermost Perils.

And further his Majesty's Will and Pleasure and Express Commandment is, That all Orders and Directions Made or Given by the Lords of the Privy Council of the Late King, in his Life-time, shall be Obedied and Performed by all and every Person and Persons, and all and every Thing and Things to be done thereupon, shall Proceed as fully and as Ample as the same should have been Obedied or Done, in the Life of the said Late King, his Majesty's most Dearly and Entirely Beloved Brother.

Given at the Court at Whitehall the Sixth Day of February, In the First Year of His Majesty's Reign of England, Scotland, France and Ireland.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



By the King,

# A P R O C L A M A T I O N

For Continuing the Collection of the Customs and Subsidies of Tonnage and Poundage.

JAMES R.



**E** have upon mature Consideration, thought fit to Call a Parliament, speedily to be Assembled, in which We make no doubt, but Care will be taken for Settling a sufficient Revenue on the Crown for the Support of the Government; The Necessities of which, in maintenance of the Navy for Defence of Our Kingdom, and the Advantages of Trade Requiring, That the Customs and Subsidies of Tonnage and Poundage, and other Sums of Money, payable upon Merchandizes Exported and Imported, be continued to be Collected, as in the time of Our Dearest Brother lately Deceased. We do therefore by and with the Advice of Our Privy Council Require, And Our Will and Pleasure is, That the said Duties be Collected accordingly, by all and singular the Officers and Collectors within all and every Our Ports in any of Our Dominions, not doubting of a ready Compliance herein from all Our Loving Subjects.

Given at Our Court at *Whitehall*, the Ninth Day of *February*, In the First Year of Our Reign.

God save the King.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by the Assigns of *John Bill* deceased: And by *Henry Hills*,  
and *Thomas Newcomb*, Printers to the Kings most  
Excellent Majesty. 1684.



Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late Sovereign Lord King Charles the Second of Blessed Memory, by whose Decease, the Imperial Crowns of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, are solely and rightfully come to the high and Mighty Prince James, Duke of York and Albany, his said late Majesties only Brother and Heir. We therefore the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here Assisted with those of his late Majesties Privy Council, with numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, do now hereby with one full Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, Publish and Proclaim, That the high and Mighty Prince James the Second, is now by the Death of our late Sovereign of happy Memory, become our only Lawful, Lineal, and Rightful Liege Lord, James the Second, by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To whom we do acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection: Beseeching God by Whom Kings do Reign, to Bless the Royal King James the Second with long and happy years to Reign over us.

God save King JAMES the Second.

W. Cant.  
Guilford C. S.  
Rochester P.  
Halifax C. P. S.  
Norfolke  
Somerset  
Albemarle  
Beaufort  
Shrewsbury  
Kent  
Huntingdon  
Pembroke

Salisbury  
Bridgwater  
Westmorland  
Manchester  
Peterborow  
Chesterfield  
Sunderland  
Scarsdale  
Clarendon  
Bathe  
Craven  
Ailesbury

Litchfield  
Feverham  
Nottingham  
Berkeley  
Murray  
Middleton  
Fauconberg  
Newport  
Weymouth  
Lumley  
Clifford  
H. London

N. Durham  
Tho. Roffens  
North and Gray  
W. Maynard  
Cornwallis  
Arundell  
Godolphin  
Drummond  
J. Ernle  
Tho. Chicheley  
L. Jenkins.

L O N D O N,  
Printed by the Assigns of *John Bill* deceased: And by *Henry Hills*, and *Thomas Newcomb*, Printers to the Kings most Excellent Majesty. 1684.

*the Chancellor*  
*Recd. - taken de*

# London Mercury.

OR,

## Moderate Intelligencer.

Saturday December the 15th. 1688.

**T**uesday Night last, and all Wednesday, the Apprentices were busie in pulling down the Chappels, and spoiling the Houses of Papists; they crying out the Fire should not go out till the Prince of Orange came to Town. There were Thousands of them on Wednesday at the Spanish Embassador's, they not leaving any Wain-scoat withinside the House or Chappel, taking away great quantities of Plate, with much Money, Household Goods and Writings, verifying the old Proverb, *All Fish that came to the Net*. The Spoil of the House was very great, divers Papists having sent their Goods in thither, as judging that the securest Place.

Then they went to the Lord Powis's great House in *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, wherein was a Guard, and a Bill upon the Door, *This House is appointed for the Lord Delameer's Quarters*; and some of the Company crying let it alone, the Lord Powis was against the Bishops going to the Tower, they offered no Violence to it.

Afterwards they marched down the Strand with Oranges upon their Sticks, crying for the Prince of Orange, and went to the Pope's Nuncio's, he finding a Bill upon the door, *This House is to be Lett*, they desisted. Lastly, they did some Damage to the House of the Resident of the Duke of Tuscany in the Hay-Market, carrying away some of his Goods, when one Captain Douglas coming thither with a company of Train-Bands to suppress them, a Soldier, unadvisedly firing at the Boys with Ball, shot the Captain through the Back, of which he lyes languishing. They also went to the Houses of the French and other Ambassadors, but finding them Deserted, and the Landlords giving them Money, they marched off.

On Thursday an Order of the Lords coming forth, warning all Persons to desist from pulling down any House, especially those of the Ambassadors, upon Penalty of the utmost severity of the Law to be inflicted on them, since which they have been very Quiet.

On Wednesday Morning, one Mr. Burnham, who was formerly a Soliciter in Chancery, and well knew the Lord Chancellor, accidentally Discovered his Lordship in the House of one Mr. Porter, Master of a New Castle Ship living in Wapping, his Lordship intending to get Passage that way, by reason that Admiral Herbert had ordered Spies at all Ports; he was carried to one Captain Jones's, who with another brought him to the Lord Mayor at Grocers-Hall, and after some consultation, he was Committed to the Tower, by an Order of the Lords Assembled at White-hall: There were two Companies to guard the Coach, for fear the Multitude, who were very Numerous, should do some violence to him.

About three of the Clock on Thursday Morning, we were strangely Alarmed with a report that the Irish, in a desperate Rage, were approaching this City, putting Men, Women and Children to the Sword as they came along: upon which, in an Instant, all arose, placing Lights in their Windows from top to bottom, and Guarded their own Doors, but it proved a false Alarm.

The Lords Spiritual and Temporal Sat on Wednesday at White hall, where, amongst other Matters before them, William Pen appeared, and was required to give Sureties to appear the first day of the Term, at the Court of King's Bench; which he did accordingly and afterwards Mr. Pen spake many things in his own behalf, that he ever did as much as in him lay, advise the King for his true Interest; that he had done nothing but what with a false Conscience he could answer before God and the whole World; and never acted any thing against the Protestant Religion, which was as dear to him as his Life.

The same day many Load of Papist Goods were removed at the other end of the Town, to avoid the hands of the Spoilers; and it was observable, that divers Trades-men who had Signs resembling any thing of Popery, as a *Cardinal's*

nals *Car*, the *Nuns-head*, *Pope-head*, and the like, have took them down.

We have an Account from *Gravesend*, that the *Irish* who went down to the Fort of *Tilbury*, being Turn'd out by an Order of the Lords, and hearing the ill Fate of their Brother *Teague* in the *West*, consulted their own Safety, and agreed to Seize the Ship *Asia* that lay in the River, which they did, intending to Sail away with her, but found so great a Resistance, that they were forced to come a Shoar, divers of which are taken and made Prisoners, and the rest scattered in the Country.

The Lord *Feversham*, according to a Letter he received from the King on *Tuesday*, Disbanded above 4000 of the Army at *Uxbridge*; and on *Wednesday* Morning Colonel *Griffin* Discharged his Troop in *St. James's Park*. The Battalion of the Lord *Craven* came home the same day, and went to their Quarters, and are to continue by order of the Prince of *Orange*.

Colonel *Richards* Regiment this Week laid down their Arms, and unanimously took them up again for the Prince of *Orange*.

The Reports are various of what Persons are Seized: Bishop *Ellis* the *Papist* is certainly said to be Seized, likewise the Bishop of *Chesler* is Taken, in a Gentlemans Habit, going into the North. Here is also a report that the Lord Chief Justice *Herbert* is Taken, and in *Dover* Castle; that the Earl of *Salisbury* and Baron *Fenner* were Seized in *Kent*; that Mr. *Brent*, *Burton* and *Graham*, and also Father *Peters* were Seized; of which the next may declare the Certainty.

The King being stop'd at *Feversham*, with the Earl of *Peterborough*, Sir *Edward Hales*, and divers others, a great Guard of Horse went to them, being led through the City, about Twelve a Clock on *Thursday* Night, by both the Sheriffs.

As soon as His Majesty left *White hall*, the *Dutch* Officers that were in Custody, were all Released, and went to the Prince.

The Countess Dowager of *Offory* Died on *Tuesday* Night in *St. James's Square*.

This Week the Prisoners in the *Marshalsea* endeavoured an Escape, Wounding one of the Keepers, but failed in the Attempt.

We hear some of the Lords of the Council have sent to condele the Misfortune of the *Spanish* Ambassador, promising as soon as the Nation is Settled, to endeavour his Excellency shall have plenary Satisfaction; desiring he would look upon it as the effect of a Headstrong and unruly Mob.

The Princess of *Denmark* lay at *Coventry* on *Tuesday* Night, being received into the Town by the Mayor and Aldermen in their Formalities. It's said the Lords here have sent to her Highness and the Nobility with her, to draw towards this City.

We have an Account from *Lincoln* in *Marfolk*, Dated the 10th. Instant, that that Duke some days since, invited His Grace the Duke of *Norfolk* thither, being received by the Mayor and Aldermen in their Formalities. And in the Afternoon Assembling in the Market-place, they prayed his Grace that he would stand by them in defence of the Protestant Religion, and of their Liberties and Properties; which he promising to do the Sea-men came in in great Numbers, and planted Eighteen Guns in the most convenient Place of the Town, afterwards the Militia and divers others well Armed, came and offer'd their Service to the Duke, who kindly received them, promising them his utmost Assistance in what they desired: Afterwards they Nobly entertained his Grace at a Splended Dinner.

Yesterday about four a Clock in the Afternoon, as the Duke of *Grafton* Rid in the Head of a Battalion of the King's Regiment, in order to March them to be a Guard for the Fort of *Tilbury*; as he passed along near *Exeter Exchange*, a Trooper (which by the report of all is a *Teague*) boldly rode up to him, with his Pistol Cock'd, intending to shoot him, but was prevented by one of the *Blue* queeters, who Discharging at him, he fell down dead on the Spot, being a just Reward for so Bloody and Unnatural Attempt.

The Prince of *Orange* came into *Henjor* on *Thames* on *Tuesday* last, and yesterday in the Afternoon came to *Windsor*, and will be at *London* on *Monday*.

The Lord Chancellor's Picture is taken down from the Place it stood in *Guild Hall*.

The Lord Mayor is pretty well recovered again.

It is said from *Ireland* that the Earl of *Tyrconnel* is Seized, and made Prisoner in the Castle of *Dublin*; and that the Lord *Ische* queen was with a great Army in the North of that Kingdom; and that the City of *Dublin* was in the hands of the Lord *Granmont* and some others, being Guarded by the Militia, all declaring for the Protestant Religion.

We have likewise an Account that Mr *Hales* was Taken at *Ashford*. Also old *Obedin* and other *Jesuits*, at *Sittingbora*, and are in Custody, in order to the bringing of them with all conveniency to *London*.

From *Hammer-Smith*, we have an account of the Mobile gathering together, resolving to pull down a *Papist* School, and breaking the Windows of several other *Papists* Houses in this Town.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

These are to give Notice, that this London Mercury Will be Printed and Published every Tuesday and Saturday.

T H E

# London Mercury.

*Holy Rood House*

O R,

## Moderate Intelligencer.

From Tuesday December the 18th. to Saturday December, 22th. 1688.

Edinburgh December the 11th.

**O**N Sunday most of the Apprentices of this City were Assembled together, resolving to root out all *Papists*, and to destroy the Chapel Royal, but that Night did not effect their Design, although not hindred by the Militia or Trained Bands. The next day they met together again, and went to the *Abby of Holy-Rood-House*, giving out, they would destroy all Idolatrous Worship, but were opposed by one Captain *Wallis* a *Papist*, who kept that Place by order of the *Chancellor* that was Fled away. Captain *Wallis* upon their Approach, Fired upon them, Killing several, and Wounding others; upon which they Retreated back into the City, representing their Condition to the *Provost*, and how much *Protestant* Blood was shed; whereupon the *Provost* gave orders to the Citizens with the Trained Bands, to go thither and demand Satisfaction; upon which two Trumpeters were sent to the Captain to know his Intentions, but instead of hearing them, he caused some to Fire at them; upon which the Militia and Trained Bands Fired smartly upon him, and Dispersed his Soldiers, getting the possession of the Palace, but the Captain run away: After which, they cut to pieces all the Materials which were in the Chappel, and also in the Church, which was designed for a Chappel for the King; all which they took out, with the Furniture which belong'd to the *Chancellor*; afterwards did the like to several other Places, bringing away all *Images*, *Altars*, *Pulpits*, *Basses*, and other Combustible Matter, to the Market-Cross, where they publicly Burn'd them, there being a concurrence of above 5000 People, of which, 1000 carried Links, 2000 with drawn Swords were to Guard them, the rest carried the Spoil: Afterwards they raised all the *Papists* Houses in the Town, they themselves being forced to fly

for Shelter; many they took going away in Disguise, which they secured in Prison; so that the next day there was not one *Papist* to be found in and about the Town.

**Walsstone**, December the 17th. This day about Two in the Afternoon, Sir *Edward Hales* was brought higher in Mr. *Burton's* Coach, with a strong Guard, and was committed to our Goal, the Warrant Signed by the Earl of *Winchester*.

The same day five Granadeers of Colonel *John Hales* Regiment, who Quarter here, with some of the Youth of this Town, went to one Mr. *Loans* a *Roman Catholick's* and spoiled his Goods, taking away a considerable quantity of Money; for which they are since Taken, with two of the Rabble, and committed to this Goal.

The Lord *Tennin* a *Roman Catholick*, late Lord Lieutenant of this County, has Surrendered himself to Governor *Minors*, at *Upnor Castle*, as likewise one Mr. *Lee* of *Delfe* near *Rocheester*, whose House was Ranfack'd and Goods Spoiled.

An *Irish* Captain, who shot a Man through the Thigh, and is said to have Killed two in the Fray that was lately at *Gravesend*, is brought hither by a strong Guard, and committed to Prison.

**Wesdel**, in *Somersetshire*, December the 19th. About three of the Clock this Morning, we were all Alarmed, that some thousands of the *Irish* were coming Westward; that they had burn'd *Portsmouth*, *Lymington*, and *Basingstoke*; upon which, all the Country round, as far as *Taunton*, were up in Arms, several Thousands, both Horse and Foot, being in a readiness to Oppose them, with all sorts of Weapons, as Swords, Musquets, Clubs, &c. but it proved a false Alarm, to the no small joy of the Women and Children.

**Dublin** December the 11th. This City has been in great Consternation these ten days, and are not yet Satisfied, although the Proclamations

clamation lately put forth, was read in the Churches on Sunday, by the Lord Deputy's Order. There has left this City within this Week, several Families of Persons of Quality, to the number of 100 Souls, and out of the Country 3000, being all gone for England: The coming forth of the Proclamation stops none, they going away as fast as ever, and have the Lord Deputies Blessing with them, viz. *The Devil go with you.* They most Ship'd for England.

The Prince of Orange on Wednesday made a Visit to Queen Dowager, being Huzz'd by Thousands all the way along the Park: The Earl of Mulgrave stood on White hall Stairs to receive him, where the Crowd was so great, the Guards were forced to make room. The Foot Guards of the Lord Craven that were at Somerset-house, were that day removed, and some of the Prince's placed in their stead: Also, a Regiment of the Prince's Forces the same day Marched into the Tower.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Denmark came to Town on Wednesday in the Evening.

On Tuesday night a Quarrel happened at an Ale-house near Long-Acre, between some of the Dutch and English, in which one of the former is Killed, and the Person that did it Seized, for which, 'tis believed he will be made Exemplary.

Dr. Otes and Mr. Julian Johnson will be at Liberty in few days.

Of Foreign Transactions take this following Account.

The Elector of Brandenburg has assured the Deputies of the States-General, that he would hazard his Life and Country in Defence of their State, and the Cause they are engaged in; and if he knew any of his Officers that had not the same Resolution, he would dismiss him his Service.

We have an account from Rome, there is now more prospect of an Accommodation between that Court and France than ever, the Pope having earnestly desired Cardinal de Estre to Solicit the French King thereto, offering on his part, to recede from divers insisted Points, provided France will do the like.

The French threaten Aix la Chaple, and demand 100000 Rix Dollars of Bergland, and a considerable Sum of the Duchy of Cleve: They have also demanded Passage for some of their Troops through the Spanish Netherlands, threatening to force in case of refusal.

They write from Cologne, that great Preparations are made by the Confederates against France, and that their Army will consist of 80000, besides the Imperial Forces.

The Holland Letters say, that Prince Waldeck had lately Defeated some French Troops near Mastrich, Killing 400, and has taken Rhinberg by Assault, putting all the French to the Sword.

On Thursday Morning the Lord Chancellor attempted in a Disguised Habit to make his Escape out of the Tower, and to that end pass'd two of the Guards, but being discovered by the third, he is closely Confin'd.

The same day the Aldermen, Sheriffs, Deputies of the Wards and Common Council went to St. James's in great State, to wait upon the Prince, where the Recorder made an Elegant Speech on the Occasion; *That next to God, they ought to render Thanks to His Highness, for so signal a Deliverance wrought for the Churches of Christ, but especially in this Kingdom, which he had more particularly freed from the Anti-christian Yoke of Popery; and hoped that as God had made use of him as an Instrument to begin so Glorious a Work, he would assist him in the perfecting of it.* The Prince in a short but patherical Speech, returned them Thanks; assuring them, (if God should spare him Life) he would use his utmost endeavours, (even to the hazard of it) in Defence of the Protestant and Reformed Religion, and of the Laws of this Land. So wishing them to live in Peace and Unity, he gave them a hearty Farewel.

They write from York, that the Election of Members of Parliament for that City, was the 17th Instant the Lord Dunblain and Alderman Thompson, unanimously Chosen.

Yesterday the Prince of Orange Summoned all the Spiritual and Temporal Lords to meet at St. James's where after some short Debates, the further Meeting was Adjourned till this day in the House of Lords.

It is not certainly said, whether the King is at Rochester or Cobham Hall; many say he is sent for, and will be here in a day or two; others, that he intends for Beyond Sea, and that a Man of War lyes ready for his Reception.

The Prince of Orange sent Yesterday for the Irish Soldiers, which appeared to the number of 100, and sent them word, he would provide them Quarters.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**His is to give Notice, that W. Elny, Professor of Physick, and Operator of known Integrity, and above twenty five years Practice, who lately lived in Haydon yard, is now Removed to the Blew Ball in White-Bone Court, at the lower end of Bartholomew Lane, by the Royal Exchange: Who most Safely and Expeditionously cures Deafness and Noyses in the Ears in any, of what Age soever, (if curable) and at first sight by inspection, resolves the Patient if so or not, as most Eminent Persons of Quality in this City can Testifie. He hath likewise an expeditious way in curing all Pains of the Teeth, without Drawing. He hath likewise a most excellent Gargarisme or Mouth-water, which cures any Canker, Ulcer, or Scurvey in the Mouth, fastning loose Teeth, and making Black ones as white as Ivory.

His Pills only prepared for the French Disease and the Running of the Reins, may be had in Boxes of several Prices, with other Venereal Arcana's as occasion require, with Directions.

clamation lately put forth, was read in the Churches on Sunday, by the Lord Deputy's Order. There has left this City within this Week, several Families of Persons of Quality, to the number of 100 Souls, and out of the Country 3000, being all gone for England: The coming forth of the Proclamation stops none, they going away as fast as ever, and have the Lord Deputy's Blessing with them, viz. *The Devil go with you.* They most Ship'd for England.

The Prince of Orange on Wednesday made a Visit to Queen Dowager, being Huzz'd by Thousands all the way along the Park: The Earl of Mulgrave stood on White hall Stairs to receive him, where the Crowd was so great, the Guards were forced to make room. The Foot Guards of the Lord Craven that were at Somerset-house, were that day removed, and some of the Prince's placed in their stead: Also, a Regiment of the Prince's Forces the same day Marched into the Tower.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Denmark came to Town on Wednesday in the Evening.

On Tuesday night a Quarrel happened at an Ale-house near Long-Acre, between some of the Dutch and English, in which one of the former is Killed, and the Person that did it Seized, for which, 'tis believed he will be made Exemplary.

Dr. Otes and Mr. Julian Johnson will be at Liberty in few days.

Of Foreign Transactions take this following Account.

The Elector of Brandenburg has assured the Deputies of the States-General, that he would hazard his Life and Country in Defence of their State, and the Cause they are engaged in; and if he knew any of his Officers that had not the same Resolution, he would dismiss him his Service.

We have an account from Rome, there is now more prospect of an Accommodation between that Court and France than ever, the Pope having earnestly desired Cardinal de Estre to Solicit the French King thereto, offering on his part, to recede from divers insisted Points, provided France will do the like.

The French threaten Aix la Chaple, and demand 100000 Rix Dollars of Bergland, and a considerable Sum of the Dutchy of Cleve: They have also demanded Passage for some of their Troops through the Spanish Netherlands, threatening to force in case of refusal.

They write from Cologne, that great Preparations are made by the Confederates against France, and that their Army will consist of 80000, besides the Imperial Forces.

The Holland Letters say, that Prince Waldeck had lately Defeated some French Troops near Mastrich, Killing 400, and has taken Rhinberg by Assault, putting all the French to the Sword.

On Thursday Morning the Lord Chancellor attempted in a Disguised Habit to make his Escape out of the Tower, and to that end pass'd two of the Guards, but being discovered by the third, he is closely Confin'd.

The same day the Aldermen, Sheriffs, Deputies of the Wards and Common Council went to St. James's in great State, to wait upon the Prince, where the Recorder made an Elegant Speech on the Occasion; That next to God, they ought to render Thanks to His Highness, for so signal a Deliverance wrought for the Churches of Christ, but especially in this Kingdom, which he had more particularly freed from the Anti-christian Yoke of Popery; and hoped, that as God had made use of him as an Instrument to begin so Glorious a Work, he would assist him in the perfecting of it. The Prince in a short but patherical Speech, returned them Thanks; assuring them, (if God should spare him Life) he would use his utmost endeavours, (even to the hazard of it) in Defence of the Protestant and Reformed Religion, and of the Laws of this Land. So wishing them to live in Peace and Unity, he gave them a hearty Farewel.

They write from York, that the Election of Members of Parliament for that City, was the 17th Instant the Lord Dunblain and Alderman Thompson, unanimously Chosen.

Yesterday the Prince of Orange Summoned all the Spiritual and Temporal Lords to meet at St. James's where after some short Debates, the further Meeting was Adjourned till this day in the House of Lords.

It is not certainly said, whether the King is at Rochester or Cobham Hall; many say he is sent for, and will be here in a day or two; others, that he intends for Beyond Sea, and that a Man of War lyes ready for his Reception.

The Prince of Orange sent Yesterday for the Irish Soldiers, which appeared to the number of 100, and sent them word, he would provide them Quarters.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS is to give Notice, that W. Elny, Professor of Physick, and Operator of known Integrity, and above twenty five years Practice, who lately lived in Haydon yard, is now Removed to the Blew Ball in White-Bone-Court, at the lower end of Bartholomew Lane, by the Royal Exchange: Who most Safely and Expeditiously cures Deafness and Noises in the Ears in any, of what Age soever, (if curable) and at first sight by inspection, resolves the Patient if so or not, as most Eminent Persons of Quality in this City can Testifie. He hath likewise an expeditious way in curing all Pains of the Teeth, without Dráwing. He hath likewise a most excellent Gargarisme or Mouth-water, which cures any Canker, Ulcer, or Scurvey in the Mouth, fastning loose Teeth, and making Black ones as white as Ivory.

His Pills only prepared for the French Disease and the Running of the Reins, may be had in Boxes of several Prices, with other Venereal Arcana's as occasion require, with Directions.

Dumb. 5  
2<sup>d</sup> of the new Motion  
Habeas Corpus  
Sunt

# THE London Mercury.

OR, THE  
Moderate Intelligencer.

From Monday December, 24th. to Thursday December the 27th. 1688.

**L**etters from Germany say, that the French Envoy there, (upon the sudden Transactions that were in England) had given in a Memorial to the Emperor, purporting, that his Master the French King, was willing that the Emperor should have *Phillipsburg, Alenhein, Heildenburg,* and all the new Conquests of the *Dauphin*, Re-delivered, provided he will joyn with Spain and him in a firm League, against the Confederate Hereticks, for their utter Extirpation: To which, the Emperor return'd for Answer, That he could not make any seperate Treaty, without the Consent of his Allies; and, as to the French King's Proposals, he had only this to say, That he never was, neither did he believe he ever would be as good as his word; therefore he desired to be excus'd to be any ways concerned with him.

It is writ from *Berlin*, that the Elector of *Brandenburg* having complained to the Danish King's Minister, that the French threaten the Country of *Cleve* with Fire and Sword, unless they have the demanded Contributions paid them; whereupon the Danish Minister represented the same to the French King, declaring, that in such case his Master is obliged to assist the Elector; but France denies he ever gave any such order.

The new French Minister at the Danish Court, presseth that King very hard to enter into an Engagement with him, against *Holland*, but he hath absolutely declined it.

The French Preparations are almost incredible, that King designing three Armies in the Spring, of 40000 Men each, one in the lower *Rhine*, another in the *Palatinate*, and the third against *Holland*, besides a Body of 10000 Foot near *Phillipsburg*, and 5000 Horse near *Strasbourg*, to move as occasion shall require. Every Place in France that is Tax'd two Thousand Livers, must maintain a Man, and so proportionable throughout the Kingdom. That King also designs to have Eighty Men of War in the Channel, and it is conjectur'd, will shortly declare a War against *England*.

The French King hath appointed

his March on the 12th. of *January*, in the Head of 50000 Men, and to invade *Holland*, but is under great apprehensions, that the Parliament of *England* will declare War against him, and make a Descent into *Normandy*; upon which the new Converts are ordered to retire seven Leagues up into the Country; and all the Nobility and Gentry are to be in Arms, for Defence of the Sea-Coasts. It is believed all Europe will in a manner declare against France.

**London**, December the 25th. Some few days since, an English Gentleman of Note, received a Letter from an Ingenious and observing Person in France, giving an account, that the French were fitting out 50 Men of War in their Ports in *Britany*; and that great numbers of Land-Men were drawn down towards the Sea-coast, but upon what design not certainly known, but generally there, discour'd to be against *England*; which Letter 'tis said, hath been shewn to the Prince of *Orange*.

On Sunday December the 23d. the French Ambassador delivered the Prince of *Orange* a Letter from his Master, which was written in insulting terms, containing little besides Threats, what he designed to do to *Holland*; as also against the Protestant Merchants in his Kingdom, in case any Violence is offer'd to the Papists in *England*: Upon which we hear, that His Highness and the Peers so little valued it, that they ordered the said Ambassador to carry his Master a suitable Answer, and depart the Kingdom in twenty four Hours; and accordingly on Monday Morning, he, with his Retinue, left this City, having some of the Prince's Troops to Conduct him safe to the Sea-shoar.

The same Evening the Lord *Middleton* returned hither, and brought a Letter from the King of His Majesty's retiring from Sir *Richard Hae's*; which Letter the Peers had before them, on Monday in the House of Lords, there being little in it, but of private Affairs said to recommend to them the care of paying his Protestant Servants; upon De-

bate of the whole, they ordered an Address to be drawn up, and presented to the Prince of Orange; That he would take upon him the Regal Administration Civil and Military, until the Convention of the Parliament, which is intended the 22<sup>d</sup>. of the next Month It is said, they have also ordered all Persons secured as well Romans as others, to be brought to this City.

The Earl of Castlemain is said to be seized at *Oswestry* in *Shropshire*.

Mr. *Powell* and Sir *Thomas Springer* this week attended the Peers, to acquaint them that the Lord *Jeffries* had moved for an *Habeas Corpus*, and prayed their Lordships directions therein, who told them they were not to direct them in their own business, but advised them to take notice he stood charged with High Crimes and Misdemeanors.

We hear that at *Grantham* Sir *William Ellis* and Sir *John Bromloe* are chosen Members of Parliament for that Corporation. That at *Hedben* in *Yorkshire*, *Henry Guy* and *Matthew Appleby* Esquires, were Elected. At *Scarborough*, *William Tompson* and *Francis Thomson* Esquires, both chosen. That at *Beverly*, Sir *John Hotham* and Sir *Michael Wharton* were Elected.

It is said, that the Dissenters intend to Petition the Prince of Orange, that he would Influence the Bishops to take off all their Excommunications throughout England.

They write from Scotland, that several of the Bishops in that Kingdom have been rudely treated, and are in great Apprehensions of being served as the Bishop of *St. Andrews* was. That some of them scarce dare venture out of their Houses, so Insolent are some Persons grown of late.

*St. Edmunds Bury, December 22. On Thursday* last the Rabble in this place, and the Parts adjacent, assembled together, and after their former manner, began to plunder the Houses of some Papists, but Sir *John Cordel*, an active Gentleman in this County, hath raised two Troops of Horse, being 120 Gentlemen Volunteers, well Accounted, to appease them.

*Wakefield in Yorkshire, December 20.* We have been here exceedingly alarmed after more than usual manner, for on *Saturday* last a Person came in hither, declaring that *Bromigem* was fired by the *Irish* Souldiers, and that they had slain Men, Women and Children. Not many hours after, a Trades-man who lives in this Town, came from *Doncaster*, and said, News was brought thither, that *Nottingham* was just then burning, which put us all into dismal Amazement, and in a short time 200 were up in Armes, who went to all Papists Houses and took away what Weapons they could find; then went to Justice *Fanings*, and seized several Horses, but could not find him within; also to Mr. *Watson's* who was likewise absent; but they seized one Mr. *Parley* of *Ossett*, whom they put into Prison. The next night word was brought that *Doncaster* was on fire; and an hour after two Persons came and declared that *Penistone* was also burning: And about twelve at Night, a Person came from *Lightcliff*, who said he was sent on purpose to acquaint this Town, that *Hothersfield* was burned down by the Papists, and that they were going to

do the same by *Hallifax* and *Dewsbury*. This Person no sooner entered the Town, but he cried out Fire, and declaring his Message to the Watch, they also cried Fire in all parts of the Town, which put us into such a fright, that none knew what to do, the Women running out of doors with their Children in their arms most bitterly weeping, crying, whether must they go! what must they do! being all like distracted Persons, and so continued until Morning, when they were greatly rejoiced by the coming thither of a Troop of Horse, under the Command of Sir *Henry Bellows*, who told them these things were altogether false, he having an account from all places to the contrary; which was much to their satisfaction: And they unanimously intreated the said Captain, that he would continue with them for some days, which he granted.

*Maidstone, December 23.* This day four Companies of the Lord *Craven's* Regiment marched into this Town, and this Morning we received the News that the King, about three a Clock that Morning, left *Rocheester*, some say for *France*, others that he is still in *England*, but private; many Gentlemen are riding about the Country in hopes to hear of him. He went away in disguise, in company of the Duke of *Berwick*, Mr. *Delaby*, and Mr. *Sheldon*.

Letters from *Portsmouth* of the 14<sup>th</sup> instant, tell us, that on *Thursday* last marched into that Town twenty Companies of the Royal Regiment of Guards. That *Collonel Reresby* Commands in Chief, till the Arrival of the Duke of *Griffin*, who is daily expected. That the Duke of *Berwick's* and Sir *Edward Hales's* Regiment were marched to their Winter Quarters, there not being half in each Regiment left: and that the *Irish* Dragoons had most of them sold their Horses, and so marched away on foot.

It is said, both the Universities are Subscribing an Association in like manner as the Peers and Gentry have done.

Whereas, it was said from *Lewis* in *Suffex*, that at the House of one *Ambrose Gallaway* was lately Seized 100 new Saddles and Bridles, supposed to be for Sir, *John Gage*, it proves a Mistake, the said *Gallaway* never having such Goods in his House.

Yesterday, divers of the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses which were Members of Parliament, in the time of King *Charles the Second*, being in and about this Town, did in pursuance of the late Order, meet at the House of *Commons Westminster*, where were also the Aldermen of this City in their Scarlet, the Lord Mayor continuing Indisposed, and fifty of the Common Council in their Gowns; wherein it was proposed and agreed upon to concur in all things lately done and transacted by the great Council of the Peers, and they readily Signed the Association, as their Lordships had done before, and deputed some of their Body to attend the Prince with an Address, to take upon him the Royal Administration of Affairs, till the 22<sup>d</sup> of *January* next, at which time there will be assembled the Grand Convention of Kingdoms, to consider of a future Settlement, &c.

364

Stamb. 6

THE  
*London* Mercury  
 OR, THE  
 Moderate Intelligencer.

From Thursday December the 27th. to Monday December, 31th. 1688.

Vague December the 31st.

**T**He States of *Holland* have sent a Congratulatory Letter to His Highness the Prince of *Orange*, upon his Success in *England*, and are sending two or three of the States to do it in a more Solemn manner, and to pray His Highness to take some care of *Holland*, and send what Forces he can spare to their Assistance, both Sea and Land-men.

**London**, December the 29th. His Highness the Prince of *Orange* had *Ireland* and *Scotland* under his consideration; many of the Nobility and Gentry of both Kingdoms having Addressed him for that end. The *Commons* likewise in their Address, desired His Highness that he would take some speedy care for the Preservation of *Ireland*; and 'tis now reported, that 10000 Men will speedily be ordered thither.

The last Letters from *Ireland* say, the Lord *Tyrconnel* had only 11000 Men, Horse and Foot actually in Arms, and that he is framing some Militia, which will be very inconsiderable: That upon the Landing some *English*, 10000 would be ready to joyn them in ten days time, all Resolute and expert in Arms, whereas the *Irish* Papists are unacquainted and want Arms, Powder, and other warlike Ammunition; and besides all the Protestants in the *Irish* Army, would joyn the *English* as soon as Landed. Some think most of the Prince's own Men will be sent over, as being better able to endure Hardship.

The Lord *Dartmouth* is commanded by the Prince of *Orange* to come home with 2 Squadrons of the Ships, and the third to be at Sea. Some talk great Changes will be by Sea and Land; that none but Sober and Discreet Persons shall be put in Command, that no places, either Civil or Military shall be bought or sold; and that singular Merit, Parts and Valour, shall be the only Means to recommend Persons.

'Tis said, that *Scotland* will be Governed by Commissioners, and all Places in that Kingdom put into Discreet Hands.

The Town of *Plimouth* hath sent to Admiral *Herbert*, that they will Chuse him one of their Burgeses, if he pleases to accept of it; And he hath promised them to Serve, if duly Elected.

One of the Foreign Prints relates that the Army of the Electors will make up a compleat Body of 140000 Men.

Many Persons here are of opinion, that as soon as the Earl of *Tyrconnel* shall hear of His Majesties Departure, and also of the Union here, of the Lords and Commons, he will leave that Kingdom.

His Highness, 'tis said, has ordered a considerable Sum of Money out of the *Exchequer*, to pay the King's Forces.

The Prince of *Orange*, on Friday, told the Lords, that he had considered of their Advice, and would endeavour to secure the Peace of the Nation until the Convention; and as for the Elections, he would forthwith issue out his Letters for that end; that he would take care to apply the Publick Revenue to the most proper uses that the Affairs required, and would take such care of *Ireland*, that the Protestant Religion and *English* Interest may be maintained there; and that he would preserve the Protestant Religion and Laws of these Kingdoms, even to the hazard of his Life.

**Beverly** in *Yorkshire*, December the 29th. On Friday last, Sir *John Holt* Baronet, who has been in *Holland* about two Years, and came over with the Prince of *Orange*. (and who formerly served as Member of Parliament for this Place) returned home to his House at *Scarborough*, who when he came over the River *Humber* to *Hull*, the Custom-House Boat went to fetch him, in which were divers Persons of considerable Quality; and at his Landing he was met by Multitudes of People of all sorts, with all the acclamations of Joy imaginable, several Great Guns being Discharged, the Bells Ringing, and was received by the Governor of the Town, with all the Caresses of Honour and Respect, and, was accompanied from thence with 200

Horse, (who came from *Bevery* and other Neighbouring Towns to meet him) who waited on him to this Place, where he was received at the Towns end by the Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen, and it being in the Evening, the People set out great numbers of Lights in their Windows, and at their Doors, receiving him with loud Acclamations of Joy, Bells Ringing, and Bonfires; the Trained Bands being out, made a Guard, through which he passed, and so was conducted to the Mayors, where he had a Noble Treat, and was afterwards attended home by several Horses. In fine, the King could not have been received in greater Splendor.

London, December the 29th. We hear the Regiment raised in the West by the Lord Alford in Gray Coats, under the Command of Lieutenant Colonel *Thomas Tipping*, coming lately to Oxford, and some of the Officers having Information that a considerable number of *Obediah Walker's* Books were Loden for London, went and Seized the same, which they afterwards burnt before *Exeter Colledge* Gate.

We also hear, the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, the Earl of Perth and his Lady making their Escape by Water, were taken by a Fishermen, and are since committed to Prison.

The Prince of Orange late the middle of the last Week in the Treasury, and tis said, he hath ordered all the King's Forces to be paid off till January. The same day, Sir *Stephen Fox* by order paid off all those that brought home the King's Train of Artillery: as also Waggoners that brought home the Baggage of the Army.

Some say, when His Majesty took shipping here, those in his Company sung the *Te Deum*, to take off all Suspicion, many now affirm he is Landed near *Bulham*.

Persons from *Chesler*, who lately came from *Island*, say much Cattel die there of the Murrain; that Provisions begin to be Scarce; that Country was poor, by reason no Money or Trade was stirring; that the Soldiers were not by Cloathed nor well Armed; that the Lord of *Trentham* had recruited several Thousand Peasants to France, and many there believed he would soon follow.

Petitions are preparing, due Reasons drawing up for abolishing the Marshalls Court, and others of the like oppressive Nature.

There is a discourse as though the Queen Dowager intended in the Spring for Portugal, but tis is with no certainty.

The Lord *Robert* is said to have procured the King's Pass to go for France: Also, three or four more Passes are preparing for other *Roman Catholics*, that desire to leave the Kingdom.

Baltimore, December the 25th. Above 90 sail of the Dutch Fleet, which lay near this Place, are Weighed Anchor, but the Wind

turning into the East, they were forced back into the Sound. This Garrison is in perfect Health and our Governour the Earl of Bath, hath Requested some *Cornish* Gentlemen, to raise him two Companies of Select Militiamen: one of which he designs for the Garrison of *South* and the other for this *Cittidel*.

Letters from *Constantinople* give an Account that the French Ambassador having Audience of the Grand Signior, amongst other things, offered in behalf of his Master, to enter into such Engagements with the Pope, as not to make Peace with the Emperor, till they had repossessed themselves of what they had lost in the war; provided the Sultan would continue a Vigorous prosecution of the War; promising to make such a Powerful Diversion in all Parts of Germany, as to oblige the Emperor to withdraw his Forces out of his Conquests: To return Answer to which, his Sultanhip has referred the whole matter to his Great Council.

Here is an Account from *Burwick* upon *Tweed*, dated the 23d Instant, that they had received News from *Scotland* the day before, that 20000 Irish were Landed in that Kingdom, Putting all to Fire and Sword; but this is hoped to be nothing but a False Alarm, that has been through England; the Sober part of Mankind, by reason of the improbability at this time, giving little Credit to it.

The Prince of Orange has certain Advice that the King was Landed in France, and that about three Hours after some Guards came down to Arrest him; and that he intended to go to Paris to the Queen, who tis said, has settled Annually upon her by the French King, 600000*l*.

We hear from Paris, that a Proclamation is there Published with a Reward of a hundred Pounds to any that shall discover an Italian Priest, who having a Box of Jewels of considerable value, entrusted in his Possession by the Queen of England, had gone away with the same.

A Soldier belonging to the Prince, who stole some Plates from his Landlady, where he Quattered at *Remford*, was Tryed and Convicted for the same, and it being the first Fact, the Officer and the Woman came to the Prince to interceed for a Pardon, but his Highness would not grant it, saying, he came into England to preserve, and not to destroy the Law.

It is said the Prince of Orange has given order for the Buying and Killing 1000 Bees, to Victual the Ships, against the Spring; and that he will visit all the Stocks and Ship-yards, to know the true condition of the Navy.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**he *Testis* of Henry Cornish Esq; For Conspiring the Death of the King, and raising a Rebellion in this Kingdom, Price 12*d*. to be Sold by George Gosson at the Blue Ball in Thames-street near Baynard's Castle.

Some Sacramental Meditations, Confessions, Prayers and Speculations Before, At and After the Celebrating the Holy Communion. For the Use of Her Royal Highness the Princess and Household. Price 1*s* 6*d*. to be Sold at the Blue Ball in Thames-street near Baynard's Castle.

**T**his is to give Notice, that W. Blay, Professor of Physick, and Operator of known Integrity, and above twenty five years Practice, who long lived in Haydon-yard, is now removed to the Blue Ball in White Bone Court, at the lower end of Bartholomew Lane, by the Royal Exchange: Who most Safely and Expeditiously cures Deafness and Noises in the Ears in any, of what Age forever, (if curable) and at first sight in a Spectation, resolves the Patients if so, or not, as most eminent Persons of Quality in this City can Testify. He hath likewise an expeditious way in curing an Ulcer of the Teeth, without Drawing. He hath likewise a most excellent Gargargisme or Mouth-water, which cures the Canker, Ulcer, or Scurvy in the Mouth, softening the Teeth, and making Black ones as white as Ivory.

His Path only prepared for the French Doyne and Running of the Reins, may be had in Boxes of good Price, with other Venerable Arcana's in a large request, with Directions.

THE  
 Earl of ESSEX  
 HIS  
 SPEECH  
 At the Delivery of the  
 PETITION.

May it please Your Majesty,

**T**HE Lords here present, together with divers other Peers of the Realm, taking notice that by Your late Proclamation Your Majesty has declared an Intention of Calling a Parliament at Oxford; and observing from Histories and Records, how unfortunate many such Assemblies have been, when Called at Places Remote from Your Capital City; as particularly the Congress in Henry the Second's Time, at Clarendon, three several Parliaments at Oxford in Henry the Third's Time; and that at Coventry in Henry the Sixth's Time; with divers others which have proved fatal to those Kings, and have been followed with great Mischiefes on the Kingdom; and considering the present Posture of Affairs, the many Jealousies and Discontents which are amongst the People, we have great Cause to Apprehend that the Consequences of the Sitting of a Parliament now at Oxford, may be as fatal to Your Majesty, and the Nation, as those others mentioned have been to the then Reigning Kings; And therefore we do conceive that we cannot answer it to God, to Your Majesty or to the People; if we being Peers of the Realm, should not on so important an Occasion, humbly offer our Advice to Your Majesty, that, if possible, Your Majesty may be Persuaded with to alter this (as we apprehend) unreasonable Resolution. The Grounds and Reasons of our Opinion are contained in this our Petition which we humbly present to Your Majesty.

*To the KING'S Most Excellent Majesty. The  
 Humble PETITION and Advice of the Lords  
 undernamed; PEERS of the Realm.*

*Humbly sheweth,*

**T**HAT whereas Your Majesty hath been pleased, by divers Speeches and Messages to Your Houses of Parliament, large demonstrated the said Dangers to be rightly to represent to them the dangers as great as we, in the midst of our fears, that threatened Your Majesties Person, and the whole Kingdom, from the mischievous and wicked Plots of the Papists, and the too sudden growth of a Foreign Power, unto which no stop or remedy could be provided, unless it were by Parliament, and an Union of all Your Majesties Protestant Subjects in one Mind and Interest.

And the Lord Chancellor, in pursuance of Your Majesties Command, having more at large demonstrated the said Dangers to be as great as we, in the midst of our fears, could imagine them; and so pressing, that our Liberties, Religion, Lives, and the whole Kingdom, would be certainly lost, if a speedy Provision were not made against them.

And Your Majesty on the 21th of April, 1679, having call'd unto Your Council many honourable and worthy persons, and declared

clard unto them and Your whole Kingdom, that being sensible of the Evil Effects of a single Ministry, or private Advices, or Private Committees, for the general Direction of Your Affairs, Your Majesty would for the future refer all things unto that Council. And by the Constant Advice of them, together with the frequent Use of Your Great Council the Parliament, Your Majesty was resolv'd hereafter to Govern Your Kingdoms, we began to hope we should see an end of our Miseries.

But to our unspeakable Grief and Sorrow, we soon found our Expectations frustrated; the Parliament then subsisting, was Prorogued and Dissolved before it could perfect what was intended for our Relief and Security. And though another was thereupon call'd, yet by many Prorogations it was put off till the 21th of October last: And notwithstanding Your Majesty was here again pleas'd to acknowledge that neither Your Person nor the Kingdom could be safe, until the Matter of the Plot was gone through, it was unexpectedly Prorogued on the tenth day of this Month, before any sufficient Order could be taken therein. All their just and Pious Endeavours to save the Nation were overthrown; the good Bills they had been industriously preparing to unite all Your Protestant Subjects, brought to naught. The Discovery of the late Plot distressed. The Witnesses that came in frequently more fully to declare that both of *England* and *Ireland*, discouraged. Those Foreign Kingdoms and States, who by a happy Conjunction with us, might give a check to the French Power disheartned; even to such a Despair of their own Security against the growing Greatness of that Monarch, as we fear may induce them to take New Resolutions, and perhaps such as may be fatal to us. The Strength and Courage of our Enemies, both at home and abroad increased; and ourselves left in the utmost Danger of seeing our Country brought into utter Desolation.

In these great Extremities we had nothing under God to comfort us, but the hopes that Your Majesty being touched with the Groans of your perishing People, would have suffered the Parliament to meet at the day unto which it was Prorogued, and that no farther Interruptions should have been given to their Proceedings, in order to the saving of the Nation: But that failed us too, when we heard that Your Majesty, by the private suggestions of some wicked Persons, Favourers of

Popery, Fomenters of French designs, and Enemies to Your Majesty and the Kingdom (without the advice, and as we have good Reason to believe, against the Opinion of Your Privy Council) had been prevailed with to Dissolve it, and to call another to meet at *Oxford*, where neither Lords nor Commons can be in safety, but will be daily exposed to the Swords of the Papists and their adherents, of whom many have crept into Your Majesties Guards. The Liberty of speaking, according to their Consciences, will be thereby destroyed, and the Validity of all their Acts and Proceedings consisting in it left disquietable. The straits of the place no ways admits of such a Concurrence, of Persons as now follows every Parliament. The Witnesses which are necessary to give Evidence against the Popish Lords, such Judges, or others whom the Commons have impeached, or had resolved to impeach, can neither bear the Charge of going thither, nor trust themselves under the Protection of a Parliament, that is itself evidently under the power of Guards and Souldiers.

The Premises considered, We your Majesty's Petitioners out of a just Abhorrence of such a dangerous and pernicious Counsel (which the Authors have not dared to avow) and the direful apprehensions of the Calamities and Miseries that may ensue thereupon, do make it our most humble Prayer and Advice, that the Parliament may not sit at a place where it will not be able to act with that Freedom, which is necessary and essentiall to give unto their Acts and Proceedings, that Authority which they ought to have amongst the people, and have ever had, unless impaired by some awe upon them (of which there wants not Presidents.) And that Your Majesty will be graciously pleas'd to order it to Sit at *Westminster*, it being the usual Place, and where they may Consult and Act with Safety and Freedom.

*And Your Petitioners shall ever Pray,*  
*Sec.*

|                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Monmouth.</i>   | <i>Shaftesbury.</i> |
| <i>Kent.</i>       | <i>Mordant.</i>     |
| <i>Huntington.</i> | <i>Eure.</i>        |
| <i>Bedford.</i>    | <i>Gray.</i>        |
| <i>Salisbury.</i>  | <i>Pagitt.</i>      |
| <i>Clare.</i>      | <i>Howard.</i>      |
| <i>Stamford.</i>   | <i>Herbert.</i>     |
| <i>Essex.</i>      | <i>De la-mere.</i>  |

The Petition of the LORDS Spiritual and Temporal  
For the Calling of a Free

# PARLIAMENT:

Together, With His  
Majesty's Gracious Answer to their Lordships.

To the KING's most Excellent Majesty,  
*The Humble Petition of the LORDS Spiritual and Temporal;*  
Whose Names are Subscribed.

*May it please Your Majesty,*

**W**E your Majesty's most Loyal Subjects, in a deep Sense of the Miseries of a War now breaking forth in the Bowels of this your Kingdom, and of the Danger to which your Majesty's Sacred Person is thereby like to be Exposed, and also of the Distractions of your People, by reason of their present Grievances, do think our selves bound in Conscience of the Duty we owe to God, and our Holy Religion, to your Majesty, and our Country, most humbly to offer to your Majesty, That in our Opinion, the only visible way to preserve your Majesty, and this your Kingdom, would be the Calling of a Parliament, Regular and Free in all its Circumstances.

*We therefore do most earnestly beseech your Majesty, That you would be graciously pleased with all speed to Call such a Parliament, wherein we shall be most ready to promote such Counsels and Resolutions of Peace and Settlement in Church and State, as may conduce to your Majesty's Honour and Safety, and to the quieting the Minds of your People.*

*We do likewise humbly beseech your Majesty, in the meantime, to use such means for the preventing the Effusion of Christian Blood, as to your Majesty shall seem most meet.*

And your Petitioners shall ever Pray, &c.

|                 |                    |                        |                   |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>W. Cant.</i> | <i>Clarendon.</i>  | <i>Nom. Ebor.</i>      | <i>Tho. Oxon.</i> |
| <i>Grafton.</i> | <i>Burlington.</i> | <i>W. Asaph.</i>       | <i>Paget.</i>     |
| <i>Ormond.</i>  | <i>Anglesey.</i>   | <i>Fran. Ely.</i>      | <i>Chandois.</i>  |
| <i>Dorset.</i>  | <i>Rochester.</i>  | <i>Tho. Rossen.</i>    | <i>Osulston.</i>  |
| <i>Clare.</i>   | <i>Newport.</i>    | <i>Tho. Petriburg.</i> |                   |

Presented by the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, the Arch-Bishop of York Elect, the Bishop of Ely, and the Bishop of Rochester, the 17th. of November. 1688.

## His Majesty's most Gracious Answer.

MY LORDS,

**W**HAT You ask of Me, I most passionately desire: And I promise You, UPON THE FAITH OF A KING, That I will have a Parliament, and such an One as You ask for, as soon as ever the Prince of Orange has Quitted this Realm: For, How is it possible a Parliament should be Free in all its Circumstances, as You Petition for, whilst an Enemy is in the Kingdom, and can make a Return of near an Hundred Voices?

The Lords Petition, with the Kings Answer,  
may be Printed, Novemb. 20th. 1688.

L O N D O N, Printed for Thomas Pyke in Pall-Mall. 1688.

A RELATION of a late Barbarous Assault of the  
*FRENCH* upon the *ENGLISH*, near the  
*Downs*, March the 12th. 168<sup>8</sup>. Attested by Captain,  
 Officers, and several of the Passengers.

**C**aptain Butcher, Commander of the good Ship, called the *Mary of Lyme Regis*, bound for *London*, sailed from the Port of *Lyme* the sixth of this Instant *March*, with divers sorts of Merchant-Goods; and the twelfth of this Instant, proceeding on her Intended Voyage, four Leagues off *Dungeness*, met with a *French* Man of Warre, who bore up to him, and coming near, the said Captain Butcher not knowing of any War betwixt *England* and *France*, he thought it not fit to make Resistance, some shot was fired from the *French* man and struck her, to the danger of some Passengers, though, as it pleased God, none was wounded; about Ten in the morning they commanded the said Captain Butcher's Boat on board, who was forced to submit, having not wherewithall to withstand so great a force: so manning his Boat, and coming on board, they demanded the late King *James's* Passport; the Captain answered, *I have none, here are my Cockets from the Custom-house at Lyme, which I think is sufficient Discharge for me*; and also said, *I hope there is no War betwixt the English and your King*; the Answer was, *Ten Dogs, you Rogues, I will go on board and see what you have*: And coming on board the said Captain Butcher's Ship, opened all the Letters, not only the Masters, but divers Letters of the Passengers, and barbarously used the Commander, a very worthy Gentleman, his Father having served his late Majesty King *Charles* the Second very faithfully in his Wars against the *French*; and this worthy Commander resolved now to engage in his best Capacity in and for his Countreys safety, which was his greatest concern in coming up to *London*; he was beaten and abused at a very severe rate. The Plunder of the Ship not satisfying their gorging appetite, they took from him all his Money, most part of the Goods worth carrying away, his Provisions; and so barbarous were these inhumane Papists, that they robbed the civil Passengers, and took all they could from them, running their Swords at their Breast, and threatening them with immediate Death. These things are ready to be attested, and more of their barbarous Proceedings with the Gentlemen-Passengers on board the said Ship, by the said Captain, and his Men and Passengers, the said Ship lying at Mr. Cotton's Wharf, near the Bridge in *Southwark*.

Mr. John Butcher, Captain.

Mr. John Stroakes,

Mr. John Wicker,

Mr. Henry Puss,

Mr. Summers.

Mr. Solomon Sweedland,

Mr. John Sprague,

Mr. Tho. Dav,

Mr. Tho. Wilson.

} Passengers.

ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**Here is now Publish'd a second Edition of a Book, Entituled, The Bloody Affize: being a Compleat History of the Life of George Lord Jefferies, from his Birth to this present time; wherein among other things is given a true Account of his unheard Cruelties, throughout his whole Western Circuit: To which is added Major Holms's excellent Speech, with the Dying Speeches of many other eminent Protestants. This Book, my Lord Jefferies Life, together with the first and second Collections of the Dying Speech already publisht, compleats the whole Western Transactions for the Year 85. All sold, John Duntion at the Black Raven in the Poultry, over against the Compter.

# BY THE KING A DECLARATION.

JAMES R.



We cannot consider this Invasion of Our Kingdoms, by the Prince of Orange, without horror, forso unchristian and unnatural an Undertaking, in a Person so nearly Related to Us; so it is a Matter of the greatest trouble and concern to Us, to reflect upon the many Mischiefs and Calamities which an Army of Forreigners and Rebels must unavoidably bring upon Our People. It is but too evident by a late Declaration Published by him; that notwithstanding the many specious and plausible Pretences it carries, his Designs in the bottom do tend to nothing less than an absolute Usurping of Our Crown and Royal Authority; as may fully appear by his assuming to himself in the said Declaration the Regal Stile: Requiring the Peers of the Realm, both Spiritual and Temporal, and all other Persons of all Degrees to obey and assist him in the Execution of his Designs, a Prerogative inseparable from the Imperial Crown of this Realm; and for a more undeniable Proof of his immoderate Ambition, and which nothing can satisfy but the immediate Possession of the Crown it self, he calls in Question the Legitimacy of the Prince of WALES, Our Son and Heir Apparent, Tho' by the Providence of God, there were present at His Birth so many Witnesses, of unquestionable Credit, as it seemed to have been the particular Care of Heaven on purpose to disappoint so wicked and unparallel'd Attempt.

And in Order to the Effecting his Ambitious Designs, he seems desirous in the Close of his Declaration, to Submit all to the Determination of a free Parliament, hoping thereby to ingratiate himself with Our People; Though nothing can be more Evident, than that a Parliament cannot be Free, so long as there is an Army of Forreigners in the Heart of Our Kingdoms, So that in truth he himself is the Sole Obstructor of such a Free Parliament: We being fully resolved as we have already Declared, so soon as (by the Blessing of GOD) Our Kingdoms shall be Delivered from this Invasion, to call a Parliament, which can no longer be liable to the least Objection of not being Freely Chosen, since We have actually restored all the Burroughs and Corporations of this Our Kingdom, to their Ancient Rights and Priviledgs, and in which We shall be ready, not only to receive and redress, all the just Complaints and Grievances of Our good Subjects, but also to repeat and confirm the Assurance, We have already given to them, in Our several Declarations of Our Resolution by Gods Blessing, to maintain them in their Religion, their Liberties and Properties, and all other their just Rights and Priviledges whatsoever. Upon these Considerations, and the Obligations of their Duty and natural Allegiance, We can nowayes doubt, but that all Our Faithful and Loving Subjects will readily and heartily Concur and Joyn with Us in the entire Suppression and repelling of those Our Enemies and Rebellious Subjects, who have so Injuriously and Disloyally invaded and disturb'd the Peace and Tranquillity of these Our Kingdoms.

Given at Our Court at Whithall, the 6th. of November, 1688. And of Our Reign the Fourth Year.

A List of the Foot and Horse that are come with the Prince of Orange, as Printed in Holland.

## HORSE.

The Life Guard,  
Regiment of Guards Commanded by  
Benting.  
Waldeck's Regiment,  
Nassau,  
Mompellian,  
Ginckel,  
Count Vander Lip,  
The Prince's Dragoons,  
Marrewis Dragoons,  
Sgravemoer,  
Sapbroeck,  
Fioddorp,  
Seyde,  
Oye,  
Suylestein,  
In all,

|                                |      |
|--------------------------------|------|
| Troopers,                      | 1683 |
| Life-Guard,                    | 197  |
| Regiment of Guards of Benting, | 430  |
| Prince's Dragoons,             | 860  |
| Marrenis Dragoons,             | 440  |
| In all                         | 3660 |

All these Troops, ( if complete ) and  
have amounted to this Number, but  
as they are not they amount but to about

Foot  
Horse  
Summa

## FOOT.

Foot-Guards Commanded by C. Solmes  
25 Comp. 2000  
Mackay 12 Comp.  
Balfour, 12 Comp.  
Talmash 12 Comp.  
Regiment which was formerly Bellises, 12 Comp.  
Regiment which was formerly Wachops, 12 Comp.  
Regiment which was the late Earl of Ossories. 10 Comp.  
Barckvelt, 10 Comp.  
Hollstein 10 Comp.  
Wirtemberg, 12 Comp.  
Hagendon, 10 Comp.  
Fagel 10 Comp.  
Nassau 10 Comp.  
Carelson, 12 Comp.  
Brander, 10 Comp.  
Prince of Borkvelt, 10 Comp.  
In all 164 Comp.  
At 53 in a Comp. is 8692  
Of Guards, 2000  
Summa 10692

## List of the FLEET,

|             |     |
|-------------|-----|
| Men of War, | 65  |
| Fly-Boats,  | 500 |
| Pincks,     | 60  |
| Fire-Ships, | 10  |
| In all      | 635 |

# BY THE KING A DECLARATION.

JAMES R.



WE cannot consider this Invasion of Our Kingdoms, by the Prince of Orange, without horror, for so unchristian and unnatural an Undertaking, in a Person so nearly Related to Us; so it is a Matter of the greatest trouble and concern to Us, to reflect upon the many Mischiefs and Calamities which an Army of Forreigners and Rebels must unavoidably bring upon Our People. It is but too evident by a late Declaration Published by him; that notwithstanding the many specious and plausible Pretences it carries, his Designs in the bottom do tend to nothing less than an absolute Usurping of Our Crown and Royal Authority; as may fully appear by his assuming to himself in the said Declaration the Regal Stile: Requiring the Peers of the Realm, both Spiritual and Temporal, and all other Persons of all Degrees to obey and assist him in the Execution of his Designs, a Prerogative inseparable from the Imperial Crown of this Realm; and for a more undeniable Proof of his immoderate Ambition, and which nothing can satisfy but the immediate Possession of the Crown it self, he calls in Question the Legitimacy of the Prince of WALES, Our Son and Heir Apparent, Tho' by the Providence of God, there were present at His Birth so many Witnesses, of unquestionable Credit, as it seemed to have been the paticular Care of Heaven on purpose to disapoint so wicked and unparallel'd Attempt.

And in Order to the Effecting his Ambitious Designs, he seems desirous in the Close of his Declaration, to Submit all to the Determination of a free Parliament, hoping thereby to ingratiate himself with Our People; Though nothing can be more Evident, than that a Parliament cannot be Free, so long as there is an Army of Forreigners in the Heart of Our Kingdoms, So that in truth he himself is the Sole Obstracter of such a Free Parliament: We being fully resolved as we have already Declared, so soon as (by the Blessing of GOD) Our Kingdoms shall be Delivered from this Invasion, to call a Parliament, which can no longer be liable to the least Objection of not being Freely Chosen, since We have actually restored all the Burroughs and Corporations of this Our Kingdom, to their Ancient Rights and Priviledgs, and in which We shall be ready, not only to receive and redress, all the just Complaints and Grievances of Our good Subjects, but also to repeat and confirm the Assurance, We have already given to them, in Our several Declarations of Our Resolution by Gods Blessing, to maintain them in their Religion, their Liberties and Properties, and all other their just Rights and Priviledges whatsoever. Upon these Considerations, and the Obligations of their Duty and natural Allegiance, We can nowayes doubt, but that all Our Faithful and Loving Subjects will readily and heartily Concur and Joyn with Us in the entire Suppression and repelling of those Our Enemies and Rebellious Subjects, who have so Injuriouly and Disloyally invaded and disturb'd the Peace and Tranquillity of these Our Kingdoms.

Given at Our Court at Whitchall, the 6th. of November, 1688. And of Our Reign the Fourth Year.

A List of the Foot and Horse that are come with the Prince of Orange, as Printed in Holland.

## HORSE.

The Life Guard,  
Regiment of Guards Commanded by  
Benting.  
VValdeck's Regiment,  
Nassaw,  
Mompellian,  
Ginckel,  
Count Vander Lip,  
The Prince's Dragoons,  
Marrewis Dragoons,  
Sgravemoer,  
Sapbroeck,  
Fioddorp,  
Seyde,  
Oye,  
Suylestein,  
In all,

|                                |      |
|--------------------------------|------|
| Troopers,                      | 1683 |
| Life-Guard,                    | 197  |
| Regiment of Guards of Benting, | 430  |
| Prince's Dragoons,             | 360  |
| Marrenis Dragoons,             | 440  |
| In all                         | 3660 |

All these Troops, ( if compleat ) would  
have amounted to this Number, but  
as they are not they amount but to about

Foot  
Horse  
Summa

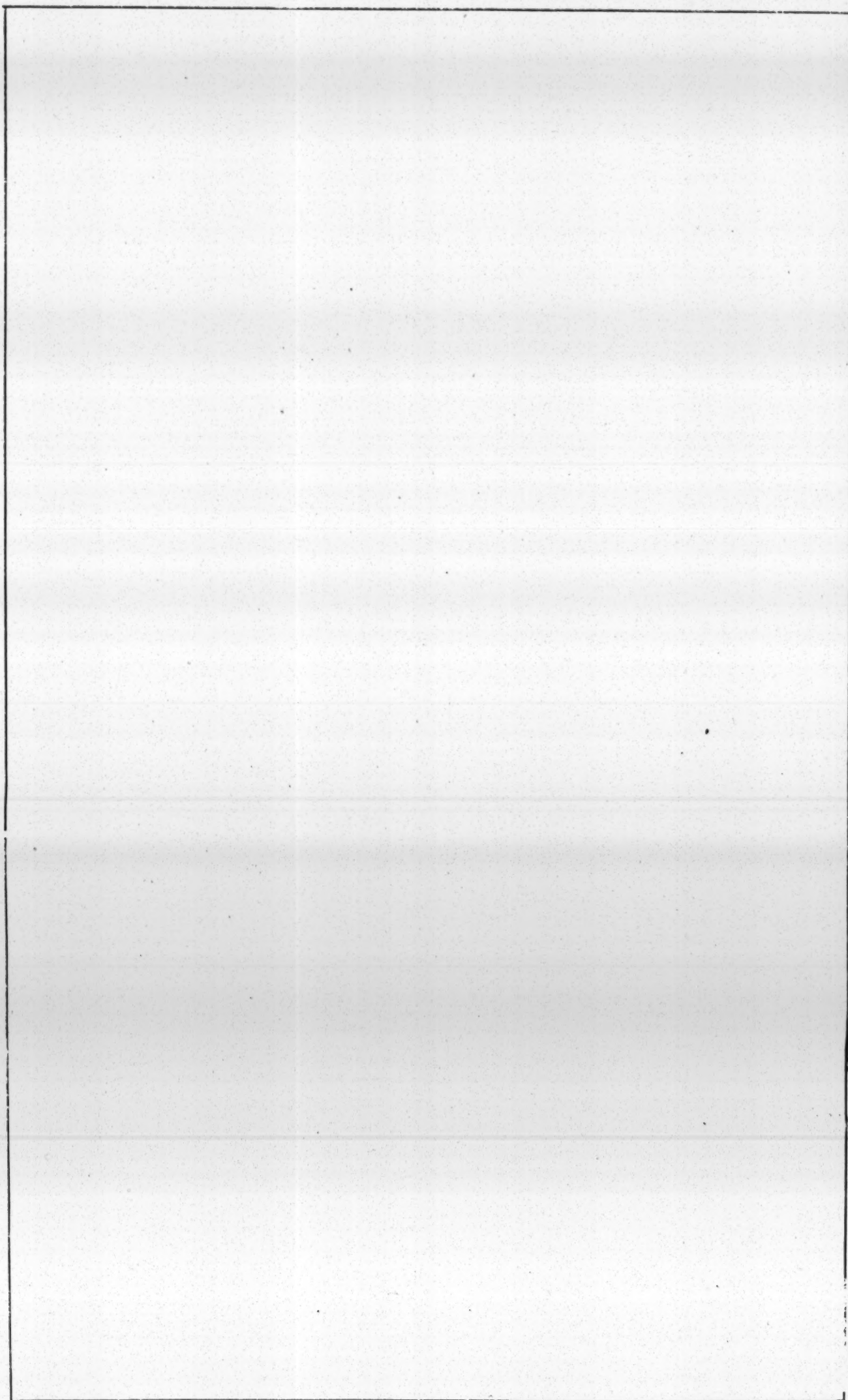
1683  
197  
430  
360  
440  
3660

## FOOT.

| Foot-Guards Commanded by C. Solmes            |           |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------|
| 25 Comp.                                      | 2000      |
| Mackay                                        | 12 Comp.  |
| Balfour,                                      | 12 Comp.  |
| Talmash                                       | 12 Comp.  |
| Regiment which was formerly Bellises,         | 12 Comp.  |
| Regiment which was formerly Wachops,          | 12 Comp.  |
| Regiment which was the late Earl of Ossories. | 10 Comp.  |
| Barckvelt,                                    | 10 Comp.  |
| Hollstein                                     | 10 Comp.  |
| Wirtemberg,                                   | 12 Comp.  |
| Hagenadon,                                    | 10 Comp.  |
| Fagel                                         | 10 Comp.  |
| Nassaw                                        | 10 Comp.  |
| Carclson,                                     | 12 Comp.  |
| Brander,                                      | 10 Comp.  |
| Prince of Borckvelt,                          | 10 Comp.  |
| In all                                        | 164 Comp. |
| At 53 in a Comp.                              | 8692      |
| Of Guards,                                    | 2000      |
| Summa                                         | 10692     |

## Summa List of the FLEET.

|             |     |
|-------------|-----|
| Men of War, | 65  |
| Fly-Boats,  | 500 |
| Pincks,     | 60  |
| Fire-Ships, | 19  |
| In all      | 635 |



( Dutch Fleet

1665-1672.

Some  
with

engraving,

THE  
**Grand Abuses Stript and Whipt;**  
 BEING AN  
 Account of some of the Injuries, Pride, and the insulting Insolencies  
 OF THE  
**Hogen Mogen States of HOLLAND.**



Cannot : I express the Injuries  
 Of such that Paint, and such high Colours die,  
 Their Crimes are crimson color'd, dy'd in grain  
 Whose Pride's not measur'd by the Ocean. (\*)  
 Are they forgot that Roasted Men alive,  
 And furiously in Spicy Chariots drive?

\* At Amboina,  
 where they Ex-  
 ecuted horrid  
 cruelty upon our  
 English, with  
 their Torturing  
 Engines.

We call to mind *Amboina* Troublers,  
 And write our wrongs in bloody Characters;  
 Lend me some Iron Pen, and Marble Stone,  
 To write these *Grand Abusers* Names alone!  
 What Nation so perfidious, who beside  
 Can Paint themselves in such high colour'd Pride?  
 Let them alone, for who i't can compare  
 With them? (†) in fraud, who High and Mighty are,  
 Thon mighty Sea, can thy high Towing Waves  
 Out top their pride!—

† who have en-  
 deavoured to  
 undermine us  
 in our Trade,  
 and other Con-  
 cerns.

Can thy Attendants which are by thy side;  
 Number the Wrongs of *Hogen Mogen* Pride?  
 Who is't can count the Sand upon thy Shoar?  
 If we forbear, their Wrongs will be but more.  
 Who cut large Thongs out of anothers Hide,  
 Let them be naked stript, and scourg'd beside;  
 And them that love in other Pooles to \* fish,  
 Let some *Torpedo* fall into their Dish,  
 And so benumm them there, that they may cry,  
 Yea we had some other Fish to fry:  
 Or if some *Judas* should but them betray;  
 He took a Pattern from themselves, I'de say.  
 Who broak their League, and in a vacant time,  
 Did onely prove themselves, in Fraud Sublime;  
 And us'd the baser Sorts; Enormities,  
 To vilifie superiour Dignities.

\* 'Tis well known  
 how abusive  
 they are to us in  
 their fish Trade.

*Adonibezek's* high base insolence  
 Was painted to the life, within their fence,  
 Towards that Noble Knight, for they took care,  
 Insultingly, to have a *Gazette*, there  
 A gazing stock for their high looks and eyes,  
 Expos'd to vulgar incivilities.

† Sir George  
 Alkew.

Insulting Waves, ye high abusive Men,  
 Abused patience turns to fury then;  
 Is this the generous minds of mighty Lords  
 To act so basely, then wee'l take our Swords,  
 The Sword is drawn, the Scabbard's thrown away,  
 A Fox can take a Lyon for a prey.  
 We must be forc'd to let you Blood afresh,  
 And use some Corrosive to check proud flesh:  
 Let fly your Guns, brave *Hero's* then, and try  
 What Lowland Fraud can out top Bravery.  
 Use but your former Courage, and your Skill,  
 Will they appear then High and Mighty still?

With Allowance.

As Seas against the Shoar's strong rampiers stretch  
 Their battering Waves, and force a dreadful breach,  
 So will the Thundering Guns their Castles break,  
 And in a moment force a dreadful Leak,  
 Then High and Mighty may be buried there,  
 Where High and Mighty Waves do interfere,  
 And since you are such High and Mighty Lords;  
 Take the best Sepulchers, the Sea affords.  
 Perfidious Men? Is this the Course ye Steer,  
 To present Shipwrack, and not cry no near?  
 Can Treacherous Dealers Prosper, or can you  
 Undo your *League*, and not your selves undoe?  
 I've often seen your undermining *Moles*  
 [Harme watch, Harme catch] Catch in their self-wil'd Holes  
 Their High and Mighty Hills cast down and spread,  
 And with the *Low-Land* equall levelled.  
 I've seen a greater Highness tumble down;  
 And the right Owner re-assume the Crown.  
 The Poor Distressed may wear old Cloaths again;  
 For them to boast of Feathers stol'n, 'tis vain;  
 The stately *Peacock* deckt with golden Plume  
 So High and Mighty is, That she presumes,  
 But when she looks upon her feet again;  
 She's not so High-flow'n, or so Sovereign.  
 High Pride will have a fall, in my fore-sight;  
 It must be levell'd, and dismantled quite,  
 Bid then the *Poles* suppress the stormy Noyse,  
 And bid the Sea contain it's roaring voice:  
 Now Noble Spirits, let your Cannons Roar,  
 And send Report unto the farthest Shoar;  
 That all ye Nations round about may know  
 The meanness of this People, once but Low,  
 We cannot longer bear or let pass by  
 Those who persist in Wrongs and Treachery.  
 Whose boundless Pride, doth so expatiate,  
 That the whole World to them would seem to streight.  
 They better understand how to offend  
 And are not so ingenious to amend.  
 They must be frighted then for to be good,  
 By Thundring Guns, and Garments rould in Blood.  
 And God forbid that where our right is try'd,  
 The strength of man should find just Cause for Pride.  
 They must be forc't to learn Humility,  
 The Sun doth scorch the wings that Soar so high.  
 Go forth our Navy then, and like a Horse,  
 [His Neck with Thunder cloath'd, his breast with Force]  
 Rush on thy Foes, and the success attend,  
 Till joyfull Victory do Crown the end.  
 For this our Nation stands engag'd of late,  
 To make the High States crooked doings strait.

London, Printed by Edward Crouch. 1672.

2

T W O  
ROYAL ACHROSTICHS  
O N

The Dutch in the Ditch.

*DIEU ET MON DROIT.*

**D**rive, Devil drive, the Drunken Dutch are  
thine,  
For thou hast leave to enter into Swine:  
**I**nto the Main amain, the leading Boor  
Did headlong run, the rest bin al verloo;  
**E**ven the very Pigs are grown Sea-sick,  
Ask them how long, they cry a Week, a Week.  
**V**antrump did cast their Waters, and did say,  
They could not live, except they ran away.  
**E**verise put from Sea, as loth to lag,  
Seeing the High and Mighty Top-sails Flag.  
**T**riumph, Revenge did follow them so close,  
Their Purge was strong, work'd with so small  
**M**in Beer oh cry'd the Vulgar, Charity, (a Dose  
Or else min Arrow I never more shall see.  
**O**h Royal Charls and Katharine, Royal Oke,  
If James command their Norway Mafts are broke  
**N**o Christian sure will ever aid the Turk,  
Or help such Jews to set the Dee'l a work.  
**D**runken the Swine were drown'd in English loft  
The Gaderens perswade to leave the Coast.  
**R**ide Admiral Brave James, let them not peep,  
Or have a Ship to sail 'twixt Deel or Deep;  
**O**r if they have, ne'r let them want for Rope,  
For they have need since their main stays are broke  
**I**ndeed their hearts, & since they delt with French,  
They got a Clap, but 'twas not by a Wench;  
**T**was by a Prince like Jove, whose thunder's such  
Frightned the Frogs from Bank to the low Dutch,  
Yet if they'l venter out into the Main,  
Our English Neptune there still holds the Rein.  
Though Farnmouth, Portland noble blood did spill,  
They have their Honour, we our Sandwich still.  
God and my Right is what belongs to Kings,  
God will assert his Right, (when such poor things  
As cast off Sovereign Power, and ungrate,  
Think God is pleased to be serv'd in State,  
Shall fly before the Sound of Charls and James,  
And in their Flight shall help to make Updams  
And when they know their Damages and los,  
Let them put something down for Ben's Ma-

(dross.

*HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.*

**H**oist up your high & mighty Top-sails Hogens  
Your one and twenty Flag-ships, mighty  
Mogens.  
**O**pdam's Gout's cur'd, Trumps backward, yet can't  
find  
No ready cure, although he courts the wind:  
**N**o ease he finds, his pain is grown so much,  
Their Doctors swear wind Collick kill'd the Dutch  
**Y**et it is strange they had so little Wind,  
That you could hardly hear them Trump behind  
**S**even Provinces at once set on the stocks,  
Sure they were drunk, else they had felt their  
**O**h las! a drunken body feels no harm, (knocks.  
Much less a State their Brandy kept them warm  
**I**ndeed 'twas pity that with t'other seven  
The Provinces wa'nt there to make them eve  
**T**hose and seven more would drink the Oc  
since 1 Fire-ship did make the Herings fry. (dr  
**Q**uench wel your thirst with Brandy once ag  
'Twill make you broil like fish, yet feel no pa  
**U**nless you can repent, and then God may  
Receive your souls, although you loose the day  
**I**nto the Texel, out again, fie, fie,  
Doth it not shame your Admirals to flie,  
**M**ost High and Mighty Courtenair and Scramp  
Trying to swim, were taken by a Cramp.  
**A**h there to swim is dang'rous, learn De Wit,  
Hold up your head, and trust no more your feet.  
**L**ost your Orani, lose not Orange too,  
You know not what a Gracious Prince can do;  
**Y**our sunk already, but if like 'B you rise,  
'Twill be to shew but where your Anchor lies.  
**P**ay Caesar's due, and God will make you bolder,  
The States must bow unto the States State-holder.  
**E**vil is still to them that evil think,  
Pray when you fight again don't fight in drink.  
**N**e'r think you can prevail upon those Waters,  
That is so easily rul'd by England's Garters.  
**S**overeigns at Sea ride Admirals, States  
With our Rump have quite worn out their date  
**E**ngland's Neptune in her Narrow Seas,  
Can reach your Indies where & when he please  
Come help to save your stingy lost De Ruyter,  
Or you must bow that stoop to kiss the Cruppe

# NEW ADVICE to a PAINTER; A Poetical Essay describing the last Sea-Engagement with the D U T C H:

MAY the 28th. 1673. By an Eye-Witness.

Strike up, *bold Muse*, loud as the trumpet sounds  
And wade through *smoak* and *thunder*, bloud and  
Let wanton strains of the soft airy *Lute*, (*wounds*:  
Yield to the triumphs of the Warlike *Flute*;  
Now shall *Lepanto's* Conflict be forgot,  
The *Service* there could not be half so hot.

No sooner the Brave *Prince* his *Flags* assembled,  
But *Neptune* duckt under a wave, and trembled;  
A frightful *prospect* unto all that see't,  
The Elements of *fire* and *water* meet;  
Nor should a man have prejudic'd his sense,  
Or reason, to derive the *Thunder* thence;  
Such a *red Sea* you round about discover,  
The Ocean *swell'd* with blood, seem'd to run over.  
By which orewhelm'd, the *Dutch* may hope stop  
Inursions of the *French* with floods of gore. (more  
Some *flaming Ships* men into th' water sent  
For death, to scape that fiercer Element;  
And hundreds *swimming* destitute of hope,  
To save their lives wish'd for a *lucky Rope*;  
Some *sink to rights*, and with a dismal cry,  
Sail in a *moment* to *Eternity*.

A thousand various *Horoscopes* agree,  
To puzzle Art in one *Catastrophe*;  
Born under different *STARRS* like *Fate* they have,  
The Ship's their *Coffin*, and the Sea their *Grave*.  
The *smoak* (like that of *Sodom*) did aspire,  
As if the very *Sea* had been on *Fire*;  
Whilst each *Broadside*, untill again ore-blown,  
Did make a dismal *Midnight* of *High Noon*;  
A darkness so *Egyptian*, you'd have thought,  
That every Ship by her own *Fire-light* fought;  
Or that we might their flying *Frigats* miss,  
The *Dutch* sigh'd up a *Fog* as dark as this.  
But what could tempt them *fight* at such a rate?  
Sure the last *Stake* hath made them desperate;

For this renders their misery much worse,  
We onely fight for *right*, they upon *force*.  
Their wretched *State* to this sad pass be'ng com'd;  
There's *death* abroad, and worse, *despair* at home.  
The *Gallant Prince* that in all dangers came,  
Wonders perform'd too great for th' mouth of *Fame*;  
Though they're intrench'd with *Sand*, he thinks it  
To *fight*, not dully to *besiege* a Fleet. (meet,  
*Ruyter* look'd pale at an assault so brave,  
And *Trump* had much ado to scape a *Grave*;  
Of *Common Boors* such numbers breathless float,  
Their grosser Souls will sure sink *Charon's Boat*;  
For to avoid *Englands* victorious Standard,  
Their shatter'd Squadrons in disorder wander'd:  
And were so sensible of certain loss,  
The *Belgick Lyon* couch'd before the *Cross*.  
The *Panegyricks* our Captains deserv'd,  
At large their own Swords in *Dutch bosoms* carv'd.  
So fought the *French*, they shall for future stand,  
Renoun'd for *Arts* at *Sea* as well as *Land*.  
But oh! with what deserving *Eulogies*,  
Shall we *Embalm* the glorious memories  
Of noble *Worden*, *Fowles*, *Finch*, and the rest,  
Snatcht hence by *Fate* to th' Regions of the *Blest*?  
That *Hero-Troop* ne'er to be prais'd enough,  
Whose Bodies fell, but Souls were *Canon proof*;  
Those *Miracles* of *Valour*, Honours Sons,  
Brave bold *Contemners* of grim Deaths great Guns;  
Those more than *Worthies* for their Countries good  
Who were so prodigal of their best Blood;  
Their *Fame* with us in story shall remain,  
Till Bodies reunite with Souls again.

Whilst *bass'd Hogens* quit the open main,  
And *Mare Clausum* we have prov'd again:  
'Tis fit our Monarchs happy Birth-day be  
Still usher'd in with Joys of *Victory*. FINIS.

# A B R O A D S I D E FOR THE D U T C H, With a Bounce, a bounce, bounce.

To the Tune of *O bone, O bone*: Or, *The Great Boobie*.



Was lately we met with the vapouring *Dutch*,  
And as we were wont, we gave them a Touch:  
But the *English* make nothing to smite them with such  
*A Bounce, a bounce, bounce, a bounce, bounce.*

Bold *Offory* bravely his Courage did shew,  
To make the *Hollanders* presently know  
The *English* do use but a word and a blow,  
*With a Bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

We had our *Holmes*! it was safeguard enough;  
And they had their *Everifon*, who though he's tough,  
Could not withstand a bold *Brittain* in Buff,  
*With a Bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Our Man of War and a Prophet made *SPEED*  
To teach the *Hogen-Mogens* to bleed:  
Or them he was formerly used to feed  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Now *Amsterdam* plainly may read it by rote,  
That each of their Ships doth seem but a Boat;  
And *Holland's* an Island is likely to float,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Our Sails they were fill'd with the breath of the Winde,  
To punish their boldness; and yet they shall finde,  
Or I am no Prophet, *The worst is behinde*,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Our Ships, and our Sea-men, are all heart of Oak;  
I will fright them to see how our Cannons shall smoke;  
Then what will they do, when they hear they have spoke  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Hoisting their Sails, then away they will creep,  
As knowing there's danger for *Dutchmen* to peep,  
Whilst some, to secure themselves, sink in the deep  
*From a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

We'll trouble nor *Holmes*, nor *Jordan*, nor *Spragge*,  
To force them back again home to the *Hague*;  
*Newcastle* Colliers shall lower their Flag  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Though they live under-ground as the Moles,  
Centinels closely shall manage their holes:  
We are a Nation that carry no Coles,  
*Unless with a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Their ground, like themselves, is both muddy and sandy,  
For those are the parts of a Dutch Jack a-dandy:  
With Claret from France, we will conquer their Brandy  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

But, as I'm a Christian, I would them exhort  
Never to trust to the *Albion* sport;  
Their Cannons and Lawyers both make a Report,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

They live in a Bog, as the people do tell;  
For sure the *Low-Countries* needs must be hell:  
And they may in time be taught to Rebel,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

But though they're like Spirits inhabiting there,  
Their Brandy no Charm is against a Despair:  
For we fight with them, and they fight the Air,  
*With a pitiful Low-Country bounce, &c.*

They Figures can make, and then press them in Print;  
But we're for the Pictures that hang in their Mint:  
And if we don't catch them, the Devil is in't,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Our *Chattam* shall cheat them if once they dare peep  
To view but our Land, or to fight with our Sheep:  
And what they can steal, they shall afterwards keep  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

That War must be pleasant, when Sheep fight with Oxes:  
For our *English Lambs* can out-dare the *Dutch Foxes*:  
They'll bay at them first, and then Butter their Boxes,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Though never so High and so Mighty in prates,  
Our Bullets shall make them *The pitiful States*;  
Great *CHARLES* and brave *LEWIS* can conquer the Fates,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

Their *Rotterdam*-policies cannot prevail  
Against the *French* Foot, and the fierce *English* Sail:  
For either's sufficient to make them to vail  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

When we were but *States* as well as themselves,  
We sunk and we took them by Tens and by Twelves:  
For *Cromwel* could tumble the Lubberly Elves  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

One Frigate of ours, the Great *JAMES* by name,  
Alone, can at least a score of them tame:  
For Royal *TORK* once more will scatter his Fame,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

And while they do flie from his powerful hand,  
'Gainst whom all their Magical Charms cannot stand;  
Stout *Monmouth* shall rout them as fast on the Land  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, &c.*

The *Monsieur* shall see that each *English* Boy  
Shall act like a Man, until they destroy  
All *Rebels* that will not cry *Vive le Roy*,  
*With a bounce, a bounce, bounce, a bounce, bounce.*

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. C. for Samuel Speed, 1672.

# DEFIANCE

## TO THE DUTCH.

**R**Ob'd of our Rights? and, By such *Water-Rats*?  
Wee'l doff their Heads, if they won't doff  
their Hats.

Affront too *Hogan-Mogan* to endure!  
Tis time to BOX these *Butterboxes* sure.  
If they the Flagg's; undoubted Right, deny us;  
Who won't Strike to us, must be stricken by us.  
A Crew of *Bores* and *Sooterkins*, that know  
Themselves, they to Our Blood and Valour owe!  
Did We for this knock off their *Spanish-Fetters*,  
To make 'um able to abuse their Betters?  
If at this rate they Rave, I think 'tis good  
Not to omit the *Spring*, but Let 'um Blood.

Rouse then Heroick *Britains*; 'tis not Words,  
But Wounds, must Work with *Leather-Apron-Lords*.  
They'r Deaf, and must be Talkt withall; alas!  
With Words of Iron spoke by Mouths of Brags.  
I hope we shall to purpose the next Bout  
Cure 'um, as we did *Opdam*, of the *Gout*.  
And, when i'th' bottome of the Sea they come,  
They'l have enough of *Mare Liberum*.

Our Brandisht steel, though now they seem so Tall,  
Shall make 'um *Lower* than *Low-Countries* Fall.  
But they'l ere long come to themselves you'l see,  
When we in earnest are at *Snick a Snee*:

When once the *Bores* perceive our Swords are drawn.  
And we Converting are those *Bores* to *Brawn*.

Methinks the Ruine of their *Belgick-Banners*  
(Last Fight, almost as Ragged as their Manners)  
Might have Perswaded 'um to better things,  
Than be so Sawcy with the best of Kings.

Is it of Wealth they are so Proud become?

*CHARLES* has a Waine I hope to fetch it home;  
And with it Pay Himself His Just Arrears  
Of *Fishing-Tribute* for this Hundred years.

That we may say, as all the Store comes in,  
The *Dutch*, alas, have but our Factors been:  
They Fathom *Sea* and *Land*; We, when we please,  
Have both the *Indies* brought to our Own Seas.  
For Rich and Proud they bring in Ships by Shoules;  
And then we Humble them to save their Souls.

'Pox of their Pictures; if we had 'um here  
Wee'd find 'um Frames at *Tyburne*, or elsewhere.  
The next they *DRAW*, be it their *Admiralls*  
Transpeciated, into *Fynnes*, and *Scales*:  
Or, which should do as well, *DRAW*, if they please  
*Opdam*, with the *Seven Sinking Provinces*;  
Or *DRAW* their *Captains* from the Conqu'ring *Maine*,  
First Beaten Home, then beaten Back again.

Lastly, Remember, to prevent all Laughter,  
*Drawing* goes First, but *Hanging* Follows after:  
And after this so JUST, though FATAL Strife,  
*Draw* their dead *Bores* again unto the *LIFE*.  
If then, Lampooning thus be their Undoing,  
Who pities them that Purchase their own Ruine?

Who will hereafter trust their *Treacheries*,  
Unless they leave their Heads for Hostages?  
For, as before of *Women* has been said,  
Believe 'um not, nay, though ye think 'um dead.  
The *Dutch* are Stubborn, and will yield no FRUIT,  
Till, like the *Wallnut-Tree*, ye Beat 'um to't.

L. Orat. *Injurias & non redditas Causam hujusce  
Esse belli audisse videor.*

With Allowance.

LONDON, Printed for T. W. 1672.

# The Dutch Armado A meer Bravado.

## A POEM upon the Late Engagement at Sea.

By the Author of the Dutch Embargo.

*Non nos ampullas.*

**A**fter a strict *Embargo* on Their Fleet,  
The *Dutch* inrag'd with *Brandy-valour* meet:  
Like a deaf *Fidler*, tedious, large and long;  
Whose tuning takes up more time than his  
Song:

Or like a thick rim'd Bull, when Goads and Stroaks  
His fullen Humor into Rage provokes.

In *Crescent form* the furious *Turks* began,  
Resolv'd t' appear, at least half Christian.  
But soon the *English* broke the *Belgick Bow*:  
(May the *Venetian* break the *Ottoman* so.)  
Both Parties mixt, maintain a Noble strife,  
To purchase Vict'ry with the sale of Life:  
Guns, like their Hearts, with national heats inspir'd,  
The airy Arch into an Oven fir'd.  
The sing'd Birds to the upper Region fly  
For cool Protection, or i'th' lower dye.  
The Fish down to the boyling bottoms shrink,  
And there like *Dutch*, for Water Brandy drink.  
Vex'd Canons, like *Perillus* Engine, roar  
And with importunate violence seemt' implore,  
Heaven to decide so vocal a contest,  
In such fair and Illustrious Colours drest.  
Had this been (Ages since) a *Roman Wonder*,  
'T had taught their *Ethnick Jove* new Modes of Thun-  
der.

The *English* tir'd with the least Interval,  
For a more expeditious Conflict call:  
Resolv'd at length (as the Old Story goes,  
The *Romans* serv'd their *Carthaginian* Foes)  
To Grapple in close Fight, make the *Dutch* stand  
As firm at Sea, as if they fought on Land.  
The *Monsieur* (who devoted his fine Blood  
Not to the *Holland* cause, but Neighbour-hood.)  
Was at a losse, with tortur'd eye-brows gaz'd,  
Never at any *Mistriss* so amaz'd.  
Frolick at first, as if he came to hunt  
For Mer-maids, but met no venereal brunt:  
(*Venus* was gone, and lay in *Mars* his Arms;  
As Fortune did i'th' *Dukes*, with Nobler charms)  
Must stand or fall; things he's not us'd to do,  
Can He but run with *six Legs* or with two.  
Fir'd over board the *Poor petit French-man*,  
Frisk like a *Flounder* lep't from frying Pan.

Now Muskets more Blood than the Canons spill,  
Whilst Swords, some *Dutch* with meer reflections kill.  
Both sides engage with free expence of breath;  
As sworn to conquer not their Foes, but death.  
*Opdam* falls like a grave Judge from his Chair,  
Is after coach'd in Flames into the Air.

*Lepanto's* force, compar'd to this dread fight,  
Was a faint skirmish, or a painted fight.  
Two opposite Religions struggled there:  
Christian with Turk, Christian with Christian here:  
Protestant with Protestant, a worse Fight  
Than *Bell* and *Dragon*, *Pope* and *Hugonite*.

When two cross Elements for Malt'ry strive,  
One dyes, that so the other may survive:  
So kinder distance oft a quarrel ends,  
Continued by Antipathy of Friends.

*Opdam* thus blown up in both Navies eye,  
(That Giant of the *Dutch Theomachy*)

Loath to give up at once their boasted might,  
The *Hollanders* like wary *Parthians* fight:  
At length (as night to day) are forc'd to yield,  
And quit their Stations in the Liquid Field.  
While the astonish'd Sea in horror stood,  
Discoloured with two tinctures, Flames and Blood.  
There might you see dismember'd men appear,  
Floating in shoals, no hope, nor Harbour near:  
Had only this perswasive to rejoice,  
That of two certain deaths they had their choice:  
But newly scorcht with Flames they were content,  
To breath out in a cooler Element.  
Had you but seen (beside the sunk and slain)  
Those swarms of desp'rate Swimmers in the Main;  
Astonisht then, both Fleets, you would have said,  
Was into Fishes metamorphos'd.

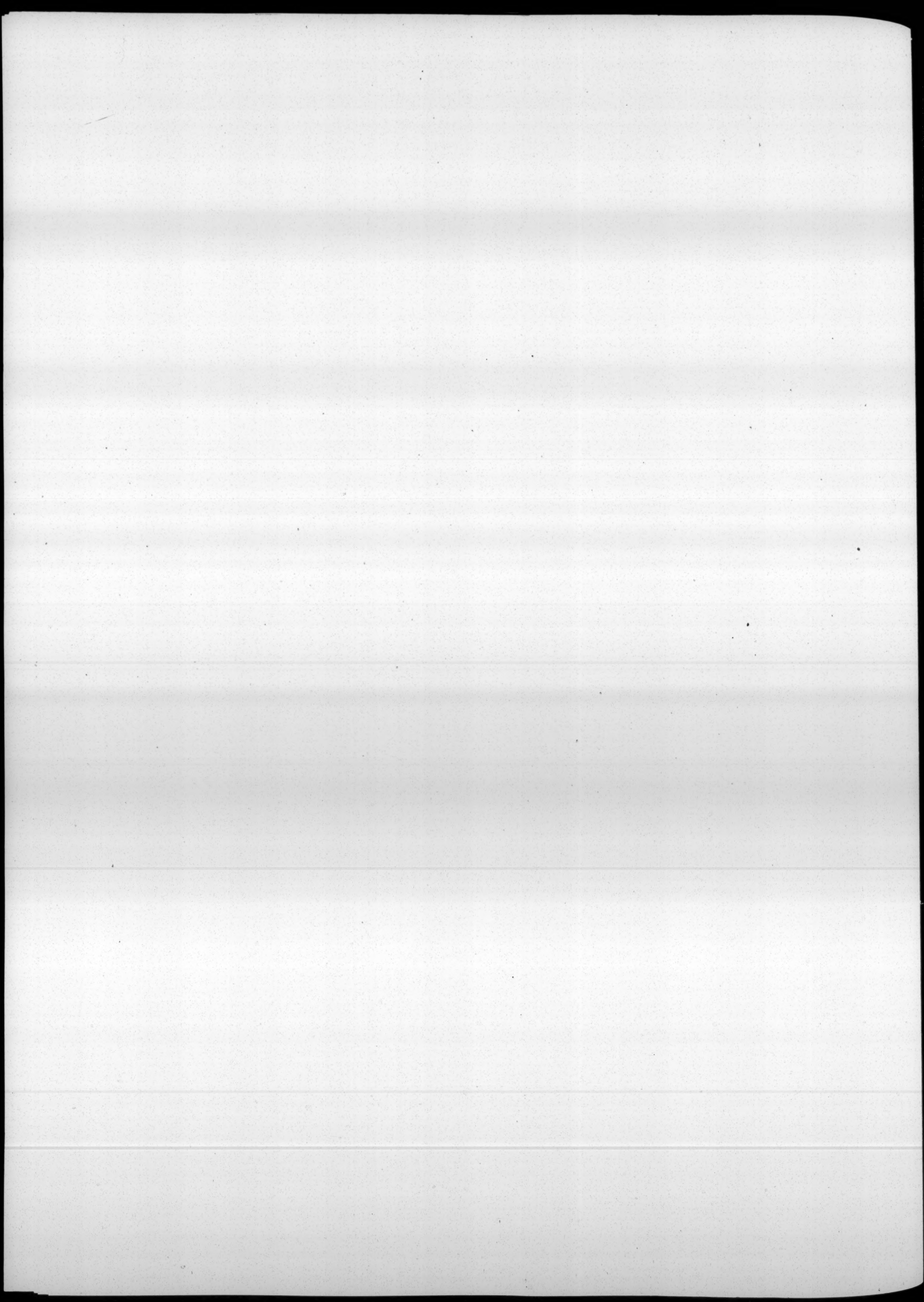
Great Duke, thou care of Heaven, hadst no defence,  
But a just Cause guarded by Providence:  
How did your courage the whole Fleet inspire,  
And coldest breasts to fearless Actions fire?  
What sence of manhood wrought for *Spain* and *France*,  
Honour would for your Native soil advance:  
You skermish'd only as a Soldier there,  
Fought now as a concern'd Proprietere.  
Was here to nothing, but your self, unkind,  
When for exchange of deaths, you left behind  
Dear Relatives, a Brother and a King,  
A Royal Mother, and a nearer THING,  
The vertuous Dutchesse; whose blest Prayers and tears  
Redeem'd your life, and ransom'd all our fears.  
Some great ones fell, t'instruct us by their fate,  
We honour love, which our base enemies hate;  
A double glory from their falls did rise,  
To be their Countries, and your Sacrifice.  
O may the hearts of these three Nations burn  
One entire Holocaust for your Return.

Brave *Rupert*, whose high, and yet humble spirit  
Disguis'd the Prince, distinguish'd by his merit:  
May the convinc'd world never more be rude  
To check your just fame by ingratitude.  
The *English* (who in former times we find  
So civil and so hospitably kind)  
'Gainst strangers now a prejudice have rais'd,  
All may be *Virtuosi*, but none prais'd.

Had all the Champions of our vanquisht Cause  
(Who fought for honour, liberty and Laws)  
Been stout as you, a glorious Wight (now dead)  
Had kept four Crowns, and his more precious head.

Methink I hear some interrupting voice  
Whisper your worsted Enemies rejoice:  
Oh let them laugh that win! let 'em make squibs  
Thank Heaven and us for threshing their Whale-ribs.  
A fool will soon conjecture it goes ill  
With him that's bruis'd and is not sensible.  
What need they Conquer, whose unhallowed Bells  
Can cant a Vict'ry, when they should ring knells?  
Who can their Froes with fained bonfires greet,  
And mock the real bonfires of their Fleet.

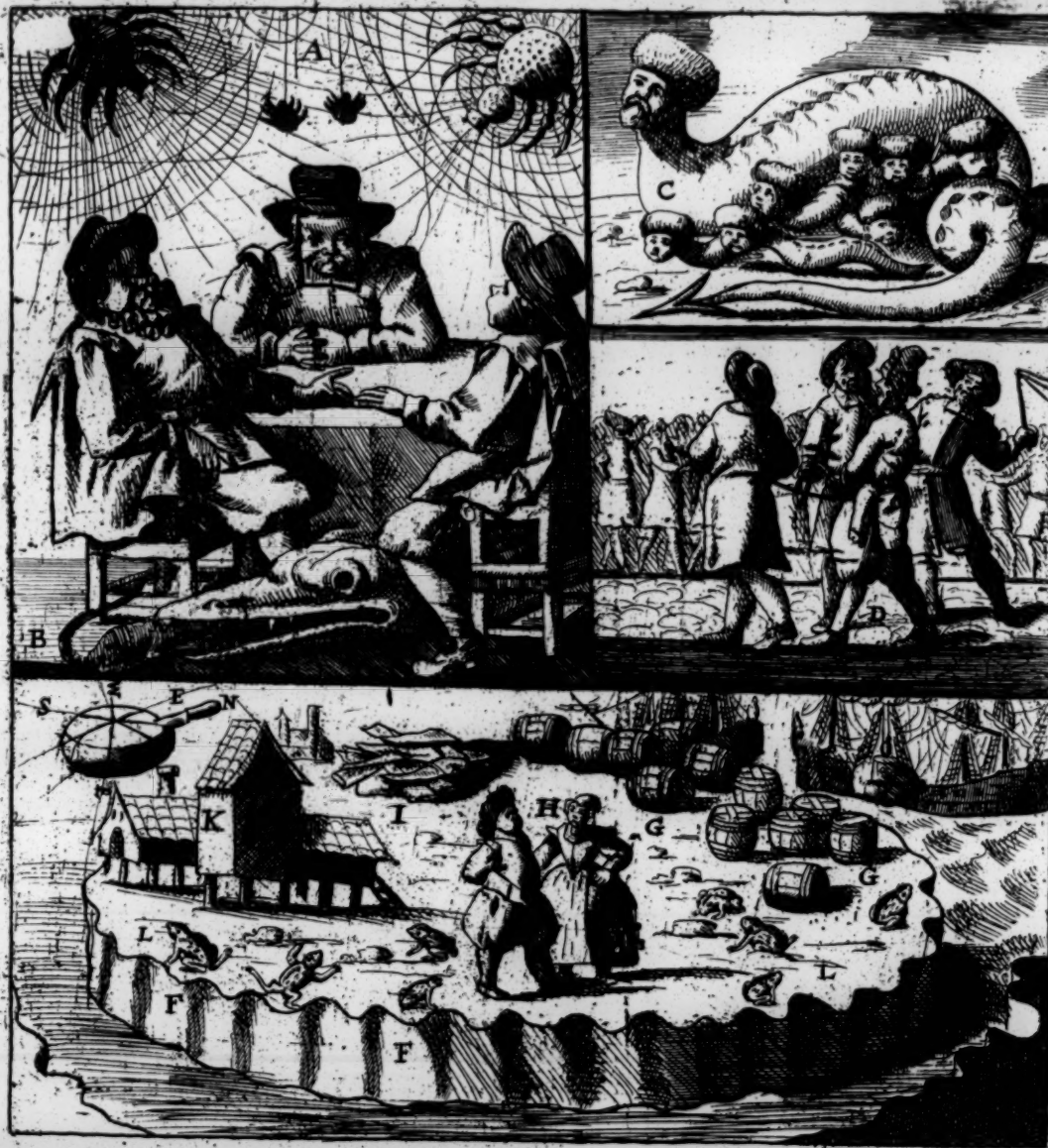
Well, seldome game so lost, but Losers make  
One trick; The Conquer'd from their Conquerors take.  
Fortune was pleasant, when she lent the *Dutch*  
Our CHARITY, a thing they wanted much.



# The Dutch Boare Dissected, or a Description of HOGG-LAND.

A Dutch man is a Lusty, Fat, two Legged Cheefe-Worm : A Creature, that is so addicted to Eating Butter, Drinking fat Drink, and Sliding, that all the VVorld knows him for a slippery Fellow. An Hollander is not an *High-lander*, but a *Low-lander* ; for he loves to be down in the Dirt, and Boar-like, to wallow therein.

**T**He Dutch at first,  
When at the worst,  
The *English* did relieve them :  
They now for thanks,  
Have play'd base Pranks  
With *Englishmen* to grieve them.  
**A** Those Spider-Imps,  
As big as Shrimps,  
Doe lively Represent,  
How that the States  
Spin out their Fates  
Out of their Bowels vent.  
**B** The *Indian* Ratt  
That runs in at  
The Mouth of Crocodile,  
Eates his way through,  
And shews well how  
All Nations they beguile.  
**C** The Monstrous Pig,  
With Vipers Big,  
That Seven-headed Beast,  
Shews how they still,  
Pay good with ill  
To th' *English* and the Rest.  
The Vipers come  
Forth of the Wombe,  
With death of their own Mother:  
Such are that Nation,  
A Generation,  
That rise by fall of Other.  
**D** One of the Rout  
Was Whipt about  
Our Streets for telling lyes:  
More of that Nation  
Serv'd in such Fashion  
Might be for Forgeries.  
**E** Their Compass is  
An *Holland* Cheefe,  
To steer a Cup of Ale-by:  
The Knife points forth  
Unto the North  
The Needle these Worms sail-by.



**F** Their Quagmire Isle  
(I would make one smile)  
In Form lyes like a Custard:  
A Land of Bogs  
To breed up Hogs,  
Good Pork with *English* Mustard.  
**G** If any asks,  
What mean the Casks?  
'Tis Brandy, that is here:  
And Pickle-Herring,  
(Without all Erring :)  
'Tis neither Ale nor Beere.  
**H** Those Two you see,  
That yonder bee  
Upon the Bog-Land Walking;  
Are Man and Wife,  
At wofull Strife  
About last Night's work talking.  
He Drinks too long;  
Shee gives him Tongue,  
In Sharp, hot-scolding Pickle,  
With Oyle so glib  
The same for Tib,  
Her tipling man to Tickle.  
I Spin all Day,  
You Drink away  
More then I get by Wheeling:  
I do my part,  
Says he, Sweet Heart,  
For I doe come home Reeling.  
**I** The *Holland* Boare,  
Hath Stock-Fish store,  
As good as can be eaten:  
And such they are,  
As is their Fare,  
Scarce good till soundly beaten.  
**K** Their State-House such is,  
It stands on Crutches,  
Or Stilts, like some old Creeple:  
**L** Frogs in great Number  
Their Land doth Cumber,  
And such-like Croaking People.

## The HOLLANDERS Unmasked.

**W**hat makes the wiser Mackerell to stay,  
So long from *England* in this moneth of May?  
What stops their Course, as if they understood  
Our Seas would shortly be distained with blood?  
And the sharp Fury of the Sword that Kills,  
Would adde new Sanguine to their guilty Gills?  
In these high Doubts, they keep aloofe for feare  
They shall b' infected with the *Hollander*;  
Who needs no Art to work him into Evill,  
Hee's bad enough, and can possesse the Devill;  
They will provide that our safe Hopes from them,  
Shall not be baffull'd by some Stratagem;  
Nor will they passe in Fogs disguis'd, the which  
Was lately practis'd, t'other side the Ditch,  
Of no Delignes their faithfull Shoales will heare,  
Which seem to smell but of a *Hollander* :  
A *Hollander*, so wilde a Monster, that  
Nature her self doth seem to startle at;  
Those foure Ingredients which at first began:  
Their happy Union to make up a Man,  
If th' Dutch Crosse Natures course, as if he were  
The Magick piece of some great Conjuror.  
Sanguine with us is mixt with Flegme, the Fire  
Complies with Earth to raise our Frame the higher,  
But in the Model of a Dutch-mans strain,  
Falshood is mixt with zeale, and blood with Gain,  
And the great God they have ador'd and wooed,  
Is the foule Idoll of Ingratitude.  
We well may guesse what the Discent will be,  
From so prophane, and forc'd a Pedegree;  
Who strive all Climes unto their own to bring,  
And make their Gain to be their God and King,  
Who in all Nations have their Marts, and Faïres,  
And both the *Indies* must be none but theirs;

Whose Actions never with their Words doe dwell,  
Eyes high as Heaven, and Hearts as low as Hell,  
Their wilde Religion through the World is known,  
For Gog with them, and Gogmagog is one:  
And the Effects of their laborious Zeale,  
Do pull down Crowns, t' enrich their *Common-weale*;  
For this their Gold looks paler, and the groand  
Accents are heard oth' grinded Diamond;  
The sparkling Stones, and Pearls to Heav'n do cry,  
To be redeem'd by Kingly Majesty;  
For Kings are Seconds unto God, and there  
They in their native Lustre doe appear,  
It is the Crown that the true Splendour brings,  
They seem but Soyl'd when set in other Rings:  
They there in all their Glory shines, and pay  
The thankfull Tributes of their clearest Ray:  
A sparkling Jewell with a *Dutch-man* shoves,  
Just like a Pearl in a Boares thanklesse Nose,  
And o what Pen! can speak enough the rude  
And monstrous Course of their Ingratitude?  
Invention for them wants a Parallel:  
No greater Monsters live on this side Hell.  
What wilde, what foul Inroachments have they made  
Upon our *English* in their way of Trade?  
Upon the Water one can hardly Float,  
But that the *Dutch* will have an Oare in's Boat:  
Their whole Indeavour unto Fraud is set;  
All is good Fish comes to the *Dutch-mans* Net:  
Like Vipers, unto all good Nature lost,  
They pierce their Bowels did relieve them most;  
They and their Cities had all drowned bin,  
Stood we not to them, and held up their Chin;  
They had been starv'd, had they not been stirring  
On *English* Seas to get the *English* Herring;

And the true Love we show'd them, they require  
With utmost Hatred, and the greatest spight:  
At first we gave them leave, but they are grown  
At last so proud, they will have All, or none;  
And they would serve us here, as they have done,  
Our Factors some Years since at *Pulleroon*.  
Nature for them alone made Seas to flow,  
All must be theirs where ever they do go:  
And what they cannot by deceit obtain,  
They will by Force and Opposition strain:  
The very Stones doe out against them cry,  
And loath them for *Ambroya's* Cruelty:  
And now when lately their fell malice found  
Our Land with sects and Schismatics t' abound,  
And that in vain His Majesty inclin'de,  
To bring us All under one Form and Minde:  
When they hop'd *ERRORS* with their Faction train  
Would side and murmure, and make head again;  
High time they thought, it was for them to show  
Themselves abroad, to make our Tumult grow  
More high and threatening, and to intertain  
Those that did loudest, but should least complain;  
This makes the *Dutch* in Counsels to Unite  
With Pen to Libell, and with Sword to Fight:  
And none more ready than the *Dutch* can be  
To side with those affront his Majesty;  
As if their State more firm and faire did stand,  
By hopes of Help from any in our Land:  
This shows their Rancour to our King, and hate  
They beare unto our Nation, and the State:  
For which we pray it may be shortly known,  
That Heav'n will please to make this Cause his own,  
For who the King affront, the like will doe  
To th' King of Kings, could they come at him too.



# THE DUTCH GAZETTE:

O R,

## The Sheet of Wild-Fire, that Fired the DUTCH FLEET.

1666.

I 'Le tell ye not of *Etna's Flames*, nor *Troy's*,  
That long agoe has fill'd the World with noise:  
Nor of *Romances*, nor of *Histories*,  
Done Ages long before, whose *Obsequies*  
Were sung by *Laureate Pens*; that which I tell,  
The *Storyes* of the World can't parallel.

*Rupert* I sing, *Duke Albemarle*, and *Homes*,  
And of the rest, that sent those to their homes,  
Whose *Pride* and *Envy*, Hell it self ( 'twas such )  
Can't match, would you know who I mean, the *Dutch*.

Who had a Hundred sixty Ships, and more,  
Of *Merchant-men*, lay sleeping on their Shore,  
And never dreamt of danger, till we came,  
And took them napping; Ask but *Amsterdam*,  
Who stood Spectators there, and saw their Sayles  
Transform'd to *Sheets* of *Wildfire*, and those Gales  
That use to swell and spread abroad their 'tire,  
Serve now as *Bellows* to let all on fire.

For *Guinne* some, others for *Russia* bound,  
Scarce one worth less than *Fifteen thousand Pound*.  
Did you ne'r see the *Winged Troop*, that flies  
From Flower to Flower, until their laden thighs  
Force a retreat? Did you ne'r see them strive,  
Which should goe richest laden to his *Hive*?  
Just so each *Souldier*, in a plenteous measure,  
Has made his *Cabb'n*, a *Cabinet of Treasure*.  
Silks, Hollands, Silver-spoons, Plate, Cloth of Gold,  
All had their choice to take what e're they would.

These are the *Dutch*, that did but th' other day  
Make *Bonfires* o're their Land for *Victorie*, ---- }  
But never thought of seeing *This* by Sea. ----- }  
Where *Helm* and *Rudder*, *Top*, *Top-sayl*, and all,  
Within few hours to Dust and Ashes fall.

Had but *Will. Lilly* seen this *Blazing Comet*,  
I'le lay my life it had portended somewhat  
Of *strange event*, as he'd have made appear  
In his *Prognostication* for next Year.

They'll block the Seas up, why then so they shall,  
*No fitter Heads than theirs* to do't withall;  
Where they may lay 'um together, and counsel take,  
*How many Bonfires* they had best to make.

Now will I loose the Pinion of my Quill,  
And dictate to my *Muse* a Word at will;  
That *Fame* it self, that *Herauld* ( and not I )  
Shall shew the *Blazon* of our *Victory*.  
At which the World distracted stands with fear,  
And won't believe but that the *Gods* were there.

Great *MONK* so thundered, that 'twas hard to  
Whether 'twas *He*, or *Fate*, that got the Day. ( say

*Smith* sent such *Thunderbolts* as ne'r were made  
By *Vulcan*, since he fir't wrought of his Trade;

Who gaz'd, but durst not come within a Shot,  
For fear his other *Legg* had gone to *Pott*.  
'Twas *Smith*, whose *Sword* so often quench'd in Blood,  
Return'd so hard, as not to be withstood.  
*Steel to the Hilt*; this Proverb has he got,  
*He ne'r strikes stroke until the Iron's hot*.

Had *Goffe*, *Ben. Johnson*, or had *Shakespeare* been - }  
*Spectators* there, such *Acts* they should have seen, -- }  
As they ne'r acted in an *English Scean*: ----- }  
These fought with Blows, they only clash'd in Words;  
They fought with Foyls, but these with naked Swords.  
Here should they've seen an angry Sea their Stage,  
Cover'd with rolling Billows, Foam and Rage;  
Now sunk to Hell, anon with *Pride* so high,  
As if it gave defiance to the Skie.

There should they've seen retiring Rooms of *VVar*,  
Such Rooms as farr excels *Romes Theater*:  
A *Ghastrful Scean*, not *Thebes*, but *Thetis VVomb*,  
VVherein the *Actors* did themselves intomb.

Here dives a *Corps*, there struggles one half dead;  
Here sinks a *Trunk* cut shorter by the Head;  
Here one 'twixt hope and fear thinks 'tis a dream;  
And there another strives against the stream;  
Here dive a hundred *Dutch* into their Graves;  
There dye as many 'mbracing of the *VVaves*;  
Here one turmoyle, and there another strives,  
Yet scarce two in a hundred save their lives.

Such *Musick* as they had, had but *Troy* known,  
'Twould quickly've made the *Grecians* fled their  
Had poor *Ulysses* heard but one broad-side, ( Town.  
'T had made him quake, and been afraid to ride  
The *Grecian Horse*, his wood'n *Bucphalus*  
Had been transform'd into a *Pegasus*.

Had *Monk* but Thunder'd at proud *Babels VVall*,  
*Babels* proud Battlements had got a fall:  
Had th' *Great Collofus* stood where he discharges,  
He'd vest'd his *Bonnet* to our *Boanarges*.

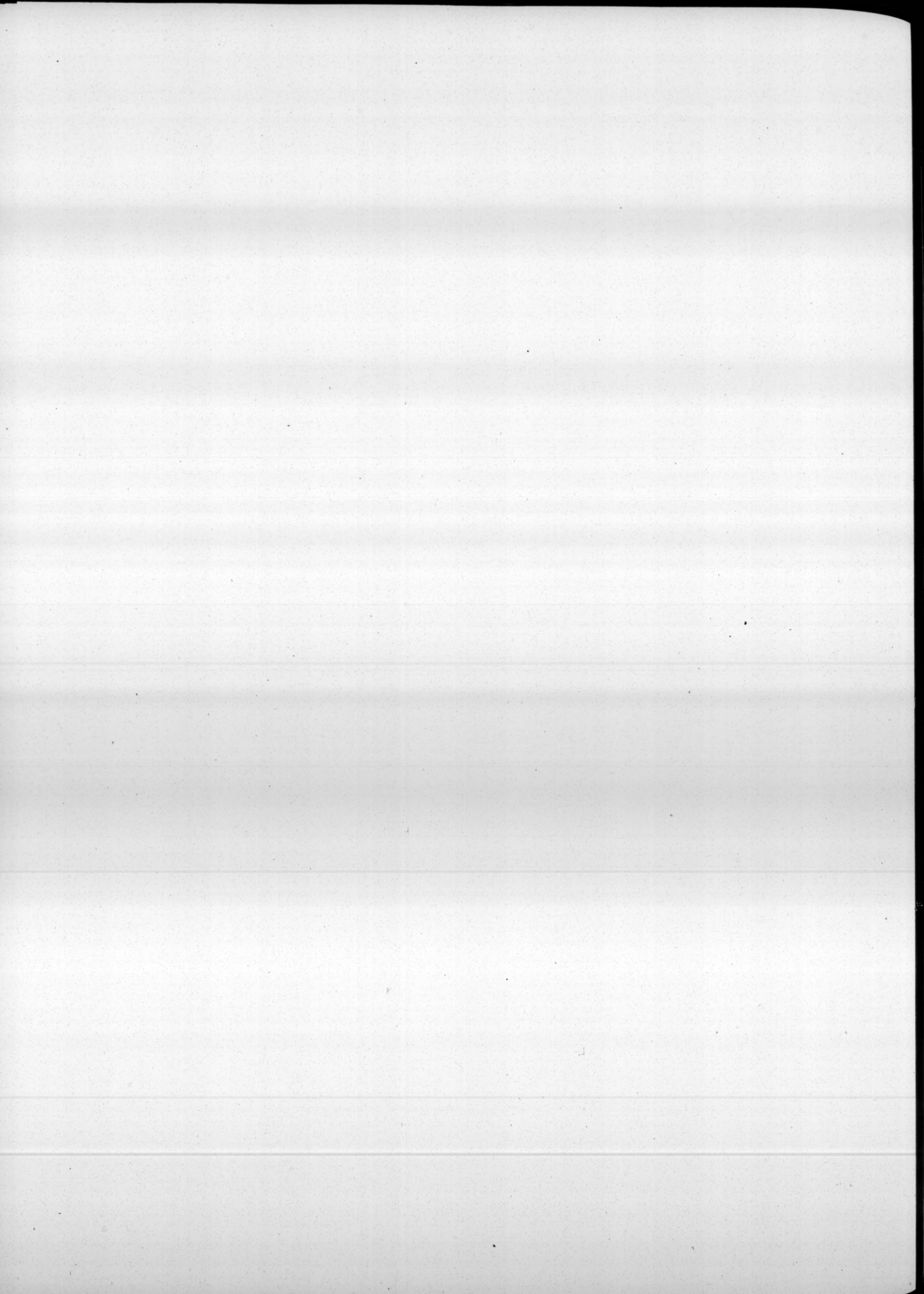
Th' *Egyptian Pyramid* ( whose massie Tower,  
The Jaws of Time could never yet devour )  
VVhen he discharges, its proud *Marbles* must  
Lay down their palsey Heads within the Dust.

Great Conquerours, could I your Worth indite,  
The World unworthy were of what I'de write.

Your steely Souldiers too, I dare but name,  
For fear I over-charge the Trump of *Fame*,  
That caus'd the World proverbially to say,  
THE Y fought like *Englishmen*, and wonn the Day.

Return, Great Conquerours, live Men of Mirrour  
*Englands* chief Glory, but the *Dutches* Terror.

VVho have a *Tromp* too, but the VVorld's to b'  
If e're they take Him for the Trump of *Fame*.



THE  
DUTCH STORM:

OR,  
*It's an ILL WIND that Blows NO-BODY PROFIT.*

BEING  
A Perfect Relation of Eighteen Ships Great and Small, Taken from the  
Hogen Mogen Stats Van Hollandt.

Septemb. 3. 1665. By the Truly Valiant Earl of  
SANDWICH.

When Royal James, that Prince of Might and Wonder,  
Did make the Seas, the Earth and Air to Thunder:  
When with loud Roarings of his Guns he shook

The Firmament; The Winds he Prisoner took;  
His Mighty Valour, and his Powerful Arm,  
The Winds and Seas Magnetique like did Charm;  
Those Elements were kind, and did not grutch  
To take his part, till he had beat the Dutch:  
They scorned for to own the Dutch-mens Cause,  
Or to be subject unto such Out-lawes;  
They quite had lost their former Reputation,  
If they had sided with that Paltrey Nation.  
When Hell and Earth, and all the World did fight  
'Gainst Queen Elizabeth in Eighty-eight,  
How did the proud Waves storm, the High-Winds rore,  
And Beat the Pope and Spanyard from our Door,  
With Violence did Hurl them in the Deep,  
Until the Resurrection for to Sleep;  
And now they are in Arms for Englands Right.  
The other day most Valiantly did Fight,  
One Thousand three Hundred twenty seven  
Dutch Prisoners took: this love's from Heaven;  
What Nations this the Universe will say,  
That Winds and Seas so humbly do obey?  
It is in vain for Holland so to strive  
Against the Stream; Great Britains King will drive  
Them up and down the Main, he will them Chase,  
That those Vile Wretches shall not find a Place  
To harbour in, or for to take their Ease,  
They shall no more enjoy the Narrow-Seas;

The Winds and Seas alone themselves will Fight,  
They will defend the King of Englands Right.  
Poor silly Holland, how canst thou with-stand  
Great Britains King? Hee'l shake thee from His Hand,  
As Paul the Viper did into the Flame,  
Hee'l cause thee tremble at his Dreadful Name;  
Long time ere this thou hadst been tumbled down,  
If not supported by Great Britains Crown;  
And now thy Mother thou dost seek to Kill,  
Because thou canst not have thy Factious Will;  
Dumb Elements themselves do thee defy,  
Thy unjust Dealing, and thy Cruelty  
They will Revenge; where-ever thou dost go  
They'l be against thee, and become thy Foe;  
Sad Omen Holland, for this Storm did thow,  
That thou ere long shalt have an Overthrow;  
And such a Tempest shall thee Overwhelm,  
As shall Consume thee to the very Helme;  
The Element of Fire may be next,  
Which not long since thee cruelly perplext;  
Four Elements in All thou canst but have,  
And one of these are left to be thy Grave;  
Therefore more Kind unto thee it will be  
In thy Distresse, than all the to'ther Three;  
This Self same instant Month, and the Third day,  
False hearted Holland, England took away  
Eight Ships, Two Hundred Guns; since many more,  
And Fourteen Hundred Prisoners brought to shore;  
Rejoyce, O England, Dance for Joy and Sing,  
That's an ill Wind which none doth profit bring.

FINIS.

LONDON,  
Printed by J. Mottershed, in the Year M.DC.LXV.

# The Dutchmans acknow- ledgement of his Errors.

OR  
A Dutch Ballad translated into English.

Setting forth the true and false reports that they are subject to believe. With a description of the  
shame that they cry on that State for bringing on them so many troubles.

To the Tune of, Packingtons Pound.



What Sots & Madmen we Dutchmen now be,  
To hope, and domineer thus on the Sea,  
The English boyn we have offended to soze  
From kicking and beating us will no: give oze,  
We'r beat back and side  
We alwaige our Pride  
And nothing will favor us to ind nor yet Tide.  
Then let's hang up our States our Masters & mates  
And make their ambition look thorow Iron grates.

Duch great heavy burdens of Trees we have  
Not one single Striver in our Pockets we save,  
We suffer yet dayly by Sea and by Land  
By boaiting & cracking we're meerly trappand:  
They tell us the fice  
We conquered so (fro  
That they chase all their Ships on the Seas tow  
Then let's hang, &c.

## The Second Part to the same tune

**I**n every Engagement which has bin all along  
 We have ruin'd the English still has bin the song  
 Tells Kinging & Victories we have had stoze  
 For joy that the English dare fight us no moze,  
 But we find they be lyes  
 The Commonalty cries  
 We'll be feasted no moze with stories that lyes.  
 Then let's hang up our States our Masters & mates  
 And make their ambition look thorow Iron gates.  
 We may thank our Ancestors who was the cause  
 Which buked the English 'gainst reason & laws  
 When as we sold them to Heavens for Slaves  
 And many we buried alive in their Graves,  
 At whipping-poles we  
 Used them cruelly  
 We cut of their flesh most bloody to see,  
 we mangled their howels to increase the more pain  
 Not thinking we ever should pay for the same.  
 Then of late years again we invented new ways  
 For which we have neither thanks nor yet praise  
 Some verses were writ and pictures were draw'd  
 Which in taverns & ale-houses we scatterd abroad  
 We set our stile  
 The brave English to 'buse  
 As it were to do now we would it refuse  
 For we thought that no Nation could do us wrong  
 Which made us to domineer so all along.  
 We forgot that the English e're stood our friends  
 which makes us at this time to make us amend  
 We forgot the time of a Distressed state  
 Because of high matters we day y do prate  
 But the time now is near  
 I grieve y to teare  
 We must write Distressed as it doth appear.  
 Then let's hang, &c.

Our Merchants is taken our Trade is decay'd  
 Yet still we be gainers as often is said,  
 In the late Engagement was fought on our coast  
 We heard that the English Fleet was a most lost  
 But I find we prate  
 Of what they relate,  
 For they lost ne're a Ship & we lost above eight.  
 Besides fifteen hundred brave Seamen were slain  
 Which ne're more will come for to fight on the  
 (Main,  
 Here's many brave wounded men dy on the shore  
 & a many that lives now will ne're fight no more  
 For the English do fight like a noble brave crew  
 And home to our doors they do us pursue,  
 Our East-India Fleet  
 Doth make us to waxy,  
 For the English has taken some & doth them kary.  
 And they wait for the rest, and I very much fear  
 They'll leave us but a few for to harbor in here.  
 (Here wars  
 Would our States had bin hanged which caused  
 For thousands of men undergoes wounds & scars,  
 Besides widows & fatherless children great stoze  
 Which be ready to ask relief at a Doze:  
 Here's some without feet  
 On the stones now do creep  
 And some without arms which makes us to weep  
 Then let's hang, &c.  
 An English-man we do love very well  
 And I ne're say that ever this difference fell,  
 God bless our King & Rupert and his Navy I pray!  
 And I hope we shall never more lye in his way.  
 God send us a peace  
 That Wars they may cease  
 & grant that true love amongst us may increase.  
 And let's hang up, &c.

FINIS.

L. White,

Printed for J. Clarke at the Bible and Harp in West-Smith-Field.

AN ESSAY  
Upon his Royal Highness the Duke of  
YORK  
His Adventure against the DUTCH.

SINCE the proud *Dutch* will yet again provoke  
Heaven and the *Duke* to give the second stroke,  
May he strike deep, and let the angry Fates  
Make the *Hogen Mogen*, Poor distressed States.  
Why may'nt good Prayers do as much as charms,  
And make the *Duke* secure from shot and harms?  
If Pray'rs repeated backwards have such might,  
Sure they have greater when repeated right.

May th' *English Sea* like that fam'd fleet would take  
No other but his Master on his back )  
Stoop to receive Great *James*, but praunc'd and throw  
The *Dutch*, and trample o're th' usurping Foe,  
May't smile and frown at once, and ev'ry wave  
To him a Bull-wark be to's Foes a Grave.  
There let 'um with their bodies satisfie  
*Neptune* for th' Earth they stole out of the Sea,  
Tis fit some Colonies should be sent down,  
To people once again their drowned Town:  
Whose Steeples at low-tide peep out o'th' Sea,  
Shewing what's become of all their Piety.

May the kind *Winds* which from the *British* Shore  
Come whistling on his head soft blessings pour,  
And when he fights like Vassals let them run,  
V With their swift feet to aid the tardy Gun.  
But to the *Dutch* may their infectious breath  
Not only Storms and Tempests bring but Death.  
Let 'um with oblique blasts their Bullets spoil,  
Or make 'um on their Masters heads recoil.  
And if the sacrilegious Lead comes near  
Great *James*, let it straight melt into a Tear:  
And fall at's feet, o're come by's powerful rayes  
V Whilst no bold *Thunder* hurt's his conquering Bays.  
V When e're his bellowing Guns shall roar for prey,  
Impatient even of the short delay,

Of these swift Messengers, they just now sent,  
V Whirling through the amazed Element:  
May the sure Bullets, they (like Spiders) spun  
From their own bowels, prove destruction.  
And never from their bellies let 'um go  
But into those of the capacious Foe.  
Then may the Guns, as though they'd Victory got,  
V With a great shout applaud the lucky shot.

May the great cloud of Smoak be, while they fight,  
To our men Day, to those *Egyptians* Night.  
And when our Ships laden with *Fire* and *Death*,  
Directed by some V Wind's auspicious breath,  
Shall catch their perjur'd Hulks, may they enlarge  
V Whatever is committed to their charge.  
*Chains*, *Bullets*, *Fire*, and whatsoever else kills,  
As though they were *Pandora's* box of Ills,  
Let those ambitious Semeles of theirs  
Dye i th' embraces of our Thunderers.  
Let ne're a drunken Bacchus of them fly,  
For safety to the shelter of *Jove's* thigh.

May our great *Admiral* still Victorious prove,  
Assisted by the *Almighty Power* above.  
Let wild-Fire from his Guns so swiftly fly,  
As if he'd borrow'd lightning from the Sky.  
And if from theirs any attaque his Ship,  
Let it like lambent Meteors harmless skip,  
And on his Sails a lucky *Caster* be,  
A certain token of Prosperity.  
Whilst o're the *Dutch-men* to inhaunce their fears,  
Nothing but *Hellen's* boading Torch appears.  
And when great *Tork* from Sea return's again,  
May Squadrons of *Dutch-Ships* augment his train.  
Let Captive *Holland* into *England* come,  
And Conquering *England* into *Holland* roam.

FINIS.

A N  
E S S A Y

Upon the late *VICTORY* obtained by  
**His Royal Highness the Duke of York,**  
Against the **D U T C H**, upon *June 3. 1665.*  
By the Author of *Iter Boreale.*

**G**OUT! I conjure thee by the powerful Names  
Of *CHARLES* and *JAMES*, and their victorious  
Fames,

On this great Day set all thy Prisoners free,  
(Triumphs command a Goal-Delivery)  
Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe  
From my *Lord Chancellors* to mine below;  
Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to dance,  
Thou'rt not th'old Loyal Gout, but com'st from *France*.  
'Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms,  
I feel a Bonfire in my joints, which warms  
And thaws the frozen jelly; I am grown  
Twenty years younger; Victory hath done  
What puzzled Physick: Give the *Dutch* a Rout,  
*Probaturum est*, 'twill cure an *English* Gout.

Come then, put ~~stumble~~ Socks upon my Feet,  
They shall be *Skippers* to our *Royal Fleet*,  
Which now returns in dances on our Seas,  
A Conqueror above *Hyperbole's*.  
A Sea which with *Bucephalus* doth scorn  
Less than an *Alexander* should be born  
On her proud Back; but to a Loyal Rein  
Yields foaming Mouth, and bends her curled Main:  
And conscious that she is too strait a stage  
For *Charles* to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rage,  
Urgeth the *Belgick* and the *Gallick* shore  
To yield more room, Her Master must have more.  
Ingratefull Neighbours! 'twas our kinder Isle,  
With Her own Blood, made Your *Geneva* Stile  
Writ in small Print [ *'oor States and sore perplex* ]  
Swell to the [ *HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS* ] in Text,  
And can ye be such Snakes to sting that Breast,  
Which in Your Winter gave You Warmth and Rest:  
Poor *Flemish Frogs*, if Your Ambition thirst  
To swell to *English* Greatness, You will burst.  
Could You believe Our Royal Head would fail  
To Nod those down who fell before our Tail?  
Or could Your *Amsterdam* by her commands,  
Make *London* carry Coals to warm her Hands?  
A bold Attempt! Pray practise it no more;  
We sav'd our Coals, yet gave you fire good store.  
It is enough; The righteous Heavens have now  
Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.  
The Sentence is --- The Surface must be ours,  
But for the bottom of the Sea, 'tis yours:  
Thither your *Opdam* with some thousands, are  
Gone down to take possession of your share.

Methinks I hear great *Triton* sound a Call,  
And through th' affrighted Ocean summon all  
His scaly Regiments, to come and take  
Part of that *Feast* which *Charles* Their King doth make;  
Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old score,  
And feed on those who fed on them before;  
Whom when they have digested, who can find  
Whether they're fish, or flesh, or what's their Kind?  
*Van-Cod*, *Van-Ling*, *Van-Herring* will be cry'd  
About their Streets; All Fish, so *Dutchified*.  
Their States may find their *Capers* in their *Dish*,  
And meet their *Admirals* in Butter'd Fish.  
Thus they'll imbody, and encrease their Crew;  
A cunning way to make each *Dutch-man* two.  
And on themselves, they now must feed or fast;  
Their *Herring Trade* is brought unto its *Last*.

To the *KING*.

**G**reat Sir, Below'd of God and Man, admit  
My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit.  
This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth;  
Her haste hath made her bring blind Puppies forth.  
My aims in this attempt, are to provoke,  
And kindle flames more Noble, by my smোক;  
My wisp of Straw may set great Wood on Fire,  
And my weak Breath Your Organs may inspire.  
Amongst those Flags y' have taken from the *Dutch*,  
Command your *Denham* to hang up his Crutch:  
He is a man both of his Hands and Feet,  
And with great Numbers can Your Navy meet,  
His quicker Eye Your Conquest can survey;  
His Hand, *York's* Temples Crown with flourishing Bay,  
*Waller* (great Poet and true Prophet too)  
Whose curious Pencil in Rich Colours drew  
The Type of this grand Triumph for your view,  
(The Fishers (like their Herrings) bleeding new)  
With the same Hand shall give the World the fights  
Of what it must expect when *England* fights,  
That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Muse and Fame,  
Your modest *Cowley*, with Your Breath will flame,  
And make those *Belgick Beasts*, who live, aspire  
To fall Your Sacrifice in his pure Fire.  
He shall proclaim Our *JAMES* great *Neptune's* Wonder,  
And, like a *Jove*, Fighting in Clouds and Thunder.

Licensed *June 16. 1665.*

ROGER L'ESTRANGE!

# AN ESSAY ON The Fleet Riding in the Downes.

**I** Climb'd a Hill, whose *Summit* crown'd with Wood,  
 Seem'd, as ambitious, to o'relook the Flood,  
 And yield a Prospect; whence my wandering eye  
 Might see our *Navy* in its Glory lye,  
 With wanton *Streamers* sporting in the Sky.  
 Whilst underneath, in more Majestick forms,  
 Death is prepar'd to fly in Iron Storms.  
 Under their Canvas wings Fate Broods; and here,  
 Glorious, and Deckt for Triumphs, all appear;  
 The meanest Spirit would disdain to fear.  
 When Trumpets sound, the Cliffs repeat each strain,  
 And Golden Lyons dance upon the Main.  
 Thus rides our *Fleet Triumphant*, and outbraves  
*Neptune*, and's Scaled Squadrons on the waves:  
 Whilst he resigns his Trident, and does stand,  
 Expecting new Commission from your hand.  
 Since with our *Ships* compar'd, you'd take his *Whales*  
 To be but Minews of the larger Scales.  
 Such a vast disproportion, that they be  
 No more then are the Rivolets toth' Sea,  
 Compared to our *Ships*: you'd think again,  
 The Isle of *Delos* floated on the Main;  
 Or that some Forrest 'gainst the *Dutch* were sent,  
 As when the *Normans* first invaded *Kent*,  
 To chastise these *Pyrats*, who of late  
 Out of our Merchants Ruines rais'd their Sate;  
 And with *Rebellious Oak* they bought from hence,  
 Thus propagate their wrongs in recompence.

Trees bought of Traytors, when Rebellion stood  
 At Helm, and steer'd the State in storms of Blood.  
 Thus they new Crimes unto their former bring,  
 Of bearing Arms against their *Native King*;  
 Forgetting, like the new-made States aboard,  
 What Country-Trees they were, or who their Lord.  
 But what Blew Mists are those that do arise,  
 And with their various forms delude mine eyes!  
 'Tis the *French Fleet*, whose Flags such flowers display,  
 You'd think they'd gotten all the Spoils of *May*.  
 The *Flower-de-Lyffes* from *Sicambria* came,  
 And to their Native Country make their Claim.  
 Now let these fabulous Frogs their Murmures bring,  
 And Croak in Desperation to our *King*;  
 Whilst our Great Monarch *Charles*, as *Jove*, they say,  
 Sends them a *Stork* to Rule o're *Belgia*.

May he go on, till his Resistless Powers  
 Do bring their *Lyon Couchant* under ours:  
 Whose Horse-leech stomachs suck'd our *English blood*,  
 And Dy'd *Amboyna* in the Purple-Flood;  
 Which He'll avenge, that the proud *States* may know,  
 \* His *Grandfire* was a *King* and *Prophet* too.  
 Now may in spite of Storm our *Navy* stand  
 As safe at Sea, as once it did at Land;  
 That we may finde the same Powers on the Main,  
 Secure *three Kingdoms* in the Oak again.

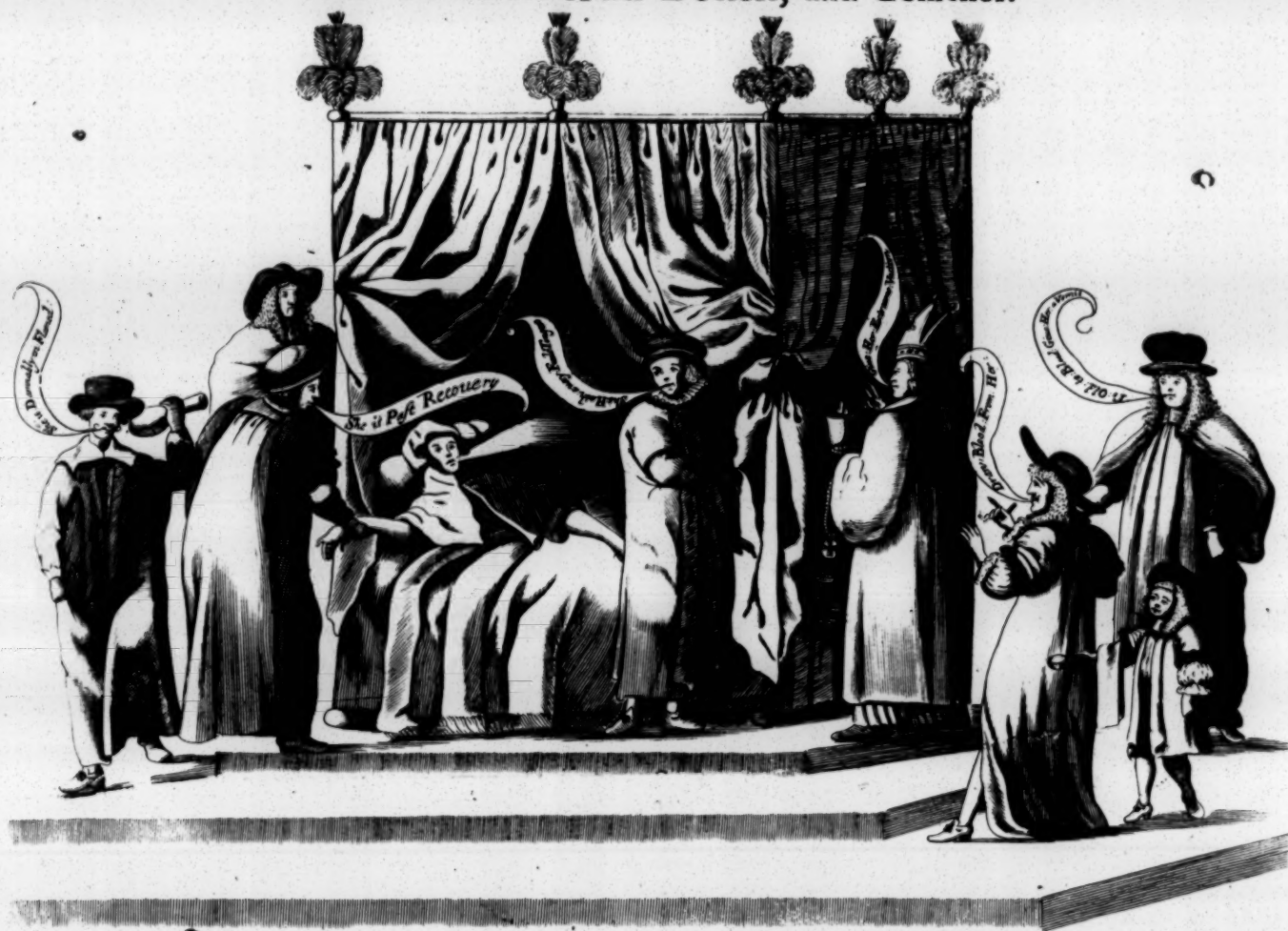
\* *K. James*  
 Prophetically  
 said, his Sons  
 Should  
 revenge the  
 Blood shed at  
*Amboyna*.

By J. D. of *Graves-Inne*.

14

# THE LOW ESTATE OF THE Low-Country Countess of Holland ON HER DEATH-BED;

With the advice of her Doctors, and Confessor.



**S**ee how she lies in *Poor Distressed State*,  
Whom all her Doctors now judge desperate.  
Fain would her widen'd Arms some comfort clasp,  
But 'tis too late, for she's at her last Gasp!  
Her Children, and her near Relations run  
About the Streets, and cry *undone, undone!*  
And swear that the Physicians do not come  
To cure, but send her to her *long, long-home*.

The *North-Pole Doctor* finds her *Pulse* to be  
As feeble now, as her *Authority*.

Her constitution, once it was so good,  
If temperate? *She might have Ages stood*;  
But with her *Spice-box* she kept such a coil,  
She heat her blood, and made it over boil:  
By which distemper, she a *Frenzie* got,  
And said, and did, at last, she knew not what.  
Nay, she in this Distemper of her Brain,  
Fancy'd herself, *Sole Sovereign of the Main*;  
A *main* mistake indeed, like *Mid-night Bags*,  
Or such as sleep in Robes, and wake in Rags.  
She, that on Pictures doted so, may here  
Herself the Picture see of a *dear Tear*.

Next Doctor to a Surfeit this imputes,  
From her devouring too much *Spanish Fruits*,  
The not digesting such crude Fruits as these  
Has turn'd the *Butter* in her Maw to grease.  
Another says, her *Tongue is very foul*,  
And he is in the right on't, o'my soul.  
To gargle it, in vain ye go about,  
'Twill ne'er be clean, *untill it be clean out*.  
Nay, she has had the *Scurvy*, and in truth  
This last *Sea-fight* has drawn out her last Tooth.

Fourth Doctor says 'tis a malignant *Feaver*  
Sprung from her falser heart, and fouler Liver:  
The ferment of her Stomack gives it way,  
Whilst it does on her very Vitals prey.

But *Horspur* drew his Lance to let her blood,

Ere he her Malady well understood:  
Yet he an able Doctor is, Although  
With her he's no approv'd Physician now.

Hold, quoth a soberer Doctor, she's too Old,  
She's just a hundred, and her Days are told.  
Her blood is turn'd to a Puitous Matter,  
She's Dropical, and Drown'd in her own Water,  
She makes it freely, but no ease at all,  
Although it overflow the Urinal.

Now comes a whisking Doctor with a Vomit,  
But that, the graver sort diswade her from it,  
For this, Alas, would but her griefs enhance,  
And make her spue out her Inhabitants.  
Her lower Region under Water lyes,  
And if ye draw it up, she drowns, and dyes.  
What then to her do ye intend to do?

She has a *Feaver*, and a *Dropse*

Her Spirits that so haughty were are fled,  
And here she Bed-rid lyes, more than half dead;  
She is departing and the people just  
Ready to lay her honour in the dust.  
Farewel Physicians, your too costly fees  
Have *Bank-rupt* her, and drawn her to the lees.  
She's in a weak Estate; And now time for  
T'apply herself unto her Confessor,  
Who here does leaning stand at the Bed-post,  
With extream *Unction*, *Crucifix*, and *Hof*.  
For Blood, and Pride, and Treachery being sorrie  
He'll pray her *in*, and *out* of *Purgatorie*.  
Well (Father) thrive her soundly; when she is  
Fit for the next World she is fit for this.

But stay; here comes a Doctor from the *Hague*,  
A Sovereign Doctor that will cure her Plague.  
Shee that now *sinking* is 'ere long shall *swim*,  
If she does swear she will be *Rul'd* by him;  
Who knows what vertues in an *Orange* dwell?  
An *Orange* only 'tis can make her well.

M. Stevenson.

T H E  
HOLLAND NIGHTINGALE,  
O R

The Sweet Singers of Amsterdam;

B E I N G

A Paraphrase upon the Fable of the Frogs fearing that the Sun would Marry.

By F. O.

**L**ow-Country Provinces, *United Bogs*,  
Once *Disfranchis'd States*, now *Hogen Mogen Frogs*,  
(Royal and Noble Interest gone) Command,  
Grown formidable both at Sea and Land :  
Who but a Century of Years before  
Dabbl'd in Fishing, despicably Poor,  
Seamless Vessels, Troughs cut out of Logs,  
Arch'd Whiting Mops; now *Gogs* and *Gogmagogs*!  
Stately Pines new Constellations raise,  
Laughing up Billows two and thirty ways;  
Through boiling Brine, and Cakes of crust'd Ice,  
For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice;  
What Straights, Gulphs, trending Bays, spare they to  
By Water to take in the Universe? (perceiv'd,  
Are they with Force not able to Invade?  
No matter; They'll undo the World by Trade:  
Four *Frogs*, two *Tod-poles*, and one greasie *Toad*,  
Deep freighted Vessels bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a consternating Panick Fear  
Affected much: The *Sun* will Wed they hear:  
The News from *India*, worse than Plague or War,  
Brought and attested by a Blazing Star.  
To *Pigmy* Inches these Gygantic *Frogs*,  
Pale Terror shrunk: Summon'd from all the Bogs,  
Climbing or crawling they in Clusters came  
To their prime *Morass*, their greatest *Damm*.

There the new *Stat-house* stands, built fair and large  
For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge;  
Here they on all Emergencies of State,  
In private Business, in Convention sate.  
No *Portico* this Modern Building fac'd,  
Which no ancient Princes Figures grac'd;  
Nor Grandfires with their Nets, such were too Poor  
To stand with Beloms there behind the Door;  
Nor for their own *Good-Old-Cause* Martyrs dy'd  
Hemp, or by more zealous Faggots try'd:  
Gods and Goddesses in Marble Carv'd,  
Inclinely Painted, which the *Heathen* serv'd,  
In the *Niches*, each convenient place,  
Upon or Tables the fair Structure grace.  
Yet for all their Skill, these *Belgick Toads*  
Upside *Dutch* Heroes and *Grecian* Gods.

Early this day assembled Old and Young,  
The *Damm* they cover, and the *Stat-house* throng:  
Silence commanded, not one whispering Croak,  
An old Sag-bellied *Toad* rising, thus spoke:

Grave *Hogen Mogen*, *High and Mighty Frogs*!  
Whose Care and Prudence fertiliz'd these Bogs,  
And so improv'd these your *United States*,  
Princes to *Beard*, and be with Kings *Cope-Mates*;  
Though we from *Mushrooms* sprung, and *Spawn of Toads*,  
Seven petty Provinces our small Aboads,  
Yet the whole World are Tributaries made  
To us, by Traffick and the Power of Trade.  
Hereafter we by Conquest may prevail;  
Our Title *Treasure*, and ten thousand *Sail*.  
Your *High and Mighty Toadships* understand,  
We fear no mortal Power by Sea or Land;  
Such are our Forts, such Frontiers we maintain;  
And such our Castles floating on the Main.  
But from above the dreadful News we hear,  
The *Sun* will Marry, a just cause of Fear;  
And the first Year please his fair Spouse at home:  
What in his absence will of us become,  
That live in Water, and grow fat in Bogs?  
We shall be stil'd once more, *Distressed Frogs*.  
His Absence will our Marshes in a trice  
To Crystal turn, a never-thawing Ice.  
Or should we scape such a continued Frost  
As girdles up nine Months the *Arctic* Coast,  
His teeming Spouse may yet produce a Son,  
Shall quite out of the beaten *Zodiack* run;  
So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair,  
That soon to Fire hee'll rarifie the Air;  
Water and Earth to Dust and Ashes turn,  
And all in one new Conflagration burn.

They tell how *Phaeton* our ample Bogs  
To Jelly boil'd; stew'd *Tod-poles*, *Toads*, and *Frogs*  
In one *Pottage*, and *Pluto* gave, who swore  
He never tasted Broth so Rich before.  
Many such *Yonkers* may spring from his Loyns,  
And share his Houses, twelve Celestial Signs;  
And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too:  
What in this Imminent Danger shall we do!  
To what *Protector* shall we make address?  
All know that *Neptune* this concerns no less;

Such Drinking *Suns* would at one Meeting quaff  
(were there so many) twenty Oceans off.  
Him to implore lay by next *Sabbath-day*,  
We're no such *Jews*, nor *Christians*, but we may:  
He heard us lately, when a swelling Tide  
Imbodied, threatned o'r our *Tow'rs* to Ride;  
And, soon as mov'd, with his great *Trident* came,  
Beat off those Waves that Storm'd our yielding *Damm*;  
Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,  
We had not liv'd, Ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous! the Foundations quake,  
And the stiff Idols, fix'd in Marble, shake;  
When *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride,  
On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd;  
His *Trident* waving then with Arms displai'd,  
Thus, to the People much admiring, said:

*Batavian Frogs*, Advanc'd by my sole Power,  
Whom *Jove* first Planted from a Thunder-shower,  
Fear not the *Sun*, nor at his Offspring shake:  
To the last Drop I'll Drain my ample Lake,  
My Watry Kingdoms Laver into Suds,  
To quench their Torches: To the *Stygian* Floods  
I'll *Titan* send, and all his fiery *Tits*,  
To Light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.  
Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,  
Nor Plant a Female in a Flaming Bed.  
Suspect no Conflagrations from the *East*,  
But a new *Sun* that riseth in the *West*;  
His Flames beware; His kindled Vengeance shall,  
Unless you straight submit, consume you all;  
Whose Predecessors rais'd you to this height,  
From Him, *Ungrateful Toads*! expect your Fate:  
His Royal Brother Leads, upon the Main,  
A hundred floating Cities in a Train,  
With Fire and forty thousand *Hectors* big.  
In vain so many Vessels out you Rig:  
In vain your Forts and your Land Force you brag,  
Stoop, or be ruin'd, to the *British* Flag,  
That must, and ever shall, give Laws to you;  
The World, at Sea, they're able to subdue.

This said, their God grows Pale, and with a Groan  
The Statue leaves, once more, a fenceless Stone.

M O R A L.

*Princes beware to Aid a Growing State,  
Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate.  
Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride:  
Beggars on Horseback to the Devil ride.*

# LUCIFER FALN,

OR,

Some Reflections on the Present Estate of the *LOW-COUNTRIES*.

**O**H I could break my Spleen, to see them bow  
And make Grimaces like Jack-Puddings now:  
To see their swelling High, and trebly Great,  
Dwindle into a poor Distressed State:

Their Pageantry discover'd, and they be  
In a true sence called *Low Germany*.  
As High before as could Ambition rear  
We'll have them now as low as is Despair.

This State was Dropsical sunk with its weight  
And with ill Humours swell'd too big and great.  
It had too much Sea-Water in't, yet we  
Tap'd the Disease, and brought recovery.  
They were grown great, the wondring World surmis'd  
There some strange birth was in that bulk compris'd  
We shew'd the World the Cheat, and made them see  
All their great Hopes was but a Tympany.

Brave *English* Doctors! now 'tis understood  
For their Disease *Pblebotomy* is good.  
Our Guns prove Sovereign Remedies, and do  
Both send them Pills and Physick-Powder too.  
But they have lost so much Blood, are grown so weak,  
They've got Convulsions, and begin to quake.  
They from their boggy Land the custom get,  
Which never had its former soundness yet,  
Since *D'Alva* struck it with a Palsy-fit.

Bold *V*Vretches were they that had no defence,  
Nothing to guard them, but their Confidence.  
That have no Spirits, but only those of *V*Vine,  
And when those once are spent, then theirs decline.  
The *Podex* of the *V*World; and yet they dare  
Against the Head their lofty Treasons bear.  
*V*Ve sent them packing; and a man may tell,  
They've the least Journey in the *V*World to Hell.  
Extreams are violent; what though they be  
From little Sprats turn'd the great Sharks of th' Sea.  
*V*What though they quickly like a Mush'room grow  
As Natures meanest Products always do.

Yet must they needs the spacious *V*World excel?  
Or *V*What is more, our *English* pallel?

Poor Fools! How they mistake, alas we know  
Those that are quick of growth, are short-liv'd too.  
Th' *Oak* lives some hundred years before its prime;  
The boggy *Willow* dies oft in that time.

Stars fall, and have their hidden fates:  
Kingdoms and Empires have their certain dates.  
All things have Periods, and must these be  
The only men that laugh at Destiny.

My *Angury* mistakes then, 'tis no Land,  
Where a perpetual endless State may stand;  
No everlasting Rocks to build upon,  
But an uncertain soft Foundation.

The Giants once struck at the Heavenly Powers,  
They fell by *Jove's* great Thunder, These by *Ours*.

Couch, and be humble, your own weakness know;  
Bubbles if touch'd, like you, prove nothing too.

Pull down your Crests, your Lions Couchant now.  
Our *English* Cocks can crow, and fright him too.

You've King'd it long enough, the Play is o're,  
Leave your disguise, turn Fishermen once more

'Tis but in vain to strive, it is your fate  
To sit at th' Helm of Ships, not Helm of State.

Lower and lower still; O we know how  
To make your haughty *Hogen Mogen* bow.

Kneel and be humble, we must have your fall.  
We've us'd your Hands, now must have Knees and all.

Come know your selves; a Maxim old and good,  
Though by your proud ones 'tis not understood.

We'll learn you Morrals, and your Ethicks show,  
And to Superiors better manners too.

Come vail your Topsails, those that are ill bred,  
And will not daugh their Hats, we'll daugh their Head.

Shrink in your heads, a Tempest is here, th' High  
Are the object of the Tempests Tyranny:

The Cedars torn, the gentle Reeds escape  
By their submission from the furious Rape.

*Be wise and humble, and i' avoid the stroke  
Fly for your shelter to the English Oak.*

# Joyfull News for ENGLAND OR,

A Congratulatory Verse upon our late happy Success in Firing 150 *Dutch* Ships  
in their own Harbours.

---

Our joys swell high, and now must needs run o're,  
Since *Seas* make *Bonfires* greater then the shore,  
But shall we be out done? shall *Neptune* thus  
By joys bright flaming *Heralds* rivall us?  
It is our Glory, therefore let it be,  
The signs of his intended amity.

Whil'st in contiguous *Bonfires* all the *Nation*  
Paint their late joyes, and sport in conflagration,  
(Former *Fires* scarce extinguished) there came  
True matter for new joy, and lasting shame  
To our vain Boasting Foes, who hence must know  
Th'ave paid us but in part, what they do owe.

Let Royallists now voluntary meet,  
And with fresh *Wood* the kind Devourer greet,  
Let us all study to to bear our parts,  
To make a comfort of true Loyall hearts.  
The Guns and Trumpets shall with warlike voice  
Contribute sounds; and help us to rejoyce.  
And rather then want fewell in the close,  
I'll make a walking *Bonfire* of my *Nose*.

But some may aske, why we rejoyce so much.  
Doth *France* recant? or beaten are the *Dutch*?  
Doth *Denmark* see his error and submit?  
Or the *French* King the *Dutch* Protection quit?  
I'll answer such with silence, and be gone;  
For were they deaf, they needs must hear what's done.  
The Startled States (again) shall never boast  
Of things nere done, bravading on our Coast.  
No more *Apostate* *Holland* shall proclaim  
Those partiall conquests, which but brand her name.  
Now the *Delusion's* o're, they plainly see  
What once they were, what now they ought to be.

Draw up your *Sluces*, ye may quench a flame,  
But never hope to wash away the Shame

Ye have sustein'd, I think we need not come  
Again, by this y'ave foes enough at home:  
Appease your crying male contents with toys,  
And blind their eyes with meer invented joyes.  
See whether that will take; but if it doe  
I'll be of all Religions then, as you.

You see your *Allys* will not spend their Blouds,  
The wiser they; thus ye are left 'ith' *suds*.  
This and much more ye justly have deserv'd,  
Though *Vengeance* Execution deferr'd.

What, wrong a *Prince*, whose virtues may become  
A King that's fit to rule all *Christendome*.

So mercifull, he by his acts did shew  
He would convince ye, fore he would subdue,  
But take what follows, give us leave to laugh  
Who win; our Souldiers are resolv'd to quaff  
At your expence, nay in your cups a while,  
Whil'st ye lament, they have good cause to smile,

Thanks *Peerless* *Prince* for what thou now hast done,  
Go on and perfect what thou hast begun.

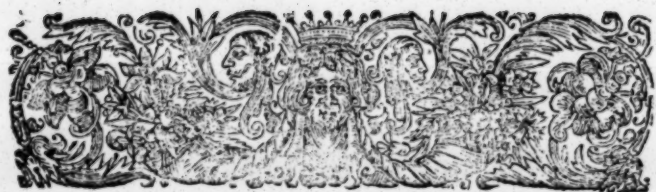
Thanks to that *Glory of the West*, that Star  
By whose conductive influence we are  
Brought to injoy our *Seas*, whose worth  
These *Islands* are too small to echo forth.  
So valiant, he led our Navy through  
*Red* *Seas* of blood, and yet ne re wet his shooe.

Thanks to Sir *Robert* *Holms*, that worthy soul,  
Whom bribes could ne'r seduce, nor threats controul.

Thanks to the *Rest*, whose courage baffled fear,  
Ne'r better pleas'd, then when their foes appear.

'Tis now my *Leege* they'll see that onely You,  
Can give them Pardon and Protection too:  
So let them live, and by your grace convince  
Their treach'rous hearts, that they have wrong'd a *Prince*

Printed with Allowance.



# PEACE CONCLUDED

AND

## TRADE REVIVED

IN

An Honourable Peace betwixt the English and Dutch, &c.

United now in one, all discords cease,  
The Gentrys quiet, Farmers joy, and Trades encrease.

**H**ail happy peace, which doth in one-Cement  
Divided Islands to the Continent;  
Making the aire more clear, weather more pleasant  
Sweet Angel, beauty, Sacred Peace, Heavens present  
Patron of Arts, of good the special spring;  
All hail (dear Peace) which so much good doest bring;  
O that I had a quill pluckt from the wing.  
Of *Venus* Doves, how I thy praise would sing:  
Sweet sacred Peace, who can enough thee praise,  
Which to an Iron age bringst golden dayes.  
The Drum's now silenced, *Bellona* is fled,  
And hurtfull Arms a happy Peace has bred:  
Plenty and Peace do kindly kiis each other,  
And *Mars* appeas'd sits down by *Cupids* Mother  
The thundring Cannon which did use to roare,  
And ring alarms to the neighbouring shore,  
Shall now no more discharge their murdering shot  
And make such store of flesh the fishes lot.  
No more shall the shrill Trumpet sound the knell,  
And unto thousands be the passing Bell;  
Muskets and pikes shall both neglected lye,  
And more by *Venus* then by *Mars* shall dye.

Trades men rejoyce, whole streams of wealth shall flow,  
Into your shops, such good from Peace doth grow.  
*London* now ruinous shall mount his head,  
Whose fame through all the worlds great Orbe shall spread,  
Peace bringeth Plenty, Plenty buildings raises,  
Who then of peace can speak sufficient praises.  
Now *Belgia* and *Albion* shake hands,  
Strongly conjoyn'd together in Loves bands,

Bones broken, joyn'd together stronger grow,  
I hope *England* and *Holland* will do so.

Of killing Swords who might first Author be  
Sure a steel heart and bloody mind had he,  
Mankinds destruction so to bring about  
And Death with bloody horror to find out;  
More lovely Peace which sheweth no such things,  
But all content with profit to us brings.

And now *Phanaticks* who did hope to rise  
By our devisions, see where your hopes now lies?  
Henceforth learn to obey, seek not to mount  
By others fall, you fall by that account;  
In vain ye think by Jealousies and fears  
To sett's again together by the ears  
For this we know for truth assuredly  
If Forraign Warrs be bad; Civil worse be;  
They are a Stem of a most Viperous brood,  
Whose sole delight is in their Countries blood;  
Base bloody *Canniballs*, whose hungry Zeal  
Devours heir Countries welfare at a meal.  
But now I hope those dismal Clouds are past,  
Which our *Horizon* late so overcast:  
Peace and her handmaid plenty both attend  
Our happy Coasts, good luck on us to send,  
And may all those who at our Peace repine  
On misery and affliction sup and dine.  
All those who at this Prayer snapps or snarls,  
I wish unto them all this curse of Quarls,  
That all the World may hear them curse and cry  
Who loves no Peace, in Peace shall never die.

With Allowance.

T H E  
 Poor Distressed People  
 O F  
 H O L L A N D,

Their humble Thanks and Acknowledgement for His MAJESTIE Gracious Favours profer'd them in  
 His late Declaration

**G**reat Sir, whilst You these Favours do create  
 For us, You do our Thanks Anticipate:  
 There are no merits on our part, can claim  
 The least from You, Ingratitude's our shame.  
 What Poets talk *Achilles* Spear could do,  
*Jove's* threats and smiles are verified in You;  
 If You but say You'll kill or cure 'tis done,  
 'Twixt *Charles* and *Jove* there's no comparison:  
 You having Conquer'd by Your powerful Armes,  
 Straight by Your kindness salve Your Captives harms;  
 Making Your Conquests double, by these Arts,  
 You've won the Field, and gain'd your Enemies hearts.

Had You dealt with us as th' *Israelites* of old  
 With the deceitful *Gibeonites*, have sold  
 Us and our Families for slaves, then we  
 Had known a precedent for Your Clemencie.  
 Our Lives and Liberties to You we owe,  
 And You to us a Fathers pity show,  
 When we'd forgot those hands that did us feed,  
 And gave's relief in greatest time of need.  
 Yet whilst You such unheard of favours show,  
 From guilty breasts some jealous fears do flow,  
 And run in murm'ring streams, these whine and cry,  
 No favour's offer'd but there's reason why;  
 But let such narrow souls repine in vain,  
 We think Your grace as boundless as Your Main:  
 Great Princes like to gods no merits know,  
 From pity or their will their Favours flow;  
 Since, Royal Sir, you'r pleased to declare  
 Us Your *Free Subjects*, it shall be our care  
 To Render double Loyalty to you  
 By our obedience, and our actions too.

What our Industry hath brought from foreign Land  
 Is ready to attend Your Royal Commands,  
 Each active hand prepared is to bring  
 Their richest Treasure to *Great Britain's* King;  
 No Bank, or Publick Faith, being so secure  
 As is the *Faith* Defenders Promise, sure.

Your Actions are so just, it may be se'd  
*Astrea* from this World to Yours is fled;  
 So will Your Land e're long be stil'd the Burse,  
 And only Treasury of the Universe.  
 Thus you'l by Chymick Policy attain  
 What *Eulys* and old *Hermes* ne're could gain,  
 Whilst the Elixer of Your favours can  
 Attract the *India's* to Your Ocean,  
 And make the *Thames*, influenc'd by Your beams,  
 As once *Pactolus*, run in golden streams.

Our *Hoogen Moogen's* too will think it meet  
 To prostrate themselves and Ships before your Flee  
 And lay their Treasures at Your Royal Feet.  
 Thus with these Favours You the World affright  
 Conquering your Enemies, e're they come to fight  
 Each Monarch trembles, and of You's afraid,  
 That with a word their Countries can invade:  
 They oft have felt the force of *Britains* Sword,  
 But ne're the pow'r Magnetick of Your Word;  
 The one at random strikes at any part,  
 But this ne're fails to force and win the heart:  
 So shines Your Virtues that the whole world must  
 That You're both *Charles le Grand*, and *Charles le B.*

*Nescit Fama Virtutis Mori.*

ON HIS  
ROYAL HIGHNESS  
His Expedition against the DUTCH.

By Mrs. E. P.

**P**roud Hogen, Mogen's, we will make you bow,  
Have at you, greasy Butter Boxes now,  
Brave *Tork* once more against you does advance,  
And in him more than all the Power of *France*;  
'T' oppose him is in vain, all you can do,  
Is nothing, his name's enough to Conquer you.  
But when in Person he vouchsafes to appear  
Prepare to think your day of Doom is near.  
That glorious *Hero*, never Arms put on  
But he made Victory her self his own;  
Who still has wav'd her white Plume o're his head,  
And now to vanquish you, by her is lead.  
Though 'tis a shame, (that worthy) should pursue,  
Honour unto such Savage Bores as you.  
But you (this never dying fame) shall know,  
What in his Countreys quarrel he dare do.  
Presumptuous Villains, could you find out none,  
But *England's* King, to use your jest upon?  
Slaves, you e're long shall know, none was less fit,  
To be a Subject for your scurvy wit.  
(But *Tork* in whose Illustrious name are charms,  
That Cowards hearts ev'n with pure courage warms  
And does infuse new Soul in ev'ry man,  
With much more vigour than dull Brandy can.)  
Will punish each affront that you have done  
To your inevitable destruction.  
Hee'l make you curse the time, you Pictures drew  
And draw some of ye, nay and hang you too.  
Full of your Fate, he's with our Fleet set forth,  
With such a noble train of English youth.

With Allowance,

That when those matchless numbers, you shall view,  
You'll think the world is come to Conquer you.  
Methinks I hear the injur'd Spirits call  
(For Vengeance) that did at *Amboyna* fall.  
Victims, to your unheard of Cruelty,  
(To those) that for them will revenged be.  
Their Souls do hover o're our Ships, and seem  
To promise Conquest both to us and them.  
Our Fleet like to a moving Realm, I see  
In Triumph on the bosome of the Sea.  
Which bears it proudly, being a Jem of more  
(Worth) then sh' has worn upon her brest before.  
The Sea-gods wait upon it all along,  
And thousand water-Nymphs about it throng.  
The waves their Royal burden gently court,  
And all the wind's, with the calm Ocean sport.  
*Tithon* gives *Thetis* leave, to entertain  
In all her charmes, our Gallants on the Mayn.  
And's pleas'd in spite of age and jealousy,  
They shall on his young Mrs. Bosome lye.  
Each Power to us, does kind presages give  
That as our cause is just, so we shall thrive.  
Wit is too like a common friend, indeed,  
V Who still forsakes us when we have most need.  
Or somewhat more should be by me exprest,  
But let our Canons speak to you the rest.  
And tell you to your ruines you must dye  
T'apease the wrath of Anger'd Majesty.

F I N I S.

Printed in the Year, 1672.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of  
**Y O R K,**  
Upon his Victory over the **DUTCH,**  
MAY 28. 1672.

With an Account of the Number of their Ships that were Taken, Burnt, and Sunk, &c.

**H**ail, Hail ( Victorious Duke ) it is to you;  
Under great *Charles* that we our safety owe,  
We owe to you Lives, Liberties, and all,  
That here upon the Earth we dear can call.

Your Brother ( our Gracious King ) the Title hath,  
And's justly stil'd Defender of the Faith;  
And why mayn't we in all obedience render,  
To You the name of *Englands* chief defender;  
For though the *Dutch* ( like Braggadocio's ) vapour,  
You know full well how far to make them caper.  
Now of the Victory to give some aim,  
Of their first Squadron called *Rotterdam*;  
*De Liff Vice* Admirall's certainly up blown,  
*Junior Van Elfe* Reer Admirall sunk down.  
In second Squadron, which they *Holland* call,  
Is bravely sunk *Van Ghent* their Admirall.  
In *Zealand* their third Squadron's fairly won,  
And taken their Vice Admirall *Everfey*,  
*Friezland* their fourth would not their friends forsake,  
But let us *Bransfield* their Vice Admiral take.  
North *Holland* their fifth Squadron cannot jeer 'um;  
For sunk is their Reer Admirall *John Searum*.  
May your great Name like Lightning to the Eyes,  
Each Sex and Age with dreadful fear surprise:  
That they their whining Brats may still by running,  
And saying Hark, the Duke of *York* is coming.  
Me thinks I see with what a brave Menage,  
The fury of your foes you did assuage.  
How betwixt Valour, and good conduct, You,  
Their proud, insulting Spirits did subdue.  
With *Spaniards* an exchange of Saints will make,  
They *George*, we *James* for Tutelar will take.  
One drop of your brave Blood in value's such,  
That the whole Masse of Blood of all the *Dutch*  
Can't countervail; Great Sir be not profuse,  
Of what ( if not to you ) is dear to us.

If you bleed, *England* bleeds, for in your veins  
As lockt in Cabinet, lie the Remains  
Of all our future joys, or fears, for why  
That Treasure once exhausted, we must die.  
The acts of *Cæsar*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*,  
Actions of great renown were ( doubtless ) all,  
Yet these of you ( *Brave Duke* ) must have a place  
Beyond them all, and with a Pen of Brass.  
In times firm Register engraven be,  
From age to age to all Eternity,  
May no Disaster ever give stop  
To your great Name, or your fair blossoms crop;  
But may they Spring and Flourish, till that story  
Shall yield them up to sleep in endless Glory.  
*Ven'tians* at the Battel of *Lepanto*,  
Ne're taught the *Turk* to dance such a *Coranto*,  
As you the *Dutch* did here, you made them dance,  
Fortune my Foe, just *alamode de France*.  
Their Wits confounded were, with rude confusion,  
They made bad premises, and worse conclusion.  
Still may they thus succeed, when spur'd by rage,  
Your War-like Ships they dare for to engage.  
May your their haughty stomachs break or bow,  
And their proud Spirits Dastardize and Cow,  
That they not Mighty high *States-General*,  
But poor distressed States themselves may call.  
Your mighty Acts so great, so noble are,  
So without Parallel, without compare,  
That future ages will receive your Deeds,  
As things fit for astonishment, not for Creeds.  
Let Heav'n surround your person with a Charm,  
That nothing may approach to do it Harm;  
That when your Feet shall bless our *English* Ground,  
Our thankful hearts ( as in all Duty bound,  
With shouts of joy may Echo and Resound.

**F I N I S.**



AN  
EXACT LIST  
OF THEIR  
MAJESTIES and the DUTCH FLEET,

Design'd for the Year, 1693.

For the Line of BATTLE

The English to lead with the Larboard, and the Dutch with the Starboard, Tacks on Board.

| Small Frigats & R. Fireships. | Ships.            | Commanders.     | Men. | Guns. | Division.                              | Squad. | Small Frigats & R. Fireships. | Ships.             | Commanders.      | Men. | Guns. | Division.                                                    | Squad. |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|-----------------|------|-------|----------------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------|--------------------|------------------|------|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Griffin.                      | 2 Vanguard.       | Capt. Bridges.  | 660  | 90    | Vice-Admiral, The Ld Berkley.          |        | Charles Lightening.           | 3 Sterling-Castle. | Capt. Sanders.   | 460  | 70    | Rear-Admiral, Aylmer, Esq.                                   |        |
|                               | 4 Deptford.       | Capt. Fowles.   | 280  | 50    |                                        |        |                               | 3 Mountague.       | Capt. Foulkes.   | 355  | 62    |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 Burford.        | Capt. Harlow.   | 460  | 70    |                                        |        |                               | 3 Hampton-Court.   | Capt. Greydon.   | 460  | 70    |                                                              |        |
| Etna.                         | 2 Albemarle.      | Capt. Lee.      | 660  | 90    |                                        |        |                               | 2 Sandwich.        | Capt. Cornwall.  | 660  | 90    |                                                              |        |
| Vesuvius.                     | 2 Neptune.        | Capt. Every.    | 660  | 90    |                                        |        |                               | 1 Roy. Sovereign.  | Capt. Whittaker. | 815  | 100   |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 Ruffel.         | Capt. Lambeth.  | 490  | 80    |                                        |        |                               | 2 Royal Catharine. | Capt. Gorber.    | 540  | 90    |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 Edgar.          | Capt. Johnson.  | 445  | 72    | Admiral, Sir John Ashby.               | Blw.   | James Galley.                 | 4 Greenwich.       | Capt. Beddar.    | 280  | 54    | Admirals, H. Killigrew, Esq. Sir R. Delaval. Sir Ch. Shovel. | Red.   |
|                               | 3 Hope.           | Capt. Martin.   | 460  | 70    |                                        |        |                               | 3 Expedition.      | Capt. Dover.     | 460  | 70    |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 Elizabeth.      | Capt. Wilmer.   | 460  | 70    |                                        |        |                               | 3 Suffolk.         | Capt. Pickard.   | 460  | 70    |                                                              |        |
| Adventure.                    | 3 Rupert.         | Capt. Beaumont. | 400  | 66    |                                        |        |                               |                    |                  |      |       |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 Berwick.        | Capt. Robinson. | 460  | 70    |                                        |        |                               |                    |                  |      |       |                                                              |        |
| Machine.                      | 3 Restoration.    | Capt. Jenkins.  | 460  | 70    |                                        |        |                               |                    |                  |      |       |                                                              |        |
| Speedwell.                    | 1 London.         | Capt. Mason.    | 730  | 100   |                                        |        |                               | 3 Captain.         | Capt. Wines.     | 460  | 70    |                                                              |        |
| St. Paul.                     | 1 Utroip.         | Capt. Jennings. | 780  | 100   |                                        |        |                               | 3 Boyne.           | Capt. Good.      | 490  | 80    |                                                              |        |
| Kich. bomb. ves.              | 2 Offory.         | Capt. Bishop.   | 660  | 90    |                                        |        |                               | 3 Kent.            | Capt. Edwards.   | 460  | 70    |                                                              |        |
| Shark Brigant.                | 3 Warpight.       | Capt. Grantham. | 420  | 70    |                                        |        |                               | 1 Royal William.   | Earl of Danby.   | 780  | 100   |                                                              |        |
| Society.                      | 4 Carlisle.       | Capt. Banks.    | 60   | 60    |                                        |        |                               | 1 Britannia.       | Capt. Nevil.     | 780  | 102   |                                                              |        |
| Bristol.                      | 3 Devonshire.     | Capt. Horton.   | 490  | 80    |                                        |        |                               | 1 Vulture.         | Capt. Fletcher.  | 780  | 102   |                                                              |        |
| Hospital Ships.               |                   |                 |      |       |                                        |        |                               | 1 Roe-Buck.        | Capt. Clemens.   | 730  | 100   |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 York.           | Capt. Meese.    | 340  | 60    | Rear-Admiral, David Mitchell, Esquire. |        | Discovery Brig.               | 3 Plymouth.        | Capt. Leake.     | 340  | 60    |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 Northumberland. | Capt. Cotton.   | 460  | 70    |                                        |        |                               | 3 Lenox.           | Capt. Kerr.      | 460  | 70    |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 Essex.          | Capt. Wright.   | 460  | 70    |                                        |        |                               | 4 Crown.           | Capt. Killigrew. | 230  | 50    |                                                              |        |
|                               | 2 Dutchess.       | Capt. Bokenham. | 660  | 90    |                                        |        |                               | 2 St. Michael.     | Capt. Munden.    | 600  | 90    |                                                              |        |
|                               | 2 Duke.           | Capt. Shovel.   | 660  | 90    |                                        |        |                               |                    |                  |      |       |                                                              |        |
|                               | 3 Cornwall.       | Capt. Boyse.    | 490  | 80    |                                        |        |                               |                    |                  |      |       |                                                              |        |
| Strum-tolo.                   | 3 Mary.           | Capt. Butler.   | 355  | 62    |                                        |        | Hospital Ships.               |                    |                  |      |       |                                                              |        |
| Joseph.                       | 3 Grafton.        | Capt. Warren.   | 460  | 70    |                                        |        |                               |                    |                  |      |       |                                                              |        |
|                               | 4 Rochester.      | Capt. Hughes.   | 230  | 50    |                                        |        |                               |                    |                  |      |       |                                                              |        |

The Vice Admiral of this Division Sir George Rook, is designed with the Squadron under his Command for the Streights.

The DUTCH Squadron.

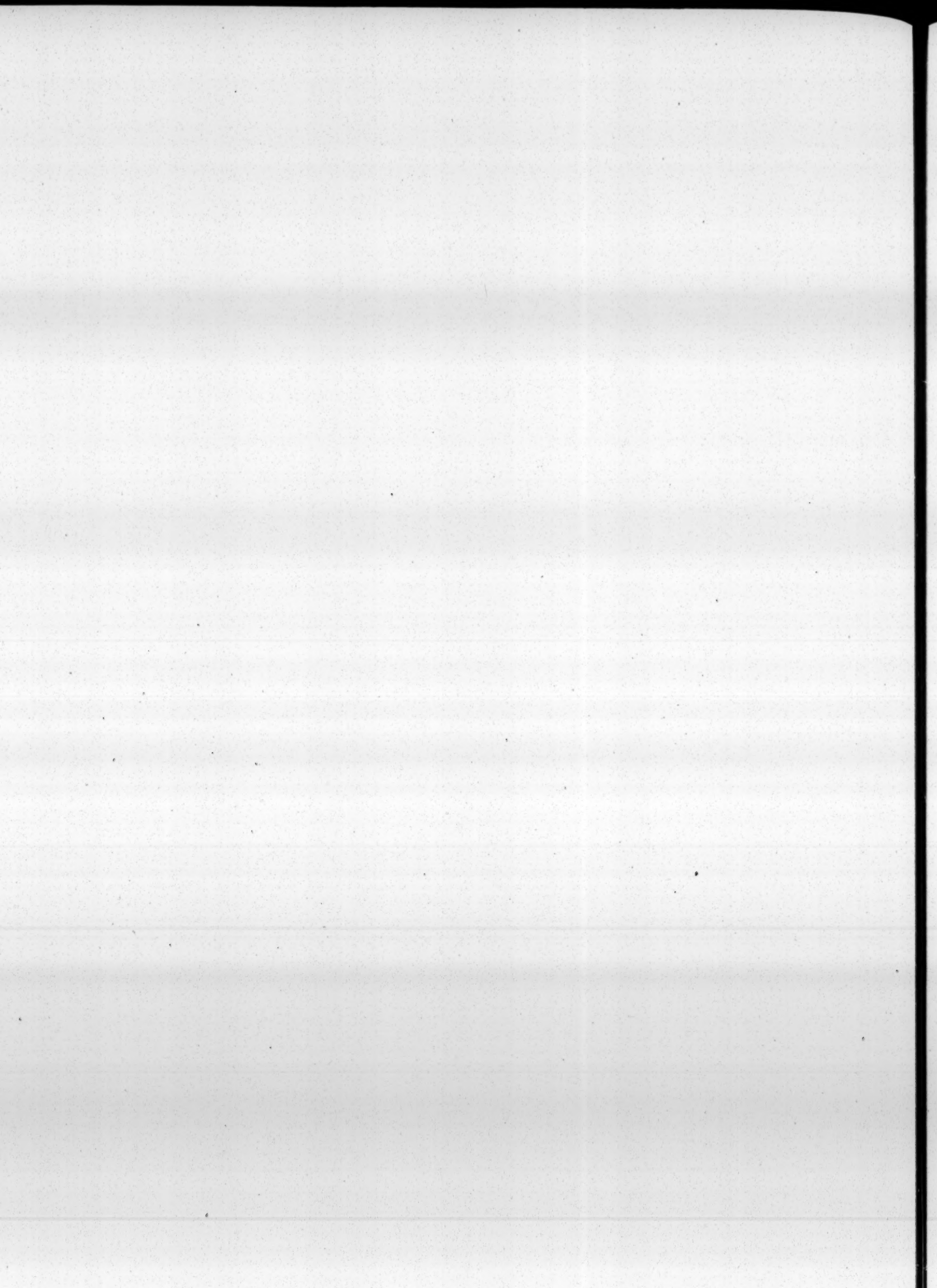
| Fire-Ships and Frigats. | Ships.           | Commanders.          | Men. | Guns. | Fire-Ships and Frigats. | Ships.                | Commanders.             | Men. | Guns. |
|-------------------------|------------------|----------------------|------|-------|-------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|------|-------|
| Deeft                   | 2 Ridderschapp.  | De Liofde.           | 350  | 72    | Van Trefon.             | 1 Saxon.              | Heer Van Zyll.          | 500  | 92    |
|                         | 1 Westvrieland.  | Scoutby Nacht Majis. | 500  | 88    |                         | 3 Harlem.             | Heer Van Wissenar.      | 325  | 64    |
|                         | 4 Hoorn.         | Van Veen.            | 210  | 54    |                         | 3 Leyden.             | Graaf Van Bentem.       | 325  | 64    |
|                         | 2 Maeze.         | Convent.             | 350  | 72    |                         | 2 Mayden.             | Vanderduffen.           | 400  | 72    |
|                         | 1 Bepchermer.    | V. Ad. Calenberg.    | 540  | 90    |                         |                       |                         |      |       |
|                         | 1 Medenblick.    | De Jongh.            | 475  | 84    |                         | 3 Munchdam.           | Boen.                   | 325  | 64    |
| Guns.                   | 3 Mag. van Dort. | Paradijs.            | 325  | 64    | D. Drack 36. Zeijst 28. | 4 Gaesterlandt.       | Moffelman.              | 240  | 54    |
|                         | 3 Wafenaar.      | Braacht.             | 325  | 64    |                         | 3 Veer.               | Midgdaglen.             | 325  | 64    |
|                         | 4 Alkmaar.       | Huefeler.            | 210  | 50    |                         | 2 Enkhuyfen.          | Bolk.                   | 375  | 72    |
|                         |                  |                      |      |       |                         | 1 Coning William.     | Vice Ad. Vander Putten. | 530  | 90    |
|                         | 2 Gouda.         | Manardt.             | 400  | 74    |                         | 1 Caersfurt van Bran. | Toll.                   | 500  | 92    |
|                         | 3 Amsterdam.     | Lynstagen.           | 325  | 64    |                         | 4 Tergoos Bomb.       | Boom.                   | 22   | 54    |
| D. Ak. 44.              | 1 Schermer.      | Cromhont.            | 475  | 84    | Hermit. Westhutt.       | 3 Zirikzee.           | La Pelline.             | 326  | 65    |
| Anna 36.                | 4 Myndenburgh.   | Beckman.             | 210  | 50    |                         | 1 Zelandia.           | Shynatcht Everison.     | 525  | 90    |
| Beovit.                 | 3 Enewont.       | Graaf Van Nassau.    | 325  | 64    |                         | 2 Eente Edelyn.       | D. Beer.                | 400  | 74    |
| Postilion               | 1 D. Unie.       | Admiral Almonde.     | 550  | 54    |                         |                       |                         |      |       |

|                               |        |        |
|-------------------------------|--------|--------|
| The English Fleet consists of |        |        |
| Ships                         | Seamen | Canons |
| 46                            | 22680  | 3498   |
| The Dutch consists of         |        |        |
| 29                            | 10886  | 2077   |
| In all                        | 75     | 33566  |
|                               |        | 5575   |

LONDON, Printed for Richard Baldwin in Warwick-Lane near the Oxford-Arms, 1693.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is in the Press, and will in a few days be Published, An Answer to the Late King James's Last Declaration, Dated at St. Germain, April the 17th. S.N. 1693. Published by Authority.

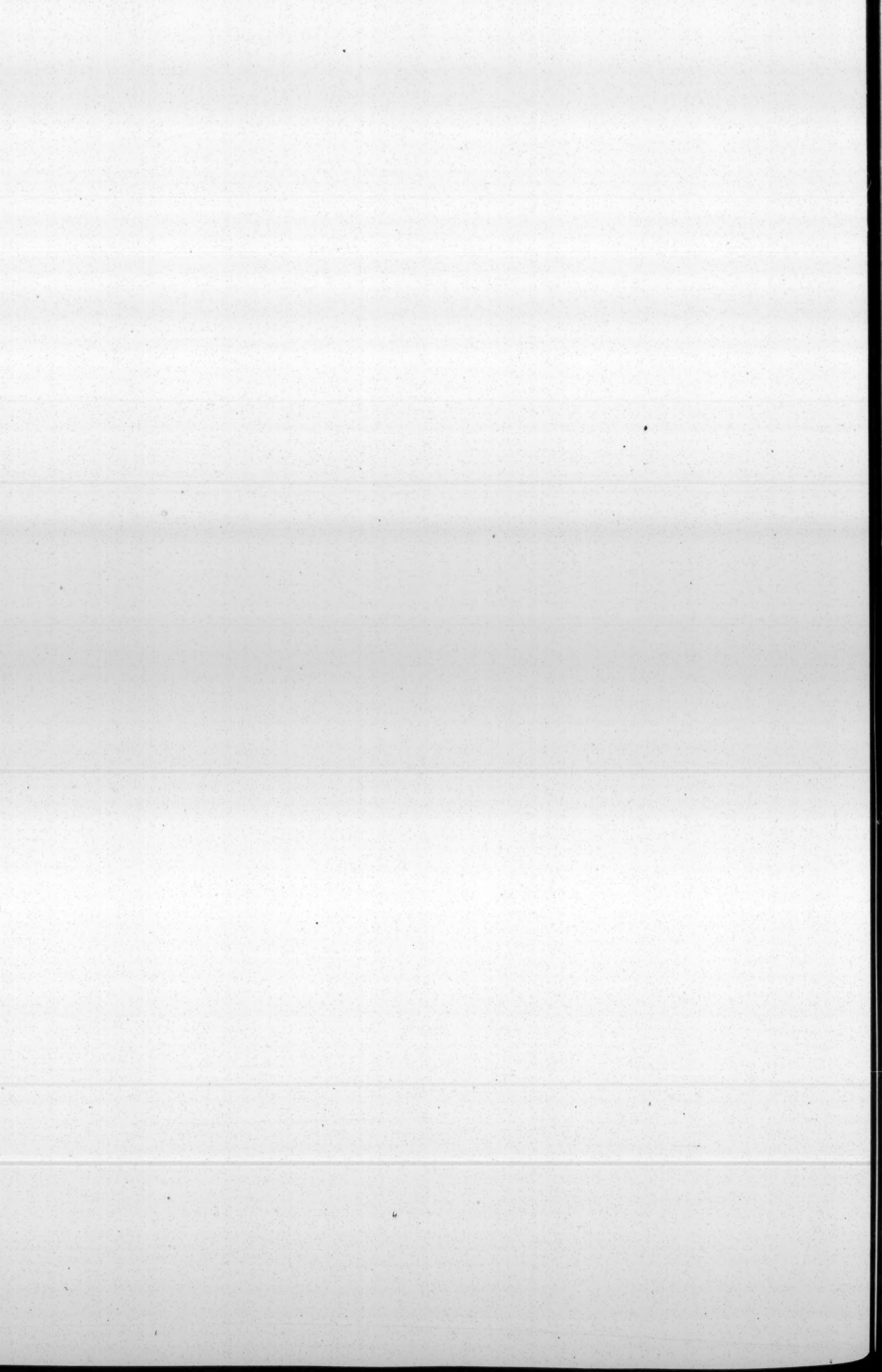


122

Popish Plot

1679-1680

Many with  
Wood-Engravings



# The Second Part to the same Tune;

O R,

An Answer to the Lady of Qualities POPISH BALLAD of the POPISH PLOT.

1679.

Like you my Song, or like it not,  
I sing the Down-fall of the PLOT;  
The PLOTTERS Characters I shew,  
The Devil by his Paw you'll know.  
God bleſs our KING, our CHURCH Preſerve,  
Whilst TRAYTORS have what they deſerve.

To the Tune of PACKINGTON'S POUND.

1.  
Since Hell is broke looſe, and the Preſs ſet a work,  
By Jeſuit, by Jew, by Chriſtian, and Turk;  
By Fools, and by Fops, by Rascals, and Knaves,  
By Counterfeit Ladies, and by Scribbling Slaves:

*Each Nome, and each Sot,  
Now talks of the Plot,*

Some cry it is true, and ſome ſwear it is not:  
New Fire-balls in Pamphlets and Ballads are hurl'd,  
To caſole the People, and amuſe the World.

2.  
And among all the reſt, there ſtarts up for one,  
A Prieſt under Petticoats, Jeſuit Joan;  
Who in a lewd Ballad, does ſing a loud Lye,  
And to overthrow the Plot by fooling would;

*And though very bold  
The Letters ſhe told,*

The trick is too ſtale, the deſign is too old;  
For no honeſt man in whom Reaſon doth dwell,  
But ſcents the Popes breath, and the foul ſtink of Hell.

3.  
The people deceiv'd by Jeſuitical Glaſſes,  
No longer now will be ridden like Aſſes;  
They won't be deceiv'd, by their old fooliſh Lyes,  
But the Plot, and the Plotters, ſee with their own Eyes:

*For it is too plain,  
For all their falſe Train,*

The Plot was firſt hatch'd in a Jeſuitical Brain:  
And you ſhall without Romiſh Spectacles ſee,  
Who both the Contrivers, and Actors ſhall be.

4.  
A Politick States-man that doth all confound,  
Who the Head of all true Religion does wound;  
Who was the firſt Rebel that e're did rebell,  
And who ſtill advances all Traytors in Hell:

*The Father of Evil,  
And named Don Pail,*

A very Fanatick, though he can ſeem Civil,  
Of this wicked Plot firſt laid the cloſe Train,  
And the Cockatrice hatch'd in a Jeſuits Brain.

5.  
The Politick States-man in Council did ſit,  
With Legions, to find out ſome Inſtruments fit;  
And picking and chooſing, he form'd a whole Rabble,  
Who ſtink at St. Omers like Goats in a Stable:

*Their Fortunes were low,  
The Devil did know,*

The baſe of Preferment he therefore did ſhow:  
He adopted theſe Tools, to give the Train fire,  
For which ſome receiv'd a Rope for their hire.

6.  
The next he prepar'd was a proud prating Knave,  
Who long ply'd the Court, to Great ones a Slave;  
He fed with great Hopes, kept up a great Table,  
For Money from France, did make the Knave able:

*He went and he ran,  
Did many Trepan,*

And for the Popes ſake, a whole Nation did ban:  
He loſt his Reward if he gaped for Uburn,  
For he with an Halter was ſainted at Tyburn.

7.  
Like Rat in a Chamber another he found,  
Who had from the Fathers got many a pound;  
This Pick-lock of Law, to be the Book drudge,  
Was made, with great hopes, at laſt to be Judge:

*He loved Applauſe,  
Perverted the Laws,*

And filled with Zeal he grew ſtout for the Cauſe:  
Left Drawing and Hanging ſhould not make him Martyr,  
He laſh'd his own Back like a terrible Carter.

8.  
The next were five bloody and murderous Fellows,  
Who tempted by Money, made haſte to the Gallows;  
By whoſe cruel hands a brave Hero did fall,  
Sufficiently prov'd, though deny'd by them all:

*Give the Devil his due,  
The Treafurer too,*

He has Sins of his own, and needs none from you:  
The Knight being ſlain, fled the Men of the Church,  
And left the poor Lay-men to hang in the lurch.

9.  
The next a grave Gown-man in terrible form,  
Who with a ſtrong breath, doth blow up this Storm;  
He thunders, he tears, he rants, and he roars,  
To turn all Heretical Kings out of doors:

*He makes a great rout,  
And hunts all about,*

To turn all Religion and Sanctity out;  
Both Biſhop and Preſbyter he'll turn to Graſs,  
To bring in his Idols, and ſet up the Maſs.

10.  
Thus both the Contrivers, and Actors you ſee,  
They are not meer ſhadows, but really be;  
But 'twas their ill Fortune, and our good Lot,  
Or rather Gods Mercy confounded their Plot:

*W hate're Ladies ſing,  
They Murder'd one King,*

And now to Confuſion another would bring:  
God bleſs our good King, and long may he Reign,  
And Jeſuits be Hunged if they Plot again.

A

# B A L L A D.

The Third Part, To the same Tune.

*Written by a Lady of Quality.*

*The Plot is vanish'd like to a bashfull Sprite,  
Which with false flashes, Fools could only fright.  
The wise, ( whose clearer Souls can penetrate, )  
Find's shadows drawn before Intrigues of State.  
God bless our King, the Church, and Nation too,  
Whil'st perjur'd Villains have what is their due.*

To the TUNE of Packington's Pound.

1.

**T**He Presbyter ha's bin so active of late,  
To twist himself into the Mysteries of State,  
Giving birth to a Plot to amuse the dark world  
'Til into Confusion three Kingdom's are hurl'd;

*It is so long since,  
He Murther'd his Prince,*

That the unwary Rabble he hopes to convince,  
With Jingling words that bears little sence,  
Deluding them with Religious pretence.

2.

Their scribbling Poet is such a dull Sot,  
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot;  
The Murther o'th 'King, with many things more,  
He falsely would put on the Jesuits score:

*When all that have Eyes,  
Be they foolish, or wise,*

May see the fly Presbyter through his disguise;  
Their brethren in Scotland has made it well known,  
By Murthering their Bishop, what sins are their own.

3.

The Poet, whose senses are somewhat decay'd,  
Takes ~~Joan~~ for a Jesuit in Masquerade;  
His Mute ran so fast, she ne'er look'd behind her,  
Or else to a Woman she would have prov'd kinder.

*His fury's so hot,  
To Hunt out the Plot,*

That fain he would find it where it is not,  
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wise,  
He has stifled his Reason, and blinded his Eyes.

4.

An old *Ignis fatuus*, who leads men astray,  
And leaves them i'th Ditch, but still keep's his way,  
In politique head first framed this Plot,  
From whence it descended to Presbyter Scot,

*Who quickly took Fire,  
And as soon did expire,*

Having grave factious fools their zeal to admire;  
Who for the same cause would freely fly out,  
But Plotting's more safer to bring it about.

Here's one for Religion is ready to fight,  
That believes not in Christ, yet swear's he's i'th right:  
If our English Church (as he says,) be a Whore,  
We're sure 'twas *Fack Presbyter* did her deflower;

*He'd fain pull her down,  
As well as the Crown,*

And prostitute her to every dull Clown;  
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabble,  
Whilst Atheisme serve himself that's more able.

## 6.

A Pestilent Peer of a levelling Spirit,  
Who only the Sins of his Sire doth inherit;  
With an unsteady mind, and Chymical brain,  
Which his broken Fortune doth weakly sustain,

*He Lodg'd i'th City  
Like Alderman brave,*

Being fed up with faction to which he's a slave;  
He never durst fight, but once for his Whore,  
Which his feeble courage attempted no more.

## 7.

Another, with Preaching and Praying wore out,  
Inspir'd by th' Covenant is grown very stout;  
Th' old cause to revive it is his designe,  
Though the fabrique of Monarchy he undermine:

*He tortur'd his Pate,  
Both early and late,*

I'th Tower, where this mischief he hope to create;  
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth retire,  
To Preach to Domestiques whilst they do admire.

## 8.

Another, with head both empty and light,  
For the good Old cause is willing to Fight;  
I'th' Choice of fit members for th' next Parliament,  
He spit out his zeal to the Rabbles content,

*Whilst his wife in great State  
Chose a Duke for her Mate,*

For whose sake a Combustion he needs would create  
For since his indulgence allows her a Friend,  
He'd make him as great as his wish can extend.

## 9.

There's one, whose fierce courage is fal'n to decay  
(At *Geneva* inspir'd,) he's much led away;  
He would set up a Cypher instead of a King:  
From Presbyter zeal such folly doth spring.

*He once did betray,  
A whole Town in a day;*

And since did at Sea fly fairly away:  
He had better spin out the rest of his Thread,  
In making Pot-Guns, which disturb not his Head.

## 10.

Some others, of Fortunes both dispers'd and Low,  
With big swelling Titles do's make a great show;  
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,  
That to Presbyter Subjects should be a meer slave;

*They'd set him on's Throne,  
To tumble him down,*

They scorn to submit to Scepter and Crown;  
And into confusion, or Common-wealth turn,  
A People that hastens to be undone.

## 11.

If such busy heads that would us confound,  
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under-ground;  
We'd honour our King, and live at our ease,  
And make the dull Presbyter do what we please:

*Who has cheated our Eyes,  
With borrow'd disguise,*

Till of all our Reason they'd taken Excise;  
But let's from their slavery strive to be free,  
And no People can er'e be so happy as we.

22. 9. 19

F I N I S.



# BALLAD.

The Third Part, To the same Tune.  
1679.

Written by a Lady of Quality.

*The Plot is vanish'd like a bashful sprite,  
Which with false Flashes Fools could onely fright.  
The wise (whose clearer Souls can penetrate)  
Find Shadows drawn before Intrigues of State.  
God bless our King, the Church, and Nation too,  
whilest perjur'd Villains have what is their due.*

To the TUNE of Packington's Pound.

1.  
THE Presbyter has been so active of late  
To twist himself into the Mysteries of State,  
Giving birth to a Plot to amuse the dark World,  
Till into confusion three Kingdoms are hurld;  
*It is so long since  
He murder'd his Prince,*  
That the unwary Rabble he hopes to convince,  
With jingling words that bear little Sence,  
Deluding them with Religious Pretence.

2.  
Their Scribbling Poet is such a dull Sot,  
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot,  
The Murder o'th' King, with many things more,  
He falsly would put on the Jesuits score:  
*When all that have Eyes,  
Be they foolish or wise,*  
May see the fly Presbyter through his disguise.  
Their Brethren in Scotland has made it well known  
By Murdering their Bishop what sins are their own.

3.  
The Poet, whose Senses are somewhat decay'd,  
Takes Joan for a Jesuit in Masquerade:  
His Muse ran so fast she nere look'd behind her,  
Or else to a Woman she would have prov'd kinder.  
*His Fury's so hot  
To hunt out the Plot,*  
That fain he would find it where it is not;  
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wise,  
He has stifled his Reason and blinded his Eyes.

4.  
An old Ignis Fatuus, who leads men astray,  
And leaves them i'th' Ditch, but still keeps his way,  
In politick Head first framed this Plot,  
From whence it descended to Presbyter Scot,  
*Who quickly took fire,  
And as soon did expire,*  
Having Grave Factious Fools their Zeal to admire;  
Who for the same Cause would freely fly out,  
But Plotting's more safe to bring it about.

5.  
Here's one for Religion is ready to fight,  
That believes not in Christ, yet swears he's i'th right:  
If our English Church (as he says,) be a Whore,  
We're sure 'twas Jack Presbyter did her deflower;  
*He'd fain pull her down,  
As well as the Crown.*  
And prostitute her to every dull Clown;  
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabble,  
Whilst Atheisme serves himself that's more able.

6.  
A Pestilent Peer of a levelling Spirit,  
Who only the Sins of his Sire doth inherit;  
With an unsteady mind, and Chymical brain,  
Which his broken Fortune doth weakly sustain,  
*He Lodg'd i'th' City  
Like Alderman brave,*  
Being fed up with Faction, to which he's a slave;  
He never durst fight, but once for his Whore,  
Which his feeble courage attempted no more.

7.  
Another, with Preaching and Praying wore out,  
Inspir'd by th' Covenant is grown very stout;  
Th' Old Cause to revive it is his design,  
Though the Fabrick of Monarchy he undermine:  
*He tortur'd his Pate,  
Both early and late,*  
I'th' Tower, where this mischief he hope to create;  
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth retire,  
To Preach to Domesticks whilst they do admire.

8.  
Another, with Head both empty and light,  
For the good Old Cause is willing to fight;  
I'th' Choice of fit Members for th' next Parliament,  
He spit out his Zeal to the Rabbles content,  
*Whilst his Wife in great State  
Chose a Duke for her Mate,*  
For whose sake a Combustion he needs would create;  
For since his Indulgence allows her a Friend,  
He'd make him as great as his wish can extend.

9.  
There's One, whose fierce Courage is fall'n to decay  
(At Geneva inspir'd,) he's much led away;  
He would set up a Cypher in stead of a King:  
From Presbyter Zeal such folly doth spring.  
*He once did betray,  
A whole Town in a day;*  
And since did at Sea fly fairly away:  
He had better spin out the rest of his Thread,  
In making Pot-Guns, which disturb not his Head.

10.  
Some others, of Fortunes both disperst and low,  
With big-swallowing Titles do's make a great show;  
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,  
That to Presbyter Subjects should be a meer slave;  
*They'd set him on's Throne,  
To tumble him down,*  
They scorn to submit to Scepter and Crown;  
And into confusion, or Common-wealth turn,  
A People that hastens to be undone.

11.  
If such busie Heads that would us confound,  
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under ground,  
We'd honour our King, and live at our ease;  
And make the dull Presbyter do what we please:  
*Who has cheated our Eyes,  
With borrow'd disguise,*  
Till of all our Reason they'd taken Excise;  
But let's from their slavery strive to be free,  
And no People can e're be so happy as we.  
F I N I S.

*This Ballad Sir William Waller seiz'd amongst many other Treasonable and Seditious Pamphlets in the House of one Turner a Popish Book-seller in Holborn, being ready Printed, on purpose to be spread abroad upon the Discovery of the pretended Presbyterian Plot, to shew forth the Innocency of the Papists, and to create a Belief in the Vulgar of the Guiltiness of the Presbyterians, that thereby they might accomplish their wicked Designs, and under this Notion murder his Sacred Majesty, and alter and change the Government and Religion, and to subjugate the whole Protestant Church to the See of Rome.*

17.  
A New BALLAD,

With the Definition of the Word

T O R Y.

7. June 1752.

**T**He Word *Tory's* of *Irish* Extraction,  
'Tis a Legacy they have left here,  
They came here in their Brogues,  
And have acted like Rogues,  
In endeavouring to learn us to Swear.  
Those Papists, I may rather say Atheists,  
Was sent with a Sham to the Town,  
To Swear one Plot up and another Plot down.

With a thick *Irish* Air, like the same that they  
(Swear,  
Contradiction in every Line;  
But this I conclude, their understanding's not  
(good,  
Their Reason's left in *Ireland* behind.

*Towzer.*  
I will Write on  
and Sham as I  
have begun.



*Thomson.*  
And I will Lie in  
Print as you have  
done.

*Church of ENGLAND.* | *PRESBYTER.*  
There's nothing essential that divides us two. | Let us combine against the common Foe.

To the Tune of *Hey Boys up go we.*

**S**EE how the *Tories* drives their Trade,  
Clokes all with Fourty One,  
As all the Rogueries of that Age  
By *Presbyter* was done:  
But if you'll trace them to the place  
Where first they did agree,  
You'll find the Plot was laid at *Rome*  
To destroy the Monarchy.

The Jubilies that was held there  
For th' destruction of this Land,  
A Thousand Masses was prepar'd  
To keep up the holy Band;  
A *League* or *Covenant* you may call't,  
Judge which will best agree;  
Was hatcht at *Rome*, transported here,  
To destroy our Monarchy.

*The Second Part to the same Tune.*

At *Richelius* Closet had second Birth,  
And privatly sent hether  
To breed dissention in Church and State,  
We one might hate another.  
It may trouble every Protestant  
That these things e're should be,  
Their shaming Plots would cut our Throats  
To destroy the Monarchy.

And yet they're the Sham pretenders  
That balls out the *Old Cause*,  
And swears they're the great defenders  
And supporters of our Laws:  
They'l defend the King by swearing round  
God Dam them it shall be;  
And add the Crofs to the Tripple-Crown  
To support the Monarchy.

They're not asham'd of *Eighty Eight*,  
Or the *Gun-powder Plot*;  
The *Irish-Massacre* is dead,  
And quite with them forgot;  
They have forgot those Stratagems  
Did not with us agree,  
They us'd the means, but lost the ends  
To destroy the Monarchy.

And now they act it o're again,  
Their sham desigas, to bring  
These Kingdoms in a Civil War,  
Swear they'l preserve the King.  
Thinks all their former faults forgot;  
But he that reads may see,  
They Plot to Live, and Live by Plot  
To destroy our Monarchy.

This Holy and Religious Church  
Directs them in this way,  
To swear they will defend the the King  
By making us there prey.  
The Church of *England* it must down  
As well as *Presbytree*,  
Because it doth defend the Crown  
Of our great Monarchy.

*L'Esrange*, their English Bellarmine  
Writ on in their defence,  
And scandalous *Thompson* Prints the same,  
Who never yet knew sence.  
St. *Omers* Hedg-burds go to work,  
And make it there Decree,  
To preserve the King by pulling down  
The English Monarchy.

By Dispensation from the Pope  
We will set up another,  
A King that never shall revoke  
The Holy Church his Mother;  
We'l extinguish all that Scottish Race  
Which favours Heresie,  
Set up a *Roman* in his place,  
In our great Monarchy.

The Penal Statutes they shall down,  
Which long has bore the sway,  
High Mass be sung in every Church,  
Professions every way;  
We'l Reform the Church by dint of Sword  
Since the Keys they will not do,  
We'l make the Whigs dance a new Jigg,  
And to the Altar bow.

But Heavens preserve our great Monarch,  
With the Partner of his Bed,  
May *Britains* Diadem lastingly  
Sit fast on *Charles* his Head:  
While that the Sun and Moon endures,  
In this let us agree,  
To Defend the King and preserve the Laws  
Of this great Monarchy.

---

F I N I S.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for *R. Lett*, in the Year, M DC LXXXII.

# A B U L L

SENT BY

# P O P E P I U S

To encourage the Traytors in *England*, pronounced against *Queen Elizabeth*, of ever glorious Memory; shewing the wicked designs of Popery.

**S**ince *Constantine* the Great, whose bounteous Hand,  
Impow'rd *Romes* Prelates with such vast Command,  
Ambition swells them, and they scarce think fit,  
The World should hold the Seat whereon they sit.  
Kings have their Footstools been, Imperial Crowns  
Pounded to Atoms by their fatal frowns;  
The unhing'd Nations topsie-turvy turn'd,  
Clandestine Tumults, peaceful Cities burn'd;  
With direful Plots unripp'd the Seams of State,  
Murder'd their Kings, and Thrones laid desolate.  
This blustering Monarch's Wings did Treason raise,  
First from a Monk to gain an Abbots place;  
From thence a Prior, next a Hat all red,  
Declares with pride the blood himself has shed.  
This poor distressed Monk thus drawn from's Cell,  
At last storms Heaven, and breaks the Gates of Hell;  
Eaths Pillars shakes, confines the terrene World,  
In his conceit the Globe's on Rockets hurl'd;  
And arrogates more power than he who made  
Man out of Dust, And all this Structure laid:  
To cloak which monstrous pride, Saint *Peter's* Hood  
Is worn by him, though linear'd with Martyrs Blood,  
Whose sacred Eyes ne're view'd a Martyrs doom,  
Except his own when Crucified at *Rome*;  
But his Successors, far more great than good,  
Are flesh'd with slaughter, drunk with steaming blood.  
These but the shade of that Succession be,  
Yet dare pretend more Sanctity than he;  
He ne're dispers'd horn'd Bulls, nor breath'd a Curse  
Against the Lord's Anointed; no, nor worfe,  
Sent Villains out to murder peaceful Kings,  
Indulg'd with Pardons tipp'd with Poyson Stings:  
To silence all that dare defend, we will  
Insert their own preposterous Popish skill.  
'Tis sure they'll not deny, or if they do,  
The Nation knows their Negative's untrue.  
A dreadful Sentence blown by Papal breath,  
Against the great renown'd *Elizabeth*;  
The glory of her Sex, whose Virgin Zone  
Environ'd with mercy her establish'd Throne;  
A Bull more fierce than those that *Basan* bred,  
To push the Royal Crown from off her Head  
(Discharge her Subjects, and Commotions raise,  
To set the Nation in a *Roman* Blaze:  
From *Pius Quintus*, and his daring Crew,  
This Curse was sent, let Christians take a view.

*The Bull again? Queen Elizabeth.*

1.  
*Pius* Rome's Bishop, serving God on high,  
To be remember'd to Eternity.

2.  
Christ has appointed me Supreme, that none  
without my leave shou'd dare to mount a Throne:  
Princes my Vassals are, their pow'r's from me;  
I Kings depose, and set their Subjects free.

3.  
Since *Peter* Rules the Church, my Pow'r is good;  
He signs my Warrant, and I wear his Hood.

4.  
I take all pains, and spare no labour, yet  
The wicked do to such a number get;  
They disannul the Dictates I Command,  
And what's unjust, my sacred Rites withstand.

5.  
First, *Englands* Queen has ta'en the Mass away;  
No Sacrifice, no Prayers, nor Fasting-day;  
No choice of Meats, nor Law for single Lives,  
Against my will the Clergie take them wives.

6.  
*She* has Usurp'd the Kingdom, and maintains  
Her self Supreme, and wrests from me the Rains  
Of Ecclesiastick Government; the Land  
Is almost drawn from my Pontifick Hand:  
Obedience is deny'd, my Prelates sent  
To strong Confinements, or to Banishment.

7.  
*She* has removed all that stood for me,  
And so displac'd the chief Nobility:  
Of such Inferiour Men her Council's made,  
As know not me, yet dare my Right invade.

8.  
My Rebels too of *Flanders* she receives;  
Those I Command to dye, she still Reprieves.

9.  
For these, and such like Crimes, we think it fit  
Our Curse on her, and all that prompt her, light;  
All those that durst our sacred Will controul,  
From our dread Curse must Ransome back her Soul.

10.  
By Deprivation here we put an end  
To all the Rights, or Claims she cou'd pretend  
Unto the Kingdom, whatsoever they be;  
To all her Power, and late Authority.

11.  
We charge her Su'jects, and command that none  
Shall dare obey her, or defend her Throne;  
'Tis sure damnation to 'em if they will  
Yield Homage to her, or her Laws fulfill.

12.  
All that the sacred Bond of Oaths have sign'd,  
Or their Allegiance do's their Conscience bind,  
We freely here discharge, and hold it true,  
That from this time there's no obedience due:  
For why, she is depos'd by our consent,  
And quite suspended from her Government.

13.  
Unquestionable is my Power, for I  
Am Prince of Nations, and Enthron'd on high  
Above the Powers, on me the Kingdoms wait;  
I Kings set up, and excommunicate:  
I Princes can deprive, and with my frown  
Root Kingdoms up, and tumble Nations down:  
I can discharge all Subjects Oaths, as well  
I curse them can, and give them up to Hell.  
My Power is boundless, and I'm like that God  
That Rules on high, I bear his mighty Rod.

Thus haughty Man presumes, that is but Dust,  
To blaspheme Heav'n: Thus Man that is unjust  
Confronts his Maker, and conspires to be  
His equal, both in Power and Majesty;  
Assumes that greatness to himself alone,  
That Saints, nor Angels dare not think upon.  
Thus he deceives the World, and draws aside  
The simple Soul, a Sacrifice to's pride;  
And trains him up in cruel Mollities,  
To murder Kings, and burn their Palaces;  
Lay Cities low in Dust, nor Treason spare,  
Embroil the Nations in a Civil War;  
Hatch bailful Plots, as secret as the shade,  
And with deceit all guild their hellish Trade.  
From such Dire Men good Gods protect our Land,  
And save our King with this our King's hand;  
Give him the power and strength that he may still  
Tread on the Neck of all that seek his ill.

F I N I S.

# The Catholick Ballad: OR AN INVITATION TO POPERY,

Upon considerable Grounds and Reasons.

To the Tune of 88.

Since Popery of late is so much in debate,  
And great strivings have been to restore it,  
I cannot forbear openly to declare,  
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute no more then, these Peretrical men  
Have exposed our Books unto laughter,  
So that many do say, 'twill be our best way  
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholick Cause! now assist me my Muse,  
How earnestly do I desire thee!  
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to day,  
But only to thee to inspire me.

Whence should purity come, but from Catholick  
I wonder much at your folly;  
For St. Peter was there, and left an old Chair,  
Enough to make all the world holy.

For this sacred old wood is so excellent good,  
If our Doctors may be believed,  
That whosoever sits there needs never more fear  
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up  
Though his nature we know to be evil,  
Yet whilst he sate there, as divers will swear,  
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat, but our Father the  
Which is a plain demonstration,  
As clear as noon-day, we are in the right way,  
And all others are doom'd to damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your eyes,  
Which are blinded with bad Education;  
We have Arguments plenty, & Miracles twenty  
Enow to convince a whole Nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host  
And if any thing can persuade ye,  
An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak  
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see without doubt the Devil cast out,  
As of old by Erra Pater;  
He shall skip about and tear like a dancing Bear  
When he feels the holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Reliques most  
We can shew you the sacred Ganger;  
Several loads of the Cross, as good as ere was  
To preserve your souls from danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-  
But I spare you a little for pity,  
That each one may prepare, and rub up his ear,  
For the second part of my Ditty.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

Now listen again to those things that remain,  
They are matters of weight, I assure you,  
And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles a-  
'Tis impossible else for to cure you.

O that pestilent Book! never on it more look,  
I wish I could sing it out louder:  
It has don more men harm, I here boldly affirm  
Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder.

As for matters of Faith, believe what the Church  
But for Scripture, leave that to the Learned;  
For these are edge tools, & you Laymen are fools,  
If you touch them y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for, that you make all this  
You must read, you must hear and be learned:  
If you'll be on our part, we will teach you an Art,  
That you need not be so much concerned.

Be the Churches good son, and your work is half  
After that you may do your own pleasure:  
If your Beads you can tell, and say Ave Mary  
Never doubt of the heavenly treasure.

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he  
And without all peradventure,  
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the back-door  
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first by the way you must make a short stay  
At a place called Purgatory,  
Which the Learned us tell, in the buildings of  
Is about the middlemost Story.

'Tis a monstrous hot place & a mark of disgrace  
In the torment on't long to endure:  
None are kept there but fools & poor pitiful souls  
Who can no ready money procure.

For a handsome round sum you may quickly be  
For the Church has wisely ordain'd,  
That they who build Crosses and pay well for  
Should not there be too long detain'd.

So that 'tis a plain case, as the nose on ones face,  
We are in the surest condition,  
And none but poor fools & some niggardly owls  
Need fall into utter perdition.

What aileth you then, O ye great and rich men,  
That you will not hearken to reason,  
Since as long as y' have pence, ye need scruple no  
Be it Murder, Adultery, Treason.

And ye sweet-natur'd Women, who hold all  
My addresses to you are most hearty,  
And to give you your due, you are to us most true  
And we hope we shall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your Penance is small,  
And although you cannot forgo it,  
We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure  
To confess before you go to it.

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,  
To those who affect the French Nation,  
Whereby we advance the Religion of France,  
The Religion that's only in fashion.

If these reasons prevail, (as how can they fail?)  
To have Popery entertain'd,  
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,  
What benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the Pope shall us bless (that's no small hap-  
And again we shall see restored  
The Italian Trade, which formerly made  
This Land to be so much adored.

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine  
The good words as sweet as honey,  
All this and much more shall be brought to our  
For a little dull English money.

Then shall Justice and Love, and whatever can  
Be restor'd again to our Britain,  
And Learning so common, that every old wo-  
Shall say her Prayers in Latin.

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State  
Which is now lookt upon as a wonder,  
And the proudest of Kings, with all temporal  
Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do  
And have handled us with so much terror,  
May chance on that score (tis no time to say more)  
They may chance to acknowledge their error.

If any man yet shall have so little wit  
As still to be refractory,  
I swear by the Galls, he is a mere Ass,  
And so there's an end of a Story.

F I N I S.

# REFLECTIONS

UPON

## The Catholick Ballad.

**S**ince Drolling is grown, such a Trade  
in the Town,  
That the *Press* goes without a *Corrector*;  
Sirs, have at your *Sins*, Here's a Gamester  
begins,  
Who Rhimes at the Rate of a *Hellor*.

That (What do ye call it?) The *Catholick Ballad*,  
Where *Puns* hang like *Pebbles* in Halter:  
'Mongst many that read it, it gain'd so much Credit,  
It may pass for a *COFFEE-HOUSE Psalter*.

Mens Humours, alas! are come to that pass;  
He writes *best*, who scribbles most *foully*,  
With *Sots* and *Buffoons*, such paltry *Lampoons*  
Please better than *Dryden* or *Cowly*.

'Tis the Subject that *takes*, and the Matter that makes  
The thing sell, not the Skill of the *Songster*:  
But that impudent *Whore*, who befouled *Lilly's Door*,  
Is not more unknown than this *Youngster*.

Some would ha't a *Divine*, a old Friend of mine,  
But, if so, surely 't had been more witty,  
And that Son of the *Kirk*, would have given a vile jerk  
To the *Maß-men* for Firing the City.

But this *Bonny Blade*, to his Muse calls for Aid,  
Who brings him her Lap full of Meeters:  
He that hears them would swear, such Doggerel Gear  
Dropt down from the Scull of *Hugh Peters*.

Ridiculous *Niget*, to scoff at *St. Bridget*,  
Saying, He needs not her Assistance,  
But he that will Fool, with a *Romish* Edge-tool,  
Had need keep himself at a Distance.

Let the *Citizens* flout, and the *Country* cry out,  
The *Papists* appeal from this Sentence,  
And say, 'Tis not fair, the *Porphyry Chair*  
Should be judg'd by the Stool of *Repentance*.

If some will averr, the *Pope* cannot err,  
No Reason to Laugh at their Folly,  
When not one *Quaker* of ten, but believes *William Penn*  
As infallible, and twice as *Holy*.

I mean *William Penn*, that Wonder of Men,  
(If himself be not over-conceited)  
Who leads in his Lines, one and twenty *Divines*,  
Like Bears to the Stake to be baited.

Yet I'll not perswade, to the *Rosary Trade*,  
For can I do anything Madder?  
Than to bid you *Adieu*, like a *Tike* in a Trough;  
And Dye with a slip from a Ladder.

But, if you'll bewitch, the World and grow rich,  
I advise you to *Quaking* or *Dipping*,  
Or the sanctifi'd Sniveling, that kind of Mock-Deviling  
'Tis better than Fasting and Whipping.

They'll not be content, to be curb'd by a *Lent*,  
Good People, I'll tell ye the Reason,  
Their work must go on, both *now* and *anon*,  
For *Sedgwick's* n'er out of Season.

And when they transgress, they scorn to Confess,  
Which is a *Popish* Intrusion,  
They think to Rebel, and not go to Hell,  
For want of an *Abjolution*.

For in such a case, the *King's Act of Grace*,  
Is the best Cure that ever was heard on:  
Which Jolly old *SMEC* may swear by his neck,  
Is more sweet than a *Catholick Pardon*.

If they have got there, *Saint Peter's* old Chair;  
Let 'em keep it, 'tis pity to wrong 'em,  
When our nimble Sprites, that talk of *new lights*,  
Have *Judas* his Lantern among 'em.

He shall preach that's no Priest, and hunt *Anti-christ*  
Quite thorough the *Revelation*.  
Whilst we take the Church, and throw't out at the Porch,  
Oh, Politick *Reformation*!

The Box at the Door, that holds *Alms* for the Poor,  
Is an Eye-sore to our Spirit,  
For in it there lurks, the Doctrine of *Works*,  
That Men may be sav'd by their *Merit*.

The Communion Table, we'll quickly disable,  
And the Font that looks like an old *Roman*,  
All down shall be thrown, but the Pulpit alone,  
And the Pulpit it self shall be common.

Our *Coblers* shall teach, and our *Weavers* shall preach,  
Things fit for the *Hang man* or *Printer*:  
Nay (more than all this) every Malepert *Cis*  
Shall bolt Motives as loud as the *Hint*.

For there's but one way, their Tongues to allay,  
Accustomed to speak what they please-a.  
Then if thou wouldst know (man) how to silence a woman  
Thou maist learn of \* *Theodore Beza*.

The stout spirit *Byard*, will never be *Tyr'd*,  
In the work of the Day he's grown Bolder,  
Than the *Long-bearded Clerk*, who carry'd the Mark  
Of his *Martyrdom* upon his Shoulder.

Much more might be say'd, but that I'm afraid  
Of awaking the Wasps of the Nation:  
Let thus much of Rhime, suffice for this Time,  
Without *Use* or *Application*.

\* *Bafulo ta-  
cibit imo.  
Anglice,  
Kiss her A—  
to quiet her.*

# COMMENTATION

On the late wonderful Discovery

OF THE

## New Popish PLOT,

Being the Jesuites Diabolick Device to Inveagle the Son to betray the Father.

**I**N spire of Fate, the Jesuite like the Devil  
To the Worlds end must kill bedoing Evil:  
Plotting his Nature is, and he doth think  
To mischief Hereticks, is meat and drink.

Tho God his Vengeance on their plots hath shown  
And by his mighty Hand has them or'e thrown,  
They still against all Mercy shut their Eyes,  
And will new Mischeif, and new plots devise.  
What is it that these Devils doe not dare  
To Act; for God nor Nature doe they Care,  
True Labourers, unweariable still,  
In plotting mischief, and in doing ill.

Whence Comes their plots, Can any mortal tell?  
If not from the *Divan* that's held in Hell,  
Whose black results are by evil spirits sent  
To th' Jesuite, the Devils Instrument;  
Who with much pleasure and industry go  
To Act the mischief they had hatch'd below.

*Th*o their She Champion had but ill succels,  
And had a devilish squeeze got in the press,  
Tho she who midwives Trade well understood  
Miscarried with her bladders Cram'd with blood,  
Yet they, like *Antheus* who new strength still found,  
Each time that He was flung unto the Ground,  
For all these falls, new Life and strength do gather,  
And plot to make the son betray his Father  
Thus against Nature they dare make their way  
And urge a Son his Father to betray,  
Thus for the Cause to Such Extrems they run  
To hang the Innoent Father by the Son.  
Horrid! if this Jesuites Religion be  
I still will put it in my Letanie  
From Such Religion Lord deliver me.  
The first true plot, still sticks within their Maw,  
Which they with all their Artsoffne'r will Claw,  
Tho since that time they Kept so fowl a stir,  
And thought to fling it on the Presbyter,  
Tho God their Arts so planely did Confound  
When Waller did the Mealcubs bottom found.  
A new plot now from Hell it self they sprung,

To lay the old on Dr. *Oates* and Tongue;  
And the poor son is made an Instrument,  
To Swear the Father did the plot Invent.  
To send the Son they to the devil ment,  
God touch'd his Heart and made him to Repent,  
And on a Suddain Cut their wed of Sin,  
And turn'd them loose Some more strange Plots to spin  
Ere it be long we shall more plainly See  
Who these damn'd *Mich: wilian* Plotters be,  
Not Priest or Jesuites all, I am afraid,  
Some lay men will be found in Masquerade:  
who rather then their Arts shall not prevail,  
Will stoop to wipe clean madam Celliers Tail  
And at the same time against *Baxter* rail.  
Never since first our happy Reformation  
Did Pope or Jesuite So bestride our Nation,  
They hop'b by th' English Fleeces to grow Rich  
Finding the sheep had got a Popish Itch,  
But we yet hope, the aproaching Parliament  
Will find some way th' Infection to prevent,  
That this Disease so very lately bred,  
May now among the Flock no farther Spread,  
But Father Pope and his industrious Tools  
who are no dreaming or unthinking Fools;  
With Wondrous Industry, and Politick Care-  
Foresee, and 'gainst the Evil would prepare  
A new full Mission to their priests they grant,  
With to' Each a promise he shall be a saint,  
Who swarming here like Ghosts our Cities haunt  
Where privatly in several shapes they lurk,  
Doeing their Father Pope and devils work'  
More dreadfull to us then either Jew or Turk'  
But our wise Prince, whom they would fain remove,  
For the Nation shew'd his Care, and love  
In all his Acts, and his strict Command,  
To keep such dangerous Vermine from the Land,  
Altho England happy thou wilt be,  
When we no popish Priest in Thee can See,  
And the Reformed all as one agree.

# A CONSULTATION BETWEEN THE POPE AND A JESUIT,

Concerning the way how to introduce POPERY into ENGLAND.

POPE.

**I**N spite of all our Arts and Force,  
Will *England* still rebel?  
And doth it still wax worse and worse,  
Mauger our aids from Hell?  
Sure now your Stratagems can do no more  
Than my vain Thunderbolts could do before.

JESUIT.

'Tis true, whatever yet we durst,  
Hath ineffectual been,  
Since that you were rejected first  
By an *Heretical Queen*.  
Yet still we to your *Holiness* are true:  
Wee'l never cease, till *England's* under you.

POPE.

'Tis well resolv'd; but yet I fear,  
That while you do pretend  
To be the Pillars that do bear  
Me up, and me defend;  
You be the only men at last that shall  
Cause, and procure my Empires dreaded fall.

JESUIT.

When every day to rout that *Set*  
Of *Protestants*, we dare  
Treasons commit, can you suspect  
That we unfaithful are?  
When *Halters*, *Gibbets*, (I need not name the rest)  
Are our reward, d'ee think we are in jest?

POPE.

'Tis but for want of care (I trow)  
Your Plots are always found.  
You never lay them deep enough,  
Though sometimes under ground.  
The World is wiser now than heretofore:  
We now can gull men through the Nose no more.

JESUIT.

But may it please your *Holiness*,  
(For you cannot mistake,  
Or else we lye that so profess)  
Even for your credit sake  
Give us some Rules, that when we lay a Plot,  
Nothing miscarry till we our ends have got.

POPE.

That was to me a blessed day,  
When *Kings* would not rebel,  
For fear lest I (such Fools were they)  
Should curse them into Hell,  
But now, since, when they're curst, they nothing ail,  
They'l turn their backs, and bid me kiss their ———.

JESUIT.

There was a time too, when you cou'd,  
With speaking of a word,  
Have turn'd whole Kingdoms into blood,  
And given all to the Sword.  
Since now you can't, What way do you propose,  
(Be sure wee'l follow't) to destroy our foes?

POPE.

I did of old oblige the *Turk*  
To help me in my need;  
Should he come there, hee'd make fine work:  
Hee'd rout them all indeed.  
On him I did an obligation lay,  
Poisoning his *Brother* who stood in his way.

JESUIT.

If he your gifts did understand,  
(Who gave him *Greece* but you?)  
Sure he would lend his helping hand,  
The *Hereticks* to subdue.  
No doubt if once you had him on your side,  
Between your selves you might the World divide.

POPE.

No doubt, if you I can but place  
(As some are plac'd with *Kings*)  
To be Confessor to his Grace,  
You may do mighty things.  
He will not such a *Monarchy* disdain,  
Permitting me in *Spirituals* to reign.

JESUIT.

But here a Question I demand,  
Whether, if this succeed,  
And *Turk* and you go hand in hand  
To prosecute it with speed,  
The *Turk* and you will easily agree,  
That you should *Christ's*, or *Mahomet's Vicar* be?

POPE.

That I regard not, so that I  
May have the power I crave:  
Nor *Christ*, nor *Mahomet* I'll deny,  
So that I power have.  
The *Indians* are our Converts, yet you know  
They reverence both *Saints* and *Devils* too.

JESUIT.

Your *Holiness* is so wise, I know,  
That if this way should fail,  
(You have two strings unto your Bow)  
The other will prevail.  
When *Peter's Keys* would do no good, you took  
*Paul's Sword*, and threw the *Keys* into the Brook:

POPE.

You must not speak of what I now  
Into your ear do tell:  
If here I miss the Plot (I vow)  
I'll lay as deep as Hell.  
For if the *Turk* unto me don't prove civil,  
I'll cast him off, and bargain with the *Devil*.

So *Gehazi* his *Master* us'd,  
Who took the *Syrians* gift.  
I'll take whatever *Christ* refus'd,  
To help at a dead lift.  
Though *Christ* abhor'd what I account my bliss,  
I'll worship *Satan*, rather than it miss.

JESUIT.

Sure this will hit, though all things fail,  
If *Satan* lend his aid,  
Wee'l make the Gates of Hell prevail,  
Though *Christ* contrary said.  
He cannot sure deny't to such a *Friend*,  
That always strives his Kingdoms to extend.

I'll tell you more, This is a way  
Your *Predecessors* tried  
With good success: They got the sway  
And never were denied.  
*Pope Hildebrand* that rais'd your Empire high,  
Would often to the *Devils* succour fly,  
Or else good Writers do him much bely.

F I N I S.

LICENSED, Jan. 13. 1678.  
9.

1  
d

A SECOND  
CONSULTATION  
BETWEEN THE  
POPE and the TURK

Concerning the Propagation of the *Catholick Faith*.

POPE.  
Hail mighty *Monarch*! by whose aid  
I hope I shall subdue,  
And for the future make afraid  
The whole *Heretical Crew*;  
You will both wise and grateful prove

While you with me combine,  
Who always have shew'd you my love,  
And now your good design.

TURK.  
What mean these ambiguities  
With which to me you come?  
Is th' *Oracle* of doubtful lies  
From *Delphos* gone to *Rome*?  
Your kindness I ne're understood,  
Whatever you pretend:  
To him to whom you ne'er did good,  
How can you be a friend?

POPE.  
Ungrateful man! do you forget  
How I did once betray  
The *Grecian Empire*, which as yet  
Your Scepter doth obey?  
I did the *Greeks* to *Florence* call,  
And kept them there with me:  
And you were Master made of all,  
Before we could agree.

TURK.  
This manifests your wickedness  
And makes your Cause yet worse;  
I see no reason you to Bless,  
Though *Greece* hath cause to Curse:  
You prove your Treachery indeed,  
But not your love to me,  
You'd ne're have helpt me in my need,  
If they'd submitted thee.

POPE.  
I think I stood your Friend (good Sir)  
When *James* did aspire:  
I both did keep him Prisoner,  
And poison'd him for hire;  
Then against *France* 'twas I did send  
For your victorious Arms,  
With promise that I would defend  
Your Kingdoms from all harms.

TURK.  
Two hundred thousand *Florens*, when  
You did my Brother's work,  
You had: The Benefactor then  
Was not the *Pope* but *Turk*;

'Tis true me once you did invite  
Your int'rest to advance;  
Not cause you lov'd me, but for spite  
Against the King of *France*.

POPE.  
Though still Ingratitude you pay  
For kindnesses good store,  
If you'll be rul'd, I'll on you lay  
One obligation more:  
I'll raise your Empire yet so high,  
That you shall straitway yield  
That I pull down, and onely I  
Do Monarchies rebuild.

TURK.  
For all your talk, I still do fear  
That while you make a pother,  
And with one hand pretend to rear,  
You pull down with the other:  
But what is't now that I must do,  
My Kingdoms to extend;  
That I may see at last that you  
Are really my Friend?

POPE.  
Why first I'll give you all those lands  
That 'gainst me do rebel,  
Go take them strait into your hands,  
I've curst their Kings to Hell;  
I freely to the King of *Spain*  
The *British Islands* gave:  
He wanted strength those *Isles* to gain,  
Which I am sure you have.

TURK.  
You're generous Sir, and at one word  
Great Territories grant,  
Which if men gain not by the Sword,  
They must for ever want:  
So while you Saintship give to some,  
And frankly Heaven bestow,  
I doubt (what ere's decreed at *Rome*)  
Their portion is below.

POPE.  
Whether Heav'n and Hell are in my gift  
I do not greatly care,  
(Let learned men those Questions sift)  
Sure earthly Kingdoms are;  
I can from antient deeds declare  
What pow'r belongs to me:  
The greatest Kings are what they are  
By my Authority.

TURK.  
I've often heard what Tricks you use  
To help you in your needs,  
Sometimes you do the *VWorld* abuse  
With forged Books and Deeds:  
Sometimes you Kingdoms give away  
(As now you do to me)  
Hoping that thus obliged, they  
Your Vassals still will be.

POPE.  
If I your Benefactor be,  
I hope you won't think much,  
(When I've rais'd you to high degree)  
To honour me as such:  
If *Universal Monarchy*  
You do receive from me,  
The *Universal Pastor* I  
May be allow'd to be.

TURK.  
I understand your kindness now,  
Me thus you will advance,  
If unto you I'll cringe and bow,  
And after your Pipe dance;  
Then you'll unto me be so kind,  
That you will crack your brain,  
Some place i'th' *Alcoran* to find,  
That shall your Pride maintain.

This honour more you'll on me heap,  
Whenever I you meet,  
That on my knees I strait must creep,  
To kiss your *Worship's* feet.  
When ere your Pride I do oppose,  
You'll curse me strait to Hell;  
My Subjects too shall ne're want those  
Shall stir them to Rebel.

You still unto me plagues will send  
As you have done to others,  
From Priests I must my self defend,  
Vorse than aspiring *Brothers*:  
VWhere you set foot no Prince is free,  
But strait must be your slave,  
Good Sir, pray cease to treat with me;  
I other business have.

FINIS.

LICENSED, Jan. 16. 1678<sup>8</sup>/<sub>9</sub>

# ENGLANDS MEMORIAL,

OR A

## THANKFUL REMEMBRANCE

Upon the present Never to be Forgotten Deliverance of Both

## KING AND NATION

FROM THE

### Bloody Popish PLOT.

*Shewing, That the Papists by their Principles are Real Enemies to our KING and Countrey.*

By a Well-Wisher to the Protestant Religion.

**B**LEST be our God, that gloriously did save  
Both King and People, from that dreadful Grave,  
Which *Anti-christ* had dig'd both long and deep,  
To bury our Nation in a dismal sleep.

O that this Day might never be forgot;  
No, nor the Papists who did lay the Plot.  
Blest be that God who looked down from high,  
And set us free, who were Condemn'd to dye.  
Well, let this mercy never be forgotten,  
But live in minds when we are dead and rotten?  
That future Ages may this thing record,  
And give the Praise unto the highest Lord;  
Who only did this great Salvation bring  
To all the Nation, and unto our King.  
Blest be our God, who did deliver us free,  
And caught themselves in that they lay'd for we.  
For *Englands* God who knew their Curst design,  
Did wisely work, even by a Countermin.

Oh! what dark times hath *England* often seen;  
Even not long since in th' dayes of *Mary Queen*?  
How did she then the Blood of Saints most dear,  
In *Smith* field spill, and *England* every where.  
O that all those who would not fall before,  
O Worship Idols and the beastly Whore;  
They would not by their delusions turn,  
The next News was, they should for certain burn.  
O that in *Smith*-field many a one did burn,  
Because they would not unto Popery turn.

At yet after those black and gloomy dayes,  
God did shew forth his glorious Beams and Rays.  
Another Queen, *Elizabeth* by Name,  
Who did uphold and Protestants maintain.  
And then the Gospel got some Breath, which was  
Before Extirpate, and his Glory has  
In'd forth full bright to many in this Land,  
Who have accepted it with Heart and Hand.  
O often have they tri'd again to rise,  
And many a time by Plots they did devise  
How they the Gospel might again devour,  
And in Christ's stead, set up th' *Anti-christian* whore.  
Oh! that the day might never be forgot,  
In which Hells Agents layd the Powder Plot;  
Which had not Mercy stop't their Cruel hands,  
They fairly bid for all the three whole Lands.  
How often has their Plots been deeply layd;  
But Heavens bright Eye hath often them betrayd.

And now of late what Mercy have we seen,  
Which the like hath hardly ever been.  
O that God should in the very Nick of time,  
Take known and shew their desperate design.  
Who will not wonder, if they have their Eyes  
Upon that Light that darkness still defies?  
O that its true, as it hath often been,  
That on this Mount our God was fairly seen.  
But surely were't not for our bloody Crimes,  
They ne're should prosper in such Curst designs?  
O that its our sins which opens wide the Gap  
Righteous Judgments to come in thereat.

O that indeed from *Israel* of Old,  
Sometimes depart, and with th' Enemies hold.  
VVhen by their sins they did from God depart,  
He them forsook, and took their Enemies part.  
But 'twas not so, when they their God did keep,  
A handful then did beat a mighty heap.  
Two little Kids of *Israelites* did fly  
In a hundred thousand *Syrians* in one day.

O that if ever we mean to save our Land,  
We must have God upon our side to stand.  
Therefore, O *England*, keep close to thy God;  
And then fear not the Popish Scourging Rod.

But if we do by wicked works depart,  
Then God will give us up, and make us smart,  
Into their hands which will our Butchers be,  
And us destroy with all their Cruelty.

But if we would the mighty Lord sure keep,  
Then we must pray, watch, mourn, and often weep:  
So he'll arise, and fully plead our Cause  
Against Hell, Pope and all their Curled Laws.  
Oh! how much Blood hath *Babel* drunk before,  
So that she's fitly call'd the drunken Whore?  
Who have drunk of th' Blood of th' Saints full deep,  
And thousands have layd in a dead fast sleep.  
Much Blood has been shed by her o't before  
In *England*, *Ireland*, and in *Paris* more.

Two hundred thousand innocent souls and more,  
Was slain in *Ireland* by the Scarlet VVhore.  
And now again she doth attempt this thing,  
To Murder Subjects, and to kill our King.  
O Curst Monsters! is this religious Reason,  
For to slay Princes, and lay us no Treason.  
Yet this is she that would be counted Heir,  
Because she saith she sits in *Peters* Chair.  
But prethee *Rome* tell us the truth, and bring  
The time and place where *Peter* taught this thing,  
Yea, this is she that Mother Church would be,  
Yet teach for truth such Immorality.  
For worst of Heathens do Condemn this Spirit,  
VVhich yet the Papists say thereby they Merit.  
So by this Rule you'll easily guess this thing,  
What Enemies such must needs be to our King!

What, *Rome*! did'st think to take us in this plight,  
Before your Works of darkness came to light.  
Or did you think Heavens bright Eye could not see,  
Nor yet would judge for this your Villanie:  
No *Rome*, believe it; God that sits above  
VVill judge thy Tyranny, and will remove  
Thee from that Seat where thou sit'st as a Queen,  
In brave Attire, and hath no sorrow seen.  
But stay a while, thy Plagues shall come one day,  
VVhen Christ will all his dear Saints blood repay  
Upon thy Head, and give thee blood to drink  
Because thou'rt worthy he doth surely think.

O Friends, see how the *Antichristian* VVhore,  
Doth by her wiles, her policy and power  
Endeavor once more Christs subjects to enthrall,  
And bring them down before that Beast to fall.  
O monstrous Head with thy long tripple Crown,  
VVhat did'st thou think th' *England* would fall down,  
To VVorship thee and Idols dumb adore,  
No sure, there's some, those th' oughts do much abhor,  
Though some there are, yet o'ther some there be,  
VVho never will fall down, nor give the Knee  
To such a monstrous Head and VVhore as thee.

Well, let Hell plot, and all *Rome's* Brats conspire;  
Against Christ, and his Interest to expire.  
VVe'll never fear, if we but keep our God,  
That ever *Rome* shall be's afflicting Rod.

Lord, let not darkness Cover again our Land,  
Nor us give up into the Papists hand?  
The worst of Heathens us to kill and slay:  
Say, *Is enough*, Dear Lord, and thy Hand stay.  
But now if we the Lords just Hand would stay,  
We must make Conscience then to fast and pray.  
Yea, we our ways must likewise well reform,  
Or else we shall see yet a greater storm.  
But if this Land would thoroughly do this thing,  
Then we should save both Nation and our King.  
And then ere long there would be shouts and cries,  
That *Babylon's* fallen, 's fallen, and never more shall rise.

F I N I S.



# ENGLANDS OBLIGATIONS

To Captain WILLIAM BEDLOWE, the grand Discoverer of this most Horrid PLOT.

THE World is all on Fire in *Jesus* Name,  
By quick nos'd *Jesuits*, who hunt for Game,  
Whose hidden subtle Souls in *Malice* burn,  
To ruin mighty *Nations*, and to turn  
Their *Cities* into *Asbes*, cut the *Strings*  
Of all *Societies*, to murder *Kings*  
And *Kingdoms* at one blow: O Wicked Seed!  
Such Monsters *Affrick* never yet did breed;  
The *Tyger* on the *Tyger* will not prey,  
But these *Religious* ones have found the way  
To feed on their own kind, with a new *Trick*  
To rid the World of every *Heretick*:  
(For so these *Mountebanks* do stile all those  
Who, hunting counter to their *chace*, Oppose  
Their tall *Ambition*) they slaughter all  
Who to these mighty *Monarchs* will not fall.  
But now, Brave *BEDLOWE*! how had I forgot  
Thy Name? a grand Discoverer of their *PLOT*:  
An Instrument in Great *J E H O V A S* Hand,  
To save the *King*, and his Besieged *Land*:  
Had not this *Providence* dropt on our *Shore*,  
*Magna Britania*, now, had been no more;  
Our *Throats* had all bin cut, we clearly see,  
If *Gold* or *Silver* could have tempted thee:  
Full Sixty Thousand *Guineys* proffer'd were,  
If thou wouldst fly from hence, and not appear  
To vindicate a *C A U S E* so Nobly Good,  
And save three *Kingdoms* from a Sea of Blood:  
A Ship, to boot, was proffer'd to thy hand,  
To carry thee to the securest *Land*.  
Brave *Godfrey's* pale Ghost yet doth cry aloud,  
King *C H A R L E S* design'd for *Slaughter* in the Croud:  
Our Noblest *Cities* into *Asbes* burn'd,  
Three Wealthy *Nations* topsy-turvy turn'd:  
The *Inhabitants* all marching out of doors,  
Planted by *People* worse than *Turks* or *Moors*:  
*England* no longer *England*, now, but ah!  
Stil'd by a new Name, *Terra Incognita*.  
As once the *Britains*, which we *Welsh-men* call,  
Were by the *Saxons* turned out of all;  
A Lamentable *Story*, which may grieve us,  
When there's no *Wales* nor *Cornwal* to relieve us.  
We had been th' Hunters prey, the Worlds laughter,  
Had not brave *BEDLOWE* sav'd us from th' slaughter:  
Five years thou wert their *Slave* to set us free,  
To sound the *Depth* of all their *Policy*;  
They *Mine*, and thou didst *Counter-Mine* as fast,  
To blow them and their *Plots* up at one Blast.  
Like a Physician, that is always sure,  
Thou didst not use thy *Remedies* for *Cure*,  
Till the *Disease* grew ripe, then from thy skonce,  
They and their *Fire-works* were blown up at once:  
A Pill so bitter to the *Vulgar* sight,  
The *Plotters* and their *Plots* were brought to Light,  
Forc'd and compell'd by thy ingenious *Art*,  
To Vomit up the *Poyson* of their *Heart*.  
And had not *Providence* thus stopp'd the *Flood*,  
*ENGLAND* had swum in her own *Scarlet Blood*.

Accursed *Cain*, why dost thou wear black,  
Thy Brother *Abels* Garment on thy back?  
We find thee, when that we have measur'd right,  
To be a *Judas* not a *Jesuite*.  
The *Name* without the *Nature* is a Gull,  
Be like our *JESUS* he was Merciful:  
His *Love* appears how much he did esteem us,  
He kill'd none, was killed to Redeem us:  
Being impt with *Cherubim* and *Angels* Wing,  
Wou'd he have kill'd a *Godfrey* or a *King*.  
But there be some wou'd have it now forgot,  
There was a *Godfrey* kill'd; nor any *Plot*:  
So impudent in *Lies*, with perjur'd Breath,  
They do deny the *Plot* and *Godfreys* Death.  
As those of Old, which we may still remember,  
Wou'd Cancel clean the fifth day of *November*.  
Into our *Calendar*, let us advance,  
The Murther of brave *Henry* King of *France*.  
Let *France* and *Savoy* Curse the *Jesuits* train,  
Three hundred thousand were in *Ireland* slain.  
All Bonds of sacred Friendship you'l unty,  
Oath of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy*.  
You take, untake, neither *God* nor *Man* you fear,  
What you have Sworn, the next hour you'l Unswear.  
Unto the *Test*, with double mind you stand,  
You have a *Pardon* ready to your hand.  
These are the Men, brave *BEDLOWE*! who unjust,  
Wou'd trample down thy *Honour* in the Dust;  
That by their *Hocus-Pocus* Tricks, in fine,  
Thy *Testimony* they may undermine.  
When did the *Apostles* teach; pray Read their Story,  
That killing *Kings* was the next way to *Glory*:  
*David*, the next Successor was appointed,  
Durst not lay hands on *Saul*, the Lords Anointed.  
But you, what in the World was never known,  
Have fram'd a New *Gospel* of your own.  
And being mounted on *Ambitions* Wings,  
Wou'd fly aloft to Heaven by killing *Kings*.  
And had not *Bedlow's* hand came to deliver,  
Our Noble Prince had fall'n asleep for ever.

## A N A N A C R O S T I C K.

W hat Blessed hand directed thee to pry  
I nto the *Jesuites* subtle *Policy*?  
L et Wisdom that did set thee in the Path,  
L imit our Foes, and bind their Boundless *Wrath*.  
I wish that their *Repentance* truly may,  
A nswer the *Mischief* of this fatal day.  
M ay they that unadvisedly did climb,  
B e truly sorrowful for their foul Crime,  
E rect their humble minds to Heavenly things,  
D ash all their future hopes of killing *Kings*:  
L end them a melting Heart fill'd full of Terror,  
O pen their eyes that they may see their Error.  
W isdom that tames the raging of the Seas,  
E nd all our Difference in Love and Peace.

London, Printed by Th. Dawks, His Majesties British Printer.  
at the Blew Anchor at the West End of St. Pauls. 1679.

# ENGLAND'S Remembrancer,

*England* For the Late Discovery of the Horrid PLOT: 113

Found in a *Meal Tub*, by Sir William Waller One of his Majesties Justices of Peace *Middlesex*.

The Design of the Papists in this PLOT was, to put it off themselves, and lay it upon the Presbyterians: making the Designers of the Change of Government, and the Murderers of his Majesty, &c.

**E**Xperience shews whilst *Godfrey* lived here,  
No formidable PLOT durst ere appear,  
But what was quell'd as soon as well begun,  
And made apparent unto every one,  
In such clear Demonstration, that 'tis plain  
He was the Coach-man to great *Charles his Wain*.  
And safely did secure from Popish Plots  
All poor distressed threatned *Hugonots*:  
Since whose inhumane Murder, Our great God  
Hath rais'd our Foes, full, as severe a Rod;  
A man whose sharp prodigious piercing Eye,  
Can plainly see their utmost Treachery.  
And knows full well with such great Knaves to deal,  
Witness the Papers found in Tubs of Meal.  
That *Roman* scarlet *Whore*, he now will maul her,  
This we expect from good *Sr William Waller*.  
A PLOT contriv'd gainst *Presbyterian* Blood,  
Whose Innocence the World hath understood.  
A PLOT forg'd by the chief of this great CITY!  
And no man Punish'd, it is great Pity!  
A PLOT contriv'd and no man knows yet what,  
This is a *Romish* Devil of a PLOT.  
But thanks to GOD, o KING, and *Waller's* care,  
Their hidden Engines now discovered are,  
For what they on this City would have lay'd,  
Is by his Circumspection betrayed;  
God's Providence, and *Waller's* studious care  
Hath laid the Bottom of their Secrets bare:  
And shews their Plot's of so deform'd a hew,  
As none dare own, but the bold *Roman* Crew.  
Who neither fear their God, Honour their KING,  
Their *Romish* Principles teach no such thing,  
Slaughter and Murder are the only Books,  
In which each *Romanist* devoutly looks,  
And nothing is by them more understood  
Than shedding *Protestant* (though *Princely*) Blood.

Though thanks to God their *Devilish* Sport  
Hath not as yet prevail'd upon the Court:  
All Sovereign Princes are e'n Sacred things,  
Tis Dang'rous meddling with the Thrones of Kings.  
And we still hope, whilst *Waller* lives we may  
Find out those Drifts designed to betray  
Both KING and Kingdom, I, and Nation too,  
At one Blood-thirsty and revengeful Blow.  
And not inferior is great LONDON'S Mayer,  
Who to detect the same took no less Care,  
When once the *Curst* Discovery began,  
And his great Wisdom did each *Mischief* scan,  
Nothing like this e'r reach'd the Head of Man.  
It did appear so foul, none present knew  
How to believe the things, there sworn were true;  
Until their *Dangerfield* declared, He  
Would make appear what he did Certify.  
All that remains is only fervent Prayer  
For his Majesties prosperous well-fare  
*Sir William Waller*, and our good *Leicester* Mayer.  
We praise our God, though *Papists* did design  
On *Protestants* to cast this Dismal Crime.  
So good hath our GOD been, to tell the Story  
To their great Infamy and his great Glory.  
Let therefore ENGLAND now once more rebound  
With joyful Echo's that may tear the Ground,  
In Memory of his Great Mercy shewn,  
Than which, a greater scarce was ever known.  
Cease then ye bloody minded *Papists* cease,  
Your only way will be to live in Peace:  
Accept the Mercies of our Gracious KING,  
Lest you do go to Heaven in a String:  
Then 'twill be late Repentance, now you may  
Have Mercy offer'd while it's call'd day.  
If this fair Proffer you reject, 'tis just  
Ketch should conclude your Lives, a

L O N D O N, Printed in the Year, 1679.

Epipapresbyter, Grand-Child  
TO  
S M E C T Y M N U U S  
OR,  
The Worlds H U Y and C R Y,  
After  
T I T U S O A T E S.  
Ordain'd Doctor of DEVILITY, at SALAMANCA.

urn-coat ncubus. ymist. nthankful educing ld Serpent. rrogant raytour. nchanting orcerer.  
D<sup>r</sup>. T I T U S O A T E S.  
The Devil of Sham P L O T S.

14. March. 1685

Come hark and hear and draw me nigh,  
Good People all that pass me by:  
Give Audience, and slight me not,  
And give your Ears an Antidote  
Of late the whole Worlds great Trapan,  
That's half a Hog and half a Man  
Hath run; none knows from whence nor whether,  
But all affirm that he came hither.  
A Linfy Wolffy Emprick Doctor,  
A Spiritual Hocus Focus Proctor;  
Who did 'gainst Natures Civil Laws)  
Betray himself and Romish Cause:  
And (tho the Lady kiss'd and dandl'd  
Him on her Knee, and softly handl'd)  
He did her slight and villify,  
When he had almost suck'd her Drie.  
He forg'd he urg'd a thing (God wot)  
Call'd *Bloody Babels Popish PLOT*:  
And when he could it Build no more,  
He kick'd the Cattle, and threw it o'r.  
He's all Religions, yet none True;  
He *Jack of all Trades* doth outdoe;  
An oaten, iten, know not what,  
Pretended *Christian, Apostat*:  
No *Papist*, for he hath no Merit;  
No *Quaker*, for he hath no Spirit:  
No *Protestant*, for want of Grace;  
*Protest* Lodges in his Face:  
He is no *Turk*, for (like a Swine)  
He wallows in a Tub of Wine.  
The *Devils* he doth most resemble,  
Because he needs must fear and Tremble.  
He Mumps to gain his daily Bread;  
And he doth wear upon his Head  
Both Cowl and *Presbyterian* Callet;  
He bears a Knapsack Bag and Waller:  
He Bauls, he Barks, he Roars, he Grins,  
He Swears, he Lies he pardons Sins.  
The Race of Mankind he Abuseth,  
And all his Brethren he Accuseth.  
He that doth meet him (with a Cane)  
May thresh him till he Stink again.

This *Tymist Turncoat* of our Age,  
Would be a Show, if put in Cage;  
For he is elivate (preserve us)  
Above the Sphere of *Hircocervus*:  
And all the World desire to see  
What Human Monster can he be,  
Who did set Daughter against the Mother,  
The Father against both Son and Brother;  
And (from the King to Countrey Clown)  
Hath turn'd the Nation up-side-down.  
He so bewitch'd the *London* Pedlers,  
The *Coblers, Tinkers*, and the *Sadlers*,  
That they (for stuffing up the Air)  
Might with th' *Ephesians* well compare;  
For Rag, and Tag, and Bob-tail, all  
The Ribble Rabble what ye call  
Did Mold an Image Rood like Ape,  
They call'd the *Romish Papish Pape*,  
And in a fury past its Doom,  
As it had been the *Pope of Rome*:  
And then (to satiate their Desire)  
They Burn'd the Heritick in Fire.  
Had he prov'd True to any one,  
His Knavery might have been unknown;  
But Justice did most wisely Reckon  
To fix this Rascal for a Beacon;  
That all self-Interest Rogues may see  
The end of Treacherous Loyalty;  
To be an Hissing to the Nation,  
And an abhorring Detestation.  
For Sense and Reason both controles  
To mend a Breach by making Holes:  
He's Traitour that betray's by Lies  
A *PLOT*; to raise Conspiracies.  
He needs must be a *Tinker's* Brother,  
Who mends one hole, and makes another.  
He Conjurs, (tho I blush to tell it,  
How he did use poor Doctor *Ellet*)  
For with a Wind-bal mouth *Granado*  
He turn'd him *Turkish Runagado*,  
Swore seriously, (not in Derision)  
That he was of the *Circumcisen*;

And (for a Witness) did detect  
His Cod-piece to Condemn his Neck!  
He was half Hang'd, but not *Defacto*,  
Condemn'd but in *signato Allen*:  
But ere he swang the Soveraig Tree,  
A Demonstration made him free.  
This Brutish Man, or *Homo-bog*  
Was *Musty* once to *Haman-gog*;  
Yet all his antick Tricks and Trade  
Could hardly gain his daily Bread;  
Therefore he (in a *Hocus Prank*)  
Did turn a Spiritual *Mountebank*;  
And (like a cunning Fox) crept in  
Amongst the *Romish* Men of Sin,  
Pretending that himself was nigh  
Religious sick, in Piety.  
With them he lived, fed-ox well,  
Till Wanton Flesh began to swell;  
And then his Brains began to breed  
A Poyson'd Spider Homicide,  
And Treason-big began to cry  
A *PLOT* or damn'd *Conspiracy*:  
And chose poor *Babels Whore*, that she  
Might Midwife to the Monster be.  
Now when it was brought to the Light,  
It seem'd a Screech-Owl of the Night;  
But when he saw its Cloven Feet,  
He swore it was a *Jesuite*.  
And threw the Brat down at his Door  
That's call'd the Husband of the *Whore*:  
Then all the Noise that fill'd our Streets  
Was *Papishes* and *Jesuites*;  
The brand of *Papist* was enough  
To interchange an *English* Cuff;  
But *Jesuite* was cause indeed  
Enough to knock one in the Head.  
The *Buy and Cry* was Fifty pound  
To Catch where any could be found;  
And *Vulgar* (that unruly Beast)  
Did Law and Reason to Arrest,  
That Bed-rid *Justice* seem'd to die,  
And Order turn to *Anarchy*.

Good Deeds ill Requited :

O R,

# AN ANSWER

TO

INNOCENCE UNVEIL'D.

BEING

# A POEM

In Vindication of Dr. *Oates* and Mr. *Bedloe*.

**W**ife *Solomon* has said, 'Tis sometimes fit  
 To answer one, that has nor *Sense*, nor *Wit*,  
 Lest the vain *Fop* grow wise, in's own Conceit.  
 A *Poem* ! Bless us, *Muses* ! railing Rhimes,  
 Where Discord only, and no Musick chimes :  
 Where *Malice*, and no *Wit* or *Sence* is shown,  
 And Puddle-dirt at worthy men is thrown.  
 That mortal man in paltry *Rhime* should prate,  
 Like a she-*Orator* of *Billingsgate* ;  
 Who, if she ever did at *Crambo* play,  
 Might rail in *Rhime*, and better things would say.  
 Poor quibbling Fool did lack some *Oaten* drink,  
 To help inspire his wooden Wit, I think,  
 Who his fine *Poem* usher'd (out upon't ! )  
 With a most silly *Quibble* in the Front.  
 Those very Men his Worship termeth Fools  
 Handle edge, better than he rhiming, tools :  
 And tho these men he *Saviours* calls in scorn,  
 And doth with *Coxcombs*, *Fools*, and *Knaves*, adorn  
 His railing Verse ; they shall in Story dwell  
 In Heav'nly Fame, like Angels that ne'er fell,  
 Whilst such as he lie in Oblivions Hell.  
 What Stuff he's made of, all the world may see ;  
 But *Jesuit*'s Heart won't with *Fool*'s Brain agree.

We can his Spleen however well detect ;  
 Their Evidence he'd make of no effect.  
 At that alone his squinting Verses look,  
 A safer way indeed than *Reading* took :  
 But 'twill not do ; his *Rhymes* do *Reason* lack,  
 For all the *Law*, of which you so much crack ;  
 The Foil'd may rise, and lay some on their back. }  
 Touch the gall'd back of any furious Beast,  
 He'll bite and kick, or wince and fling at least ;  
 And he that meddles, when the Beast does feel,  
 Had need be guarded well, 'gainst iron heel.  
 I am no *Surgeon*, and shan't rake in Sore ;  
 The *World* have Eyes, and I shall say no more.  
 If some say Black is White, I am content,  
 Or call a running Sore an Ornament.  
 The *Romans* did not cackling *Geese* despise,  
 Who kept their *Capitol* from a Surprise :  
 But we fling Dirt at men, like unwise Sots,  
 Who have the *Nation* say'd from *Jesuits* Plots.  
 Since *Jesuits* can't the *Nation* now trepan,  
 They'll do it all the Mischief that they can,  
 And with foul *Mouths*, worse *Pens*, and lying *Notes*,  
 Rail with full Cry, at *Bedloe*, and at *Oates*.  
 Who will hereafter *Traytors* Plots make known,  
 If no Encouragement to these are shown ?  
 When scurrilous *Pamphleteers* shall daily try  
 To make their Evidence to seem a Lye ;  
 To make them *Juglers*, wicked, perjur'd *Knaves*,  
*Inventors* of strange Plots, the worst of *Slaves* ;  
 Men who of right by us should honour'd be,  
 Their Names made great to all Posteritie ;  
 And for Encouragement, and greater Grace,  
 Their *Statues* set up in some publick place.  
 Whate'er that scribbling *Poetafter* writes,  
 Those very *Commons* which his Worship flights,  
 May in good time make *Truth* and *Justice* known ;  
 And who the *Knaves* are then, will best be shown.  
 Ther *Oates* and *Bedloe's* Story will be told,  
 And 'twill appear they have not been too bold, }  
 But that both *Truth* and *Justice* once was fold. }

# Innocence Unveil'd:

O R,

# A P O E M

On the Acquittal of the  
**Lord Chief Justice Scroggs,**

*Right Honourable,*

**I**mpetuous *Bedlow*, and his *Oaten* Friend,  
 Will now begin to buckle, or to bend:  
 Now I do plainly see that they are Fools,  
 They find it dang'rous meddling with Edge-Tools.  
*Justice* is sharp when it's too much abus'd;  
*Justice* unjustly lately was accus'd:  
 And now what follows? Scourges of the Law,  
 To keep such bold-fac'd Fellows all in awe.  
 Your Innocence (unless I miss my mark)  
 Will make their Evidence look dull and dark:  
 Had they but found you Guilty, I dare swing  
 If they had let alone our Gracious King.  
 Their Heads were very high, their Hearts too stout,  
 Now give their Pride and Confidence a rout.  
 The *House of Commons* is there All in All,  
 And while They stand, the Coxcombs cannot fall.  
 This is their strong conceit; they do not fear:  
 But ev'ry man that has an ear to hear,  
 Shall shortly hear that they have spoil'd their sport  
 By nothing more, than by this false Report.  
 Those Scriblers *Harris*, *Smith*, and *Care*, will quake,  
 For their Foundation doth begin to shake:  
 The first and second Saviour both look pale,  
 To see their Gall and Malice doth so fail:

The

The Rubbish is remov'd, Knaves must fly hence,  
 For who can stand against your Innocence!  
 The *Chief* in *Justice* shines in's proper place,  
 Whilst Envy lies obscur'd with great disgrace.  
 Plot on, thou puny Levite, but beware  
 ( Both Thou, the Captain, *Harris*, *Smith* and *Care*, )  
 Of him you aim'd to catch within your Snare.  
 His great Integrity is fully known,  
 And well approv'd by him that wears the Crown;  
 Is't a light thing to tread our *Justice* down?  
 Might *Justice* once be trodden under feet,  
 Then ev'ry Knave would strive for *CHARLES* his Seat :  
*Justice* is not so weak as you suppose ;  
 Your *Smith* may sooner take the Devil by th' Nose,  
 Than think his Libels, or your Oaths can taint  
 That that's the badge of ev'ry Earthly Saint.  
*Injustice* is your Justice, I'me afraid,  
 But yet by *justice* you shall all be paid :  
 You have had Rope enough, too much, I doubt,  
 Indeed I wonder that your Necks are out :  
 You are not Hang'd, but choak'd up in your Throats ;  
 Now who'l believe the Rev'rend Dr. *Oates*,  
 Or the Heroick Captain? *Commons* may  
 Not when they find your Truth is gone astray :  
 My Lord Chief *Justice* Story will be told,  
 And 'twill appear that you have been too bold,  
 And *Truth* and *Justice* both at once you've fold.

F I N I S.



# The JESUITS Character.

Written by a Member of the POPISH CLUB.

To the Black-Smitbs Tune, Which no body can deny.

**T**HE *Jesuits* they are a sort of Men (Pen,  
That the Name of *Jesús* usurp with their  
In a thousand, honest are hardly ten;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Churches of God they make Dens of Thieves,  
They cajol the Men, and lye with their Wives,  
When th' are to be hang'd, none with 'em Reprieves;  
*Which no body can deny.*

For Christian Charity, they all despise it,  
But as to themselves they all will advise it;  
And if they once beg, he's a knave that denies it.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Doctrine of *Devils* is all they teach,  
Wo be to them that come in their reach;  
For Murder and Treason is all that they Presch.  
*Which no body can deny.*

In your Cities both great and fair,  
Where conveniences are to spare,  
There your *Jesuits* always are.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Magnificent Houses, excellent Wine,  
Their Bread of the whitest, and Linnen so fine,  
With a Cloak to the Ground they always design.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Turkies, Capons, Chickens, and Geese,  
Swans and Peacocks at so much apiece,  
For a Dinner worth *Jason's* Golden Fleece.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Of Lamb and Veal, the tenderest bits,  
And the choicest of Mutton too by fits;  
These are the Books employ their wits.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Thus in their Houses they keep revel Rout,  
Where all things go in, but nothing goes out;  
So merrily goes the year about.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Where ever they come they search and pry,  
Nor a Family passage escapes their Eye,  
And then they report what ever they spy.  
*Which no body can deny.*

As for high Honour and worldly Pomp,  
They turn up always these things Trump,  
And rather than lose, to the *Devil* will jump.  
*Which no body can deny.*

When ever a rich Man lies a dying,  
The *Jesuits* presently they come flying,  
To get what they can by wheedling and lying.  
*Which no body can deny.*

In the Courts of Princes, who but they;  
Among the Clergy they bear great sway,  
And the *Devils* among the Laity play.  
*Which no body can deny.*

To bloody Revenge they still excite,  
For public hate, and private spite,  
Are chiefly the Lectures they endite.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Princes and Kings they destine to slaughter,  
For which they are sometimes noos'd in a Halter,  
Belov'd as the *Devil* loves Holy Water.  
*Which no body can deny.*

For to maintain their Earthly pride,  
All fear of Heaven and Hell they deride,  
And in so doing th' are not bely'd.  
*Which no body can deny.*

They would have murder'd our gracious King,  
And was not that a most damnable thing?  
But some are gone to Heaven in a Sling.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Full many a Monarch they have kill'd,  
And Royal Blood have cruelly spill'd;  
But Providence did our Sovereign shield.  
*Which no body can deny.*

They would have subverted our Government,  
And against the Nation were wickedly bent,  
For which reason they were to *Tiburn* sent.  
*Which no body can deny.*

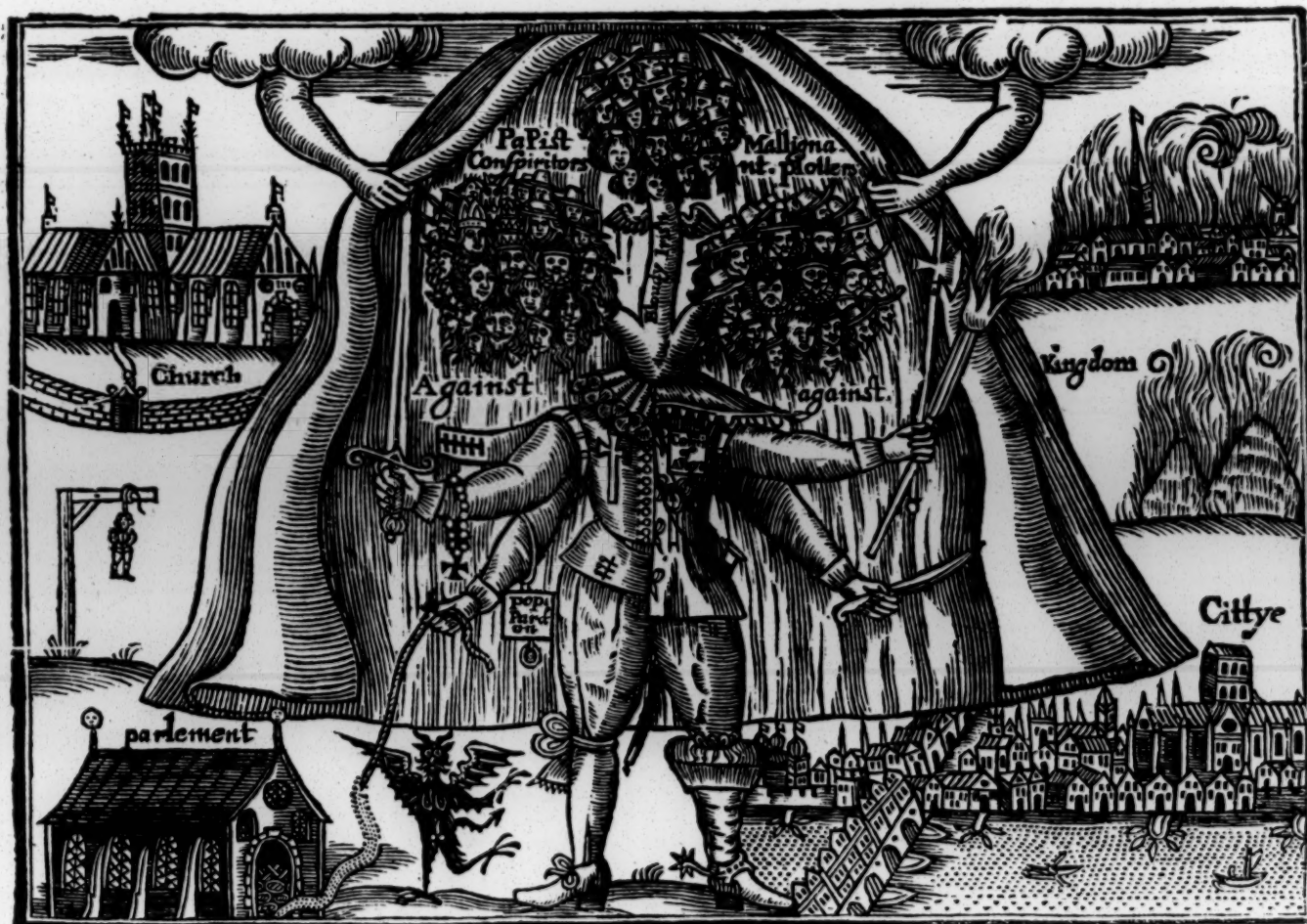
Popery they would fain have brought in,  
Which says that King-killing is no Sin;  
But *Ketch* did hang them up by the Chin.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Now may they all go to the *Devil* headlong,  
For then they can do us no farther wrong,  
Which is the conclusion of my Song.  
*Which no body can deny.*

# KINGDOMES MONSTER

Vncloaked from Heaven:

The Popish Conspirators, Malignant Plotters, and cruell Irish, in one Body to destroy Kingdome, Religion and Lawes: But under colour to defend them, especially the Irish, who having destroyed the Protestants There, flye hither to defend the Protestant Religion Here.



England looke upon this monstrosus Thing,  
That would our Kingdome unto ruine bring.  
Tis framed and composed of three parts  
Which are all joynd both in heads and hearts:  
Doe not behold it with a carelesse eye,  
This Monster brings this Land to misery:  
This Monster following its forefathers hate,  
Seeks to destroy the Kingdome and the State:  
While Church and Kingdom should oppressed lie  
Subjected to their blinded Popery:  
Long time it walked muffled in a cloak  
Till Straffords head was cut off, then it broke  
Out of the cloud, but Heavens holy hands  
Hath now uncloak'd it, so that now it stands  
In a full figure as this Picture here  
Doth make it lively to your view appeare,  
And in fit Emblems to your sight presents  
His shape, his postures, and his blacke intents;  
So that if you behold it round about  
You shall see how this Monster is set out;  
His Spanish Ruffe, and Jacket shew him here  
To be halfe Popish, and halfe Cavalier;  
His left side Popish is, which on his breast  
Is by the figure of the Crosse exprest;  
Besides his Beads and Popish pardon be  
Emblemes that speak his love to Popishry:

So on the left side Popish heads are got  
Together ready to conspire and plot (want  
Untathom'd mischief, and lest they should  
Brain to be wicked, and should so be scant  
Of knowledge how they might undo this land,  
Plotting malignant heads against them stand:  
The winged cluster of heads do discover  
That Popish Rebels from Ireland flye over:  
These to make strong their party, do combine  
While in one body they together joyne,  
Which in this Monster of the times exprest,  
And to shew that there lodges in his breast  
Nothing but cruelty, while 'tis his desire  
To kill the Protestants, and their houses fire:  
His double hands a sword, a knife contains,  
A match, a Poleaxe, and a torch that flames;  
Thus arm'd you may aske what he means to do,  
Alas! his dayly actions this doe shew;  
He doth intend to change the Churches coat,  
That masse may be sung through a Friars throat;  
And that the Protestants true Church may grow  
Catholicke, and unto the Pope may owe  
Supremacie, while Popery that hath bin  
Long purged out, may be brought in agen;  
In hope whereof, they oppose the Parliament,  
Which Popists once to blow up did consent,

As here the match in hand doth represent,  
While the blacke fiend did further their intent;  
Besides this monstrosus Body here compact  
Of Popists, Irish and malignant act  
Most horrid cruelties where they do approach,  
Set out here by the sword in hand and torch;  
Firing both Towns & houses where they come,  
As they of late to Brimingham have done;  
And like unthankfull wretches have no pity  
Neither upon this Kingdome nor this City,  
But *Nero* like would laugh while it did burn,  
And would massacre such as would not turn  
To their Religion, robbing them of life,  
Described by the hand armed with a knife:  
Thus under sword and fire this Kingdome lies  
Bleeding, and is this Monstrosus sacrifice;  
While Popists, Irish, and Malignants are  
Drawne all into the body of a war,  
Who breath destruction, and would ruinate  
Church, Kingdome, City, Parliament, and State,  
Therefore this Picture here set out may be  
Called the Kingdomes Map of misery.  
But there's a God that will at last regard  
Our sufferings, and give them their just reward;  
Let them take heed, here on the side we see't,  
They and the gallows at the last shall meet.  
FINIS.



| Species       | Count | Notes |
|---------------|-------|-------|
| Blackbird     | 100   |       |
| Redstart      | 100   |       |
| Yellowthroat  | 100   |       |
| Blue Jay      | 100   |       |
| White-throat  | 100   |       |
| Robin         | 100   |       |
| Starling      | 100   |       |
| House sparrow | 100   |       |
| Goldfinch     | 100   |       |
| Chaffinch     | 100   |       |
| Wren          | 100   |       |
| Thrush        | 100   |       |
| Magpie        | 100   |       |
| Jackdaw       | 100   |       |
| Parakeet      | 100   |       |
| Parrot        | 100   |       |
| Peacock       | 100   |       |
| Swan          | 100   |       |
| Goose         | 100   |       |
| Duck          | 100   |       |
| Crane         | 100   |       |
| Stork         | 100   |       |
| Flamingo      | 100   |       |
| Ostrich       | 100   |       |
| Emu           | 100   |       |
| Kangaroo      | 100   |       |
| Wallaby       | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |
| Wombat        | 100   |       |
| Quokka        | 100   |       |
| Bandicoot     | 100   |       |
| Possum        | 100   |       |
| Koala         | 100   |       |



# The Manner of the Barbarous Murther of J A M E S, Late Lord Arch-Bishop of St. Andrews, Primate and Metropolitan of all Scotland,

And one of his Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council of that Kingdom; *May 3. 1679.*



When Rome, by Godfrey's Death, had proudly shown  
The greatest Horror could by Man be done;  
Hell stood amaz'd a while, and blusht to see  
It self out done by Romish Cruelty:  
At length, Grim Lucifer the Silence broke;  
And to his Imps, in furious tone he spoke:

*See yonder reeking Murder! Come, lets sit  
In strong debate, and strive to rival it;  
Or else, as Novices, to Rome wee'l go,  
And send the Pope to Mount our Throne below.*

In hot dispute, the black Cabal had spent  
A little Time, when with a full Consent,  
It was resolv'd; Ten Furies, who exprest  
A greater Love to Blood, than all the rest,  
Should with as many Scottish Ruffians Joyn  
To act, on Pious SHARP, this Damn'd Design;  
For, who that knows that Murder, can (indeed)  
Think it by any here on Earth Decreed?  
When every horrid Circumstance does tell,  
It could be Plotted no where but in Hell:  
Though some sad Mortals do delight in Blood,  
They could not be thus Wicked, if they wou'd.  
For what Infernal could enhance the Guilt,  
More than in this, *A Prelates Blood was Spilt!*

Whose Sacred Function, was enough to quell  
The Thoughts of Vengeance in an Infidell.  
But yet nor this, nor's Silver colour'd Hairs,  
His Learning, Piety, his Daughters Pray'rs;  
His Virtues, Prudence, Loyalty, nor Age,  
Were Charms enough, to stop these Ruffians Rage:  
Who only therefore Long'd to shed his Blood;  
Because they knew him Innocent, and Good:  
That so their Crime might unexampled seem,  
Not in the Murder, but in Murthering him.

Nor does the manner of this Murder, less  
The height of their Impiety exprest:  
Behold! how like a Dog, they Hawl and Draw  
Him from his Coach, not fearing Heav'n nor Law!  
See, how the Coach-man Tumbles from his Box;  
And poor Postillion fell'd, like Fatted Ox!  
Whil'st on her Knees, the weeping Daughter Craves  
Her Father's Life, and's threatned by the Slaves!  
Whil'st others, by a Show'r of Passes Given,  
Let out his Blood, and send his Soul to Heaven!

If any Villians, for the Future, wou'd  
Know the worst way, to dip their Hands in Blood,  
Let them to Scotland go, to end that Strife,  
This Prelate's Fall, will Teach them to the Life!



# THE MUSES FIRE-WORKS

Upon the Fifth of November:

O R,

## The Protestants Remembrancer

OF THE

Bloody Designs of the Papists in the Never-to-be-forgotten Powder-Plot, &c.

**H**ail happy hour, wherein that Hellish Plot  
Was found, which, had it prosper'd, might have shot  
At the Celestial Throne; at whose dread stroke  
*Atlas* had reel'd, and both the Poles had shoke:  
And *Tellus* (sympathizing in the woe)  
Had felt an Ague and a Fever too:  
Hell-gates had been set ope, to make men say,

*S. Peter's* Vicar hath mistook his Key.

Methinks I see a dismal gloomy Cell,  
The Lobby-Porch and Wicket unto Hell,  
The Devil's Shop, where great had been his Prize,  
Had he prevail'd to make his Wares to Rise.

Say, gentle Drawer, were they Casks of Beer?  
Or was old *Bacchus* tun'd and firkin'd there?  
Nay, then the Pope's turn'd Vintner: Friends, behold  
What mortal Liqueur's at the Mitre sold!

Fire-spewing *Aetna* with good cause may fear  
That her Distemper springs from too much Beer:  
And old *Enceladus* may well confess  
That all his Belching's caus'd by Drunkenness.

Had wretched *Dives* begg'd a Drop of this,  
To allay his heat, the Fool had ask'd amiss:  
His hapless Rhet'rick might have done him wrong,  
'T would have tormented, not have cool'd his Tongue.  
Had *Heber's* Wife but known this Trick of thine,  
She'd spar'd her Milk, and given the Captain Wine.

Strange, sure, had been th' Effects; it would have sped  
Our lawful King and left the Pope instead.  
Right Drunkenness indeed, which, for a space,  
Steals Man away and leaves a Beast in's place.

'T had caus'd a general intoxication,  
The stag'ring, nay, the downfall of the Nation.

Oh murth'rous Plot! Posterity shall say,  
His Holiness oreshoots *Caligula*.  
The Pope by this and such Designs ('tis plain)  
Out-Babels *Nimrod* and out-butchers *Cain*.

About this time the brave *M. unteagle*, whose  
Firm love to his Religion rather chose  
To break the Roman Yoke, than see the Reign  
Of decess'd *Mary* wheel about again,  
Receiv'd a Letter in a dubious sence,  
It seem'd a piece of *Syagian* Eloquence:  
The Characters look'd just like conj'ring Spells;  
For this bout Hell here spoke in Parables.  
The Pope's and Devil's Signets were set to't,  
The cloven Mitre and the cloven Foot.

But shall our State by an unlook'd-for Blow  
Receive a mortal Wound, and yet not know  
The hand that smote her? shall she sigh and cry,  
Like *Polyphemus*, Out is quench'd mine Eye?  
Is *England* by the angry Fates sad Doom

Condemn'd to play at Hot-cockles with *Rome*:  
No, Man of Myst'ries, no, we understand  
Thy Gibb'rish, though thou art confounded, and  
Have found thy meaning; Heav'n can read thy hand.

Thus were our Senate like to be betray'd  
By a strange Egg which *Peter's* Cock had laid:  
For had the Serpent hatch'd it, the Device  
Had prov'd to us a baneful Cockatrice.

Now like proud *Haman* being stretch'd upon  
The heightned Pegs of vain Ambition,  
Above *Pride's* highest *Ela*, how he took  
Poor *Mordechai's* advancement, and could brook  
Hanging in stead of Honouring; that Curse  
Which made him set the Cart before the Horse:  
Just such was *Faux*, his baffled hopes bequeath  
No comforts now, but thoughts of sudden Death.  
Like *Haman's* fate, he only could aspire  
To be advanced fifty Cubits higher.

What *Phaebus* said to th' Laurel, that sure he  
Said to the Gallows, *Thou shalt be my Tree*.

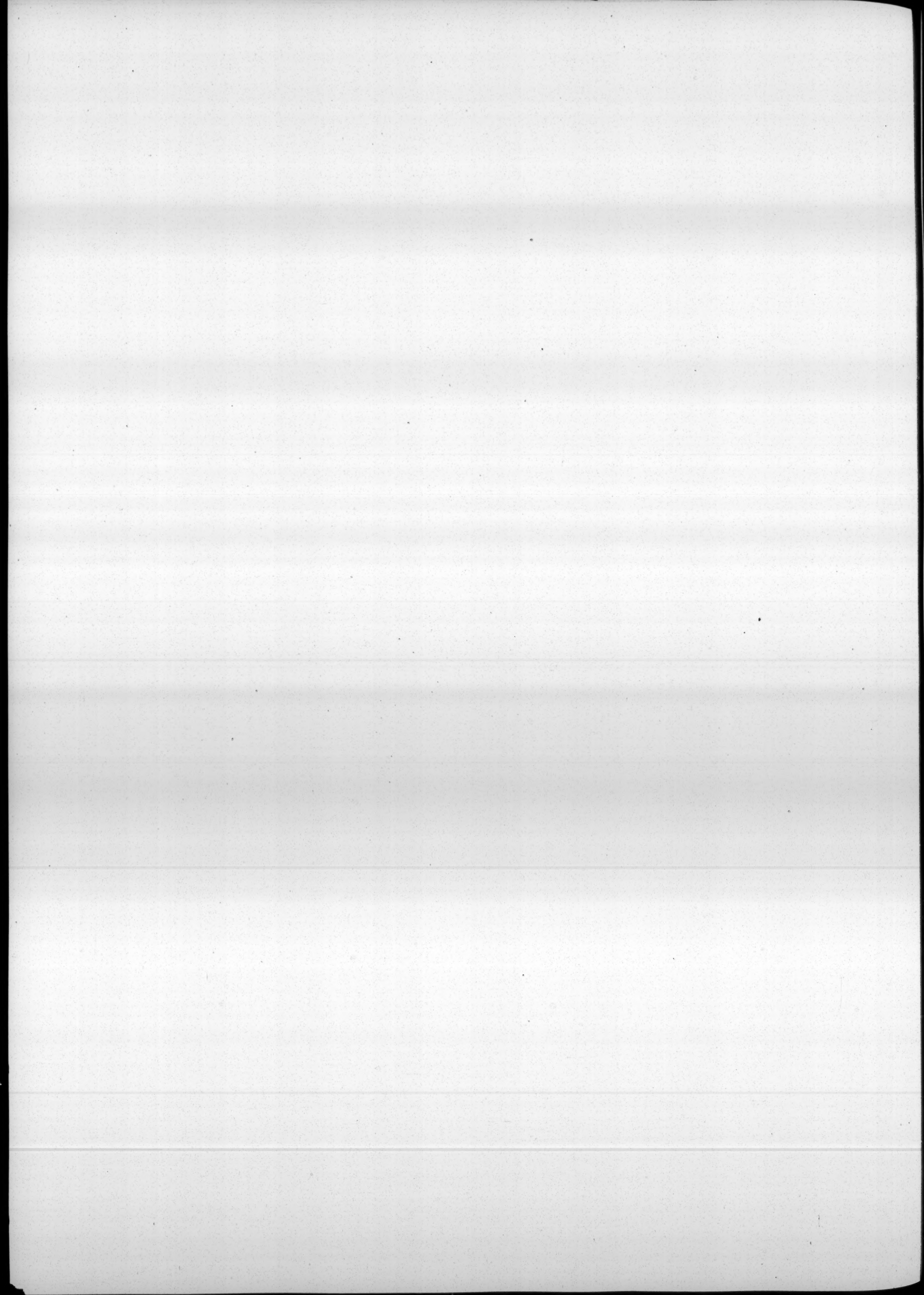
But didst thou think, thou mitred Man of *Rome*,  
Who bellowest threatnings and thy dreadful Doom,  
And like *Perillus* roarest in thy Bull  
Curfes and Blasphemies a Nation full,  
At one sad stroke to massacre a Land,  
And make them fall whom heav'n ordain'd to stand.

No, though thy head was fire and thou could turn  
Thy ten branch'd Antler to a Powder-horn;  
Still we are safe, till our transgressions merit  
A Reformation from such a Spirit  
As comes from thence: our Nation need not fear  
Dark Lanterns, whilst God's Candlestick is here.  
The Purple Whore may lay her Mantle by,  
Until our Sins are of a Scarlet-dye.  
Those Horns alone can sound our overthrow,  
And blow us up, which blew down *Jericbo*,

Christ blefs this Kingdom from intestine quarrels;  
From Schifm in Tubs, and Popery in Barrels.

L O N D O N, Printed for William Miller at the Gilded Acorn in St. Paul's Church-yard, near the little North Door.

At which Place you may be furnished with most sorts of bound or stitched Books, as Acts of Parliament, Proclamations, Speeches, Declarations, Letters, Orders, Commissions, Articles; as also Books of Divinity, Church-Government, Sermons, and most sorts of Histories, Poetry, Plays, and such like, &c. As also Tickets for Funerals ready fitted.



# NARRATIVE OF POPISH PLOTS

With a full Account  
OF THEIR BLOODY DESIGNS.

By D. M. M.

LICENSED, December the 10th. 1678.

**A**t length the sacred Mystery's reveal'd,  
Those lowering Clouds, whose misty  
Brows conceal'd  
The Bright-beam'd Luster of Eternal day,  
Dissolv'd to Vapours and are chas'd away  
From his bright Throne, for Man to hide is vain,  
Whose pow'ful Arms the trembling world sustain:  
His Eyes survey the secret depths below,  
From whence dire Massacres and Treasons flow;  
From that great God what Mortal can retire,  
Whole swift-wing'd Messengers are flames of fire.  
From him what Cave, what dismal shades of night,  
In whom there is no shade, can bar the light;  
When Death and Hell stand obvious to his Eyes,  
In whose bright self the Spring of brightness lies.  
The naked Univerſe before him quakes,  
The trembling Earth's affrighted Pillar shakes:  
The Deep's discovered, and all Secrets known,  
The hearts of Kings and Princes are his own:  
He rules in all, and yet proud Man dare do  
The vilest things that Hell can prompt him to:  
A little world of Dust, so swell'd with Pride,  
Intic'd to Ills, he quickly turns aside:  
Ne'er fears Deaths little Anticks, nor the Grave,  
Nor that dire portion thirsty Sinners have,  
More thirsty than the pale-fac'd God of fears;  
He seeks for Blood and deals in Sepulchres;  
For why, of late the Scarlet Whore has made  
Fate her diversion, Death her Childrens Trade:  
By secret Treasons is her seat upheld,  
Her murdering thoughts with steaming slaughter swell'd,  
Grown proud with power, she fancies Sea and Land  
Must bow beneath her Blood-bedabbed Hand:  
Thinks to unhinge the Globe, and tumble down  
Kings from their Thrones, and grasp the Monarch's Crown.  
Her flowing Cup being fill'd with slucing steel,  
She drinks the Blood of *Martyrs* till she reel.  
VVitneſs *Bohemia* thou her rage canst tell,  
In thee an Hundred Thousand Christians fell  
By Popish Tyrants; Enemies to good,  
VVhom Tortures please their Eyes delight in Blood.  
Those Crimson Streams exhausted, still she craves,  
And seeks new VVorks, for Blood she ploughs the VVaves;  
Through briny Seas divides the swelling Flood,  
And Tyger-like pursues the scent of Blood:  
Those undiscover'd Lands which Natures care  
Guarded by Seas, she finds, and fixes there  
Her dreadful Engines; and for no offence  
Millions are murder'd in their Innocence;  
Naked, as when their Infant cries did gain  
Their Mothers love, but now their cries are vain:  
No whispering Voice of Mercy now appears,  
Blood must be found, for that she seeks not tears:  
Poc. *Mexico, Peru*, for both we grieve,  
But grief augments those ills we can't relieve:  
In days of old kind death on Age would smile,  
Fates sanguine Eyes were strangers to your soile;  
But now with dreadful Inquisitions drest,  
Racks, Engines, Flames and Tortures, when at best,  
Deluges of slaughter, and perpetual groans,  
Horror and Fury wait upon her Thrones:  
That this is she, sacred Writ explains,  
That City 'tis which over Nations reigns.  
But why so wide my Muse, where wilt thou come,  
Let *India* stay, thy Task is nearer home.

Her left hand's there, her right on *Europe* lies,  
Distressed *Piedmont's*, fatal Massacres:  
Cry loud to Heaven, 'tis Blood, the Nations sweat,  
Fry'd and consum'd by her prodigious heat.  
Poor *Albigenses* stifled are in Caves,  
*Waldenses* slain and scatter'd without Graves,  
A prey to Beasts; but for their Faith they dye;  
Christ dy'd for them, they'll reign with him on high:  
In *Flanders*, in poor *Flanders*, there was slain  
Three times six thousand Souls by Popish Spain:  
The raging Sword, like a Disease came on,  
Thy Blood was sweet to thirsty *Babylon*:  
By cruel *Jesuites* the world's on fire,  
No shade is found where Christians may retire;  
On one hand Death, on th' other Treason stands,  
Black as themselves to craftily harras'd Lands;  
Like Foxes first they craftily betray,  
Then, Lion-like, devour the greedy Prey.  
*Paris*, in thee, alas! what fury set  
To hunt for Souls, that *Babylon's* Net,  
So secretly cover'd, the Prince of Night,  
Of Hell and Darkneſs hatch'd the damn'd Exploit;  
To shroud this big-blown storm so swollen with Wind,  
For smooth pretext, a marriage is design'd;  
*Navarre's* young Bride must long, 'tis so, she wants,  
To cure that pain, the Blood of *Protestants*;  
Her thirsty *Hymen* is not pleas'd with Wine,  
His Lust's too great, he wants the Crimson Brine;  
Or else the Musick that delights their Ears  
Must be a Peal of groans or dying prayers:  
These, or what e're; when darkneſs did surround }  
The Hell-bred rout began the fatal found, }  
The Midnight cries of Murder, Kill and Wound,  
Alarm'd all the sleepy Host, but then  
They slept secure, and never wak'd again:  
Pav'd were the Streets with Slain, the Channels roar'd  
Like some wild Torrent with the streaming gore;  
But twenty thousand, ha--- the sum's too small,  
Not lives enough to make one Festival;  
Their fearful distress storms, and thinks it fit  
That thirty thousand more should follow it.  
Stay, wonder not, there's more, by her consent  
The King was poyson'd in the Sacrament;  
Oh horrid deed! what howling Fiend below,  
Damn'd Spirits, Harpies, can such Villains show;  
The Mystery of our Saviours sacred Blood,  
And glorious Body, Fountain of all good,  
Must they be made, I dread to speak the guise,  
To murder Kings and mask their Villanies;  
Look down great God why sleeps thy Vengeance say  
Thy injur'd mercies made the Monster pray.  
Poor *Ireland's* groans breathe fresh into my mind,  
Anger by name to angry Foes consign'd:  
Fates bailful streams upon thee have been shed,  
And cruel hands have dy'd thy bosom red;  
A hundred thousand sacrificed lives  
By Tortures, Rack, and Massacring Knives:  
That *Phebus* blush'd to see the Crimson day,  
And muff'd in Clouds he turn'd his Face away;  
Not silver Hairs, nor Infant cries could prove  
Of force sufficient Tyrants hearts to move;  
Beauties in vain to blunt their fury strive,  
First ravish'd are, and then ripp'd up alive,  
From Mothers Arms infeeb'd by a Wound;  
The Babe is snatch'd and dash'd against the Ground:

With Fire and Sword they triumph and declare  
Their black Commissions from the Prince of Air:  
This dreadful Beast whose crashing Jaws devour  
The Nations up, receives the Dragons power;  
His burning rage in *England* has been seen  
To plague her subjects tempts the easie Queen:  
Our brave Heroes fix their Eyes above,  
And dare his mallice, arm'd with sacred love,  
Redeem'd from Earth, they dare the worst of ill;  
They fear not him who can the Body kill;  
Their Hands nor Foreheads never bore his Name,  
Mount like *Elijah* up to Heaven in flame.  
To quell this storm begun, *Jehovah* sent  
Such saving Balm as heal'd our Government,  
And broke his Horn, with which he push'd down Kings;  
And reach'd the Stars with proud aspiring wings;  
Then like himself he threatn'd with his Tails,  
And with dire plot our peaceful Land assails;  
Powder and Fire the Engin brought from Hell  
To shake the VVorlds affrighted Cittadel;  
But Heaven took care to blast that black design,  
And crush'd the Villains in their fatal Mine:  
The Net was laid, and they forgetting where,  
Groaping in darkneſs did themselves ensnare.  
Where more than seventy years, like Snakes in Snow,  
They seem'd benumb'd, and scarce a motion shew.  
'Twas opportunity, not want of will,  
That cramp'd the Tyrant, made his mallice still;  
Warm'd by the mildneſs of a gracious King,  
(Good next to him that made him) rears his Sting:  
All gilded o're as smooth as Man cou'd feign,  
Yet bears the deadly Poyson in his Brain:  
His Mouth prepar'd a Flood to drive away  
The sacred Church, and Cloud the States bright Ray.  
The first by deadly *Acconite* must dye,  
The next devour'd by swarming Locust ly;  
This Land so far for wholesome Laws renown'd,  
With Peace, with Plenty, and with Justice Crown'd;  
Rul'd by a Prince whom Heaven did so proclaim  
Before the Tribes on Earth, to bear his Name:  
A King so bounteous, merciful, and great,  
Besides him none cou'd fill his Fathers Seat:  
So just, so good, the Power Immence thought fit,  
That Majesty should only Govern it.  
The mighty God before whose Throne there lies  
The flaming Seraphims, whose sacred cries  
Are *Hallelujah*, and eternal praise;  
Glory and honour are before his Face:  
Thousands of Angels, and ten thousands stand,  
To execute his just, and great Command.  
In vain does thirsty *Nimrod* hunt for blood,  
Heaven sees his secret Paths they are not good;  
He brake the Lions Jaws, redeem'd the Prey,  
The deeds of Darkneſs shew'd in perfect Day;  
Sav'd his Anointed, and our gracious King,  
To his great Name let's loud *Hosanna's* sing:  
He has remember'd mercy, still does bleis,  
And turns our Foes device to foolishneſs;  
*Hosanna*, Power, Salvation, Glory, Might,  
To him who dwells in everlasting Light.

*Gloria Deo in excelsis, Pax Homnibus, Vivat in Eternum Rex Carolus Secundus.*

FINIS.



NEWS  
FROM  
ROME,  
OR, A  
DIALOGUE  
Between His  
HOLINESSE  
AND A  
Cabal of Cardinals  
AT A  
LATE CONCLAVE:

Consulting  
The most Effectual Remedies to Recover the lost Credit of *HOLT CHURCH*  
in *ENGLAND*:

---

*Worthy the Perusal of all true Protestants.*

---

Pope.

**M**EN, Brethren, Fathers, Sons of Holy Love  
Advise your Sire, what course or way to move;  
Our Plots are Frustrate, our Designs all crost,  
And I fear *England* (so much long'd for) lost  
By Hereticks we're foyl'd and run aground,  
And *Mother Church* has got a Fatal Wound;

Now to retrieve all, get and save our Friends,  
Lets stop at no thing that may reach our ends;  
Be speedy in your Councils and advice,  
Speak freely all, and be in nothing nice.

A

As

At this a loud mouth'd Cardinal strair rose,  
 And in these Words his mind did thus disclose :  
 Most Holy-Father I dare boldly say  
 That our own People, our designs betray,  
 For they who seek a Precipice to Clime,  
 Will loose no Opportunity or Time.

Yet ours in both have sayl'd, the more accurst  
 Are we, to let our Scorpions Eggs be burst ;  
 For had we struck, when *Glocesters* Duke did fall,  
 We in fit season, had dispatch'd them all ;  
 Or taken hold upon those Precious Days,  
 When the *Fifth Monarchy*, first spread its Rayes ;  
 When they with Blinded Zeal were so Enrag'd,  
 Father 'gainst Son, Brother 'gainst each Engag'd :  
 Or else, when *London* was a Sacrifice,  
 Whose Flames the Signal should have been to rise,  
 But we in that too basely were put off,  
 By that Dam'd Fool of Fools Old Doting Goff ;  
 Whose Friends and Powers in *France* not ready were,  
 Nor Pre-will be to advance *St. Peters* Chair ;  
 W. to a fitter time must let it run,  
 And now you see, what a fine Thread ye've spun ;  
 Had I been there, but Heaven be Prais'd I'm here,  
 When this discoverie did first appear ;  
 The Sun that Sets, should not have Rose again,  
 Ere many Thousands of them had been slain :  
 You should have nist the time, then made 'em Bleed,  
 Delays in every thing do Danger breed,  
 Had you then giv'n the Blow, 't had been no Plot,  
 'Tis only Treason 'cause it prosper'd not :  
 Nor can it be Retriev'd, tis past all hope,  
 And they may thank themselves for th' Axe and Rope ;  
 Alas our Plots are grown so Weak and Poor,  
 That we're out done by ev'ry Common Whore :  
 Each nights Intrigue of hers, has plainly shewn,  
 More Conduct than, all our Cabals can own ;  
 We're so Unfortunate, tis hard to tell,  
 Whether our Assistance, is, from Heav'n or Hell.

This said he sate : Then Card'nal who was by,  
 His Counsel being ask'd, did strait Reply :  
 Ple little say, for 'tis not worth the while,  
 We are for all of Fraud, Deceit and Guile :  
 That I much fear God ha's forgot us quite,  
 And left us to the Devil, and flogood Night.

He quits his place, and from the Conclave goes,  
 At which another Cardinal arose :  
 And doing Homage to his Holiness,  
 Did to him in these Words himself address :

What ha's been spoke already is to true,  
 Therefore to *England*, ye may bid Adieu.  
 Alas, your Buls, Indulgences and Pardons  
 They know as well as we's not worth four Farthings.  
 Your Benedictions and Anathem'as,  
 Of no more value are, than those in Plays,  
 Your Legends, Reliques and your Purgatory;  
 The first are Fopperies t'other is a Story:  
 Yet you grant Dispensations, saith be civil;  
 Tell me who warrants 'em, God, or the Devil:  
 Father, here is none but Friends; I fear this Wound  
 Will through our Tottering *Babel* to the ground.  
 How can you hope Success in any thing,  
 Or to your Yoke those Free-born People bring?  
 When Hell it self abounds not in such Sin,  
 As at this time our Church does wallow in;  
 Which of us all, His *Holiness* not spar'd,  
 Of God or Goodness has the least regard?  
 Murders and Whoredomes, are our smallest Crimes;  
 By Poisons most unto Promotion climbs;  
 Name me but one, has got the Papal Seat,  
 By Just Desert, and I shall hope well yet.  
 A Sisters Ravishment is held no Sin;  
 With their own Off-spring, some have wicked been.  
 Remember pray, who whor'd *M A R O Z I A*,  
 Who was incestious with *O L Y M P I A*,  
 And do you now complain, and are at stand?  
 Pray what ere prospers that you take in hand.  
 She when the Darling of the Church you call;  
 Our Engine P—— ne're sters to stop our fall:  
 'Tis true, She did dissolue the P——  
 For which I wish we do not 'all repent;  
 And yet what Pardons and Indulgences  
 Were daily sent her to bring things to pass:  
 Now she do's nothing, giv's our Friends, no hope.  
 Neglects both Jesuite, Cardinal and Pope,  
 While she her Coffers and her C—— has cram'd;  
 She do's not value if we all were damn'd.  
 Nor would I have you ever trust again  
 A Woman of *Portugal*, *France*, or *Spain*:  
 He thus broke off, then came and sare him down;  
 At which his *Holiness* began to frown;

Pepe.

Saying my Lord, you're very plain with me;  
 You are well read i'th' Lives o'th Saints I see:  
 But know, who ever do's possess this Room,  
 Is freed from sins past, present and to come.  
 We cannot ere tho' all these things we do;  
 In us it is not, tho' 'tis sin in you.  
 We are Gods Vicegerent and the Churches Head,  
 Can pardon sins, both to the quick and dead.  
 But why do I these trivial things relate,  
 Greater Concerns we now have in debate.

Once more I say all our Designs are crost,  
 And if not timely helpt, our best Friend's lost.  
 Think of the Lords i'th' Tower how they'r engag'd,  
 'Gainst whom the Heathen are so much Enrag'd:  
 These Persons too, of more Renown and Fame,  
 Whom you all know, and I forbear to name;  
 I Pardons and Indulgencies can give,  
 To all the rest whether they dye or live,  
 But these are not such Fools er'e to Relie,  
 On Bulls or Pardons, when they come to dye:  
 Now how to save 'em, were a work indeed,  
 Your best of Council give, ne're was more need;

*Card.* At this one rose and bow'd; and thus did say  
 May't please your *HOLINES S.* I'le shew the way,  
 P—— must not sit, that first resolve,  
 Either Prorogue 'em, or else them Dissolve:  
 Before the Council then, let the Lords come,  
 And there receive from them, this heavy Doom.  
 Let all their Estates be then Confiscated.  
 We had better bear, with that then loose a Head:  
 Then let them all be sent to Banishment,  
 That they their *Horrid Treason* may Repent:  
 But as they cross the Seas, twill wash the stain,  
 And they er'e long shall be call'd home again;  
 Mean time their Heirs, all their Estates shall beg,  
 And gain 'em too, by making of a Leg;  
 This by the means of P—— shall be done,  
 She will obtain it, for a *Butter'd Bunn*.  
 Shee *Dalilah*-like, must *Sampson* bind with Cords;  
 Freedom to gain for our Philistine-Lords.  
 The Commons will at this be all enrag'd;  
 We matter not so our Friends are disengag'd;  
 Then all our Engines set to work again:  
 Corn grows the better for a shower of Rain.  
 This is the only way to quite your fears,  
 And set them all together by the Ears

# A NEW-YEARS GIFT:

BEING

A POEM Dedicated to the lasting Memory of That Worthy and Learned  
Dr. TITUS OATS, the First Discoverer of the Popish Plott, to destroy the Sacred  
Person of his Majesty, and to Extirpate the Protestant Religion.

**G**REAT! —I am in a plunge what more to say,  
Our Great Creator shall we call Thee? Nay:  
That Title is too great, we all must own  
Due only unto GOD (to HIM Alone; )  
The highest Titles by which men express  
Their Deities or Demi-Gods are less  
Than Thy Deserts: should we Contract Thy Fame  
Within such narrow Limits, Thou might'st blame  
Mankind, and justly Brand us with a Blot  
Of shame so foul as could not be forgot;  
Had All Angelike Souls, Enlarg'd, that might  
Retain Conceptions of Thy Worth Aright,  
Then neither Prose nor Verse would needfull be  
To tell All Future Ages, Thou art He  
Whom God hath sent into the World to Reare  
A New Meridian in our Northern Sphere:  
To tell All Ages which shall after come  
Thou art the Harbinger of suddain Doom  
(More Fatal than Great Hannibal) to Rome:  
He only threatned (as did many more)  
And only made their large swollen Heart-strings fore  
By driving them into a Punique Fright,  
But Thou hast broke Their haughty Heart-strings quite;  
We can't express This Wondrous Act of Thyne,  
But by such Characters as are Divine!

Shall we compare Thee then to Alexander,  
To Hannibal, or any great Commander?  
For shame: These, are All-Man-Sir's, Hectoring Boys,  
Who having purchas'd Ginger-bread and Toys,  
(For Towns and Castles are such things,) suppose  
They only merit Titles who have Those,  
Although They swim to Empires in a Flood  
Of Fathers, Mothers, Widows, Childrens blood,  
Spending their precious time in Emulous wrangle  
(In dust and croud and sweat) to catch a Spangle.

Great Caesar shall we Style Thee? that were less  
Than if we own'd (which yet we must profess)  
We know not what to call Thee, but Our Heart,  
Our Life, Our Breathing Soul, Our Vital Part:  
Our almost All we have, and Dear to HIM  
Who did Entrust Thee (for Our Cherubim)  
To Guard Our British Isle (that little World)  
Which else had Topfie-turvy quite been hurl'd,  
And to a dismal Chaos had been brought,  
More dreadful than the most tremendous Thought.

Great Guardian of this Honourable Trust,  
Bless'd to All Ages (though by Rome Accurs'd.)  
We read in ancient Story of Saint George,  
Who stuck his Launce into a Dragons gorge:  
We knew His Name-fake also at the Charge  
To tug home Our Great Charles his loaden Barge.  
Both These wrought Wonders! but Thou hast Outdone  
Those Heroes, and far greater Fame hast won;  
The former slew a Beast with Spear and Sword,  
But Thou Unarmed wast, yet, by Thy Word  
(Spoke Powerfully) Thou gav'st a Mortal Wound  
To Rome (the Old Great Dragon) and the Sound  
Of Thy Name only, brought Death, and did Slay  
All Serpents, Tigers, Panthers, Wolfes of prey,  
Who in That mighty Forrest lurking lay.

By which means, Thou hast brought the World to Rest,  
Which by This Vermin hath been fore Oppress'd;  
Of All brave Champions, it shall be confess'd,  
To Thy Eternal Praise Thou art the Best.  
The Latter plac'd Our Monarchs Crown on's head,  
But in All after Worlds, it shall be said  
That, Thou, didst Raise Him Up, even from the Dead!  
And His Three Kingdom's also didst Thou Save  
By This Strange Resurrection from the Grave!

Bless'd Wonder of Our Age! we can't give o're  
But must Contemplate on Thee more and more:  
Were England, India, we should Thee Adore!

Thou art The Skilfull Pilot of Our Age,  
Who, when Rome's Water-floods began to Rage,  
And all its rolling Billows (Ghastly Waves  
More dismal than the most untimely Graves)  
Began to Overwhelm Our Floating Boat,  
When we were Sleeping, and had scarce a Thought  
Of Danger nigh, Then, did Thy Watchful Soul  
Find more than English Courage to Controul  
That Tempest which had like to Overwhelm,  
If (under GOD) Thou hadst not sat at Helm.

Great OATS, when we were breathing out our last,  
Thy wakefull Thoughts on Englands Clock were cast:  
Thou heard'st It strike Our Midnight, whilst the Popes  
False Dial pointed Noon, by Its secret gropes  
Was almost at the Solstice of His hopes;  
Which (to Thy constant Praise) did end in Tyburn Ropes;

A New-Years Gift we seek for, but find None  
To Give, which we can truly call Our Own.  
Thou hast long since each Corner of Our Heart,  
(Except that which for GOD is set apart,  
And for our King: ) None can say This -- is myne  
Or That -- though we Possess, the Right is Thyne:  
Yet since all Tenants to their Landlords bring  
A Token of their Duty (though the thing  
Is inconsiderable) Thou wilt not scorn  
Though we can bring Thee but this Pepper-Corn;  
Accept It (Dear Sir) since That round dark Ball  
Shews that we fain would give Thee More than All  
We have; AND, if All Earth were Ours to give,  
It is Thy Due, (Bless'd Instrument by Whom we Live; )

Away with Alabaster Statues, Those  
Are Puppet-like, fit but for Bartholms Shews:  
We cannot carve Thy Worth in Monument  
Of Stone or Silver, (though our good intent  
In that dumb Signature we may present; )  
These are such Hieroglyphicks, as the Rust  
Of Cankring Time Consumes and turns to dust;  
But Thyne shall never Fade, (Thou Wise and Just.)

Since then no curious Art of mortal Man  
A Shadow of Thy Self so lively can  
Describe, but that Thy strange Illustrious Ray  
Will suffer some Unjust Eclipse that way,  
OUR GREAT OMNIPOTENCE, for Thy Bless'd Sake  
A Miracle to work did undertake,  
That All succeeding Ages may Rehearse  
His Glory, in Thy Praise, beyond all Verse.

FINIS.

Anno Dom. 1680.



# Dr. OTES his VINDICATION:

AFFIRMING THAT

His EVIDENCE is not to be baffled by the PAPISTS.

AND SHEWING

The Power that induced him to Discover this Damnable Hellish Popish PLOT against the Protestant Religion.

WISDOM, the Fruitful Mother of all things,  
The Virgin Bride of the great KING of Kings;

This Heavenly Lady, first instructed Me,  
To free my Country from Rome's Tyranny.  
The World is Blind, and they that Headlong run,  
Without this Guid, are utterly undon.  
Whilst I was galloping a full Career,  
A Glorious Angel did to me appear,  
Great Brittain's Genius, in a mourning weed.  
Glanc't in my Eye, which made my Heart to bleed.

CAnst thou, quoth she, behold thy Country's fall,  
Into the Hands of ev'ry Canibal?  
Devouring Dogs, who not content with  
Fleeces,

Do gaze to grind both Flesh and Bones to peices!  
Who, under colour of sain'd Holiness,  
Would make poor Albion a meer Wilderness.  
Rome had her Titus, we in Story find,  
Who was the full Delight of all Mankind:  
Be like him than, 'tis not a time to play,

To do my Country good, I have a way.  
Armies of Serpents swarm about her Ears,  
Ready to be devoured by Wolves and Bears.  
I have design'd thee for this Noble Work,  
Amongst these Murderers no longer lurk.  
What canst thou see the Land where thou wast born,  
Made the World's Laughter and the publick Scorn?  
Thine aged Fathers reverend Snow-white Head,  
With Fettered hands, to Execution led?  
A Pander to thy Mother, monstrous base,  
Thy Sister Strumpetted before thy face?  
The Wife before her Husband's face defild?  
Your Cattel plundered, and your Houses spoyld?  
This Famous Island topsy-turvy turn'd?  
The Inhabitants all banished or burn'd?  
And thou thy self canst not escape their Fury,  
To take thy Life, they have summon'd up a Jury!  
Have thy self as wisely as you can,  
'Tis Crime enough to be an Englishman.  
Thy Countrys peace and safety will be thine,  
With bloody Monsters, see thou dost not joyn:  
Be Wise and Valiant, nothing can distress thee,  
Tho the Pope Curse, the Heaven of Heavens will bless thee.

To Conquer Canaan, Israel sent out Spies,  
Be thou a Caleb in a low Disguise;  
To bring their Deeds of darkness to the Light,  
With Canaanites be thou a Canaanite.  
In my wife School, I'll make thee a Refiner,  
An Underminer of the Underminer:  
The Fends are putting forth with all their might  
A Plot, deeper than Hell, darker than Night!

These words did pierce my Soul, like a keen  
Arrow,  
They glided through my Bones, and all my Mar-  
row.  
I follow thy Advice, thus I reply,  
Though Snakes and Adders in the way do ly.

The Dye is cast, I want no further Wooing,  
And if I fall, I'll perish by well-doing:  
With an undaunted Courage I'll march on,  
Till I have past this River Rubicon.  
Like the brave Roman Caesar, lo, I stand,  
Though Rome encounter me by Sea and Land.  
A Joshua to this Land, good News I bring:  
A Faithful Mordecai unto my King:  
Romes stinking Holiness begins to Taint,  
Where every Murderer is made a Saint.  
Hold up thy head, Great Britain, thou shalt see  
Accursed Haman hanging on a Tree:  
This Resolution in my mind did fall,  
That for a time, I was not I at all!  
The Fire of Love so flamed in my Breast,  
For Englands safety I could take no rest!  
The Dove did shine like a bright morning Sun,  
And put the Murdering Dragon to the run:  
The Lamb he was my Counsellor, who said,  
Find out those horrid Treasures that are laid  
Against thy Native Soyl, whose Funeral Bell  
Is now rung-out by all the Powers of Hell:  
A Grave prepared, a Gulf doth open stand  
To swallow all the People of this Land,  
Arise, the Angel said, It is THY Lot,

To found the bottom of this Hellish PLOT.  
Guided along by Providence Divine,  
Rip through the Bowels of this Dark Design:  
I, mount the Alpes, stand for fair Italy,  
To found Romes machivillian Policy:  
I swiftly post through Flanders, pleas'd in France,  
To the Cassilian Court, I did advance:  
I there unrip't the bowels of this PLOT,  
Saw how these Nations at fair England shot,  
In all these Countrys which foul Treason breeds,  
I suckt sweet Honey from most poisonous weeds,  
Of which an Antidote I did compound,  
To Cure fair England of her secret Wound.  
That I might give them their own bitter Pill,  
I kept the Coppies of their Letters still;  
Laden with spoils of Treachery and Treason,  
I came unto my King, had I not reason?  
My many years Intelligence, I brought  
Unto his hands, and how his LIFE was fought.  
Tho all the people had their Sentence read,  
Yet HE, their King, this dismal Daunce must lead.  
He did receive me with a gracious Eye,  
For at the stake his Sacred Life did lye.  
All Nations trust the Sword for their Defence,  
But England, thou art sav'd by Providence!  
For being Blind, thou didst not see nor know,  
The Arm was up to give the fatal Blow!  
Hood-winkt asleep, thou hadst for ever been,  
Had not wise Providence stepped in between,  
Armies of Angels, stood in battel array,  
Their General did fight for thee this day.  
Let not the name of Otes live, let it dye,  
And in the Grave of dark Oblivion lye:  
Let Bedloe, Otes and Dugdale be forgot,  
For they were not discoverers of this Plot;  
These were but Harps in Great Jehovah's hand,  
On whom he plaid to save a Sinful Land:  
Our General he did call, and we Obey'd,  
We were the Instruments on whom he plaid

A Tune so pleasant on the Humble Lyre,  
That all succeeding Ages will admire!  
To this Great God the Ancient of days  
Let us give all the Honor and the Praise,  
Who brought a Daniel from the Lions Den,  
And sav'd us from the Hands of Wicked men:  
His Eye hath rais'd to Life with one sweet Ray,  
A Nation that upon its Death Bed lay.  
Henceforth Great Britain show thy smiling Face,  
In thee is Born a Child of Heavenly Race,  
Sprung from the Loyns of the Immortal Dove,  
Wisdom his Mother, and his Sire is Love:  
Riding Tryumphant on his Milk white Steed,  
This Prince shall Cure the Nations that now bleed:  
Envy and Malice shall fall down before him,  
The Blackmore and the Indian shall adore him!  
Into his Fold all Nations he will gather,  
Our Noble King shall be a Nursing Father:  
Sweet Peace o're all the Earth shall then be sown,  
Stiff-neck'd Rebellion shall no more be known;  
Both King and Subject in one Yoke shall draw,  
The Princes Will shall be the Subjects Law:  
The Prince with such Commanding Love shall sway,  
The People will take pleasure to obey:  
They shall rejoice when they do understand  
All Arbitrary power is in his hand:  
A full Confinement is full Liberty,  
And when they most are bound, they are most free:  
No Council to Direct his Just Commands,  
For Wisdom always at his Elbow stands:  
No heavy Tax can move the Peoples Gait,  
For they are willing to surrender all:  
Both Prince and People sit upon one Throne,  
For Prince and People perfectly are one:  
Full Union and Communion here we find,  
One Life, one Love, one Soul, one undivided Mind:  
But ere this come to pass, we clearly see  
Disturbances in every place shall be;  
The Elements shall quarrel with each Star,  
Dame Nature with her self shall be at War:  
The whole Creation that hath life in accurt,  
Shall fall into a Chaos, as at first:  
In all the World there will be strong Delusion,  
Darkness and Death, Confusion on Confusion:  
When this Black Cloud is o're, what will ensue?  
The Matter Builder will Build all things new,  
When this old House is burnt that's made of Clay,  
He'll Build a Pallace that shall ne're decay:  
The Soul, in fine, being Purged from Drofs and Tin,  
Shall now spring up a Glorious Cherubin.  
A New Sun in the Firmament shall rise,  
Whose Glorious Beams shall dazle Mortal Eyes!  
The Stars shall be refin'd which now we see,  
And this dull Lump a Paradise will be,  
Throu Storms and Tempests we no more shall pass,  
For we shall Sayl upon the Sea of Glass:  
New Stars, new Planets guide the Heavenly flore,  
Such as by Men were never seen before:  
The little Birds on every Bough shall Sing,  
No Winter but an Everlasting Spring.  
Fresh flourishing Youth shall every thing restore,  
Old Age is past, and Man shall Dye no more;  
Sickness and Sorrow are for ever fled,  
All Tears are wip'd away, and Death is dead.

# O A T E S

## W E L L T H R E S H ' T .

*Being a Dialogue of Country-make  
Betwixt a Farmer, and his Man-Boy, Jack.  
The Good Man, who had lost much by the Grain,  
Hears Presbyter-Jack to Plead for it in vain.*

---

*The Tune, Which no Body can deny, &c.*

---

*The Burden must be Twice Repeated.*

---

*Jack.*

O Ur Oates, last Week not worth a Groat,  
Have, Sir, (which all do wonder at)  
Abomination thriv'd of late;  
*Which no Body can deny, Sir.*

*Master.*

Be all the Tribe of Oates Accurs't,  
And the Old Dotard too, that first  
The Brat within his Hedges nurst,  
*And sow'd such Wicked Seed, Boy.*

*Jack.*

Good Master, pray your Fury stop;  
For, as the Saying is, I hope,  
You'll shortly see a Doctor-Crop,  
*And many more besides, Sir.*

*Master.*

A Curse on every thing, that's height Oates;  
Both Old & Young, both Black & White Oates,  
Both Long & Short, both Light & Tite Oates:  
*I hate the Vicious Breed, Boy.*

*Jack.*

Your Oates, now Ripe, Sir, do appear;  
For they begin to hang the Ear;  
The Time of Cutting them draws near,  
*If my Skill fails me not, Sir.*

*Master.*

Then down with 'em, and all their Train;  
Let not a Blade of them remain,  
Our poor Land to infect again;  
*'Tis pitty one should scape, Boy.*

*Jack.*

Where shall I reek them, (the Sithe's Edge  
They've felt) in Barn, or under Hedge?  
For they are fit for Cart, or Sledge,  
*And a Roping only want, Sir.*

*Master.*

E'en if thou wilt, lodge them in thy Barn;  
For they shall ne'r come amongst my Corn;  
Or Cart them, if thou wilt, to Tyburn;  
*And there too Truss them up, Boy.*

Jack.

Th'are hous'd, Sir; But the *Trash* all Sense  
Exceeds, that's in 'em: By what Means,  
*This Filthy Oates* shall we ere cleanse?  
From all that Roguish Stuff, Sir?

Master.

Go, get a pack of Sturdy Louts,  
And let them lustily Thresh their Coats;  
Too well you cannot Thresh Damn'd Oates;  
Which no Body can deny, Boy.

Jack.

Th'are thresh't, & wimb'd, & made as clean,  
As hands can do't; but all in vain:  
For still Base Oates behind remain:  
What shall we do with 'em, Sir?

Master.

Let 'em divided be (like *Martyrs*  
Of *Royal Justice*) into *Quarters*;  
Then ground in Mill, or bray'd in Mortars:  
So Oates ought to be serv'd, Boy.

Jack.

How shall I use the Straw? 'Tis good  
Only to cast out in the Road,  
And under Foot to Dung be trod;  
And there to lye and rot, Sir.

Master.

Burn't, like an Heretick, in Flame;  
And Expiate so our Guilt and Shame,  
For giving Long-Tail'd Oates such Fame,  
Abhorr'd by all but us, Boy.

Beyond Sea th'are kick't out of Door;  
But held with us *Here* in such Store,  
That Oates we even do Adore:

But Curst be Oates, say I, Boy.

Jack.

What shall we now at last, Sir, do  
With this *Same Poultry Oates*, by You  
So hated, and admired by few;  
And those both *Knaves and Fools*, Sir.

Master.

Let Oates be cast to Ravenous Hogs,  
Or ground for Meat for Hungry Dogs;  
And no where Sown, but in deep Bogs,  
Or Bottom of a Jakes, Boy.

Or to the *Fowls* o'the' Air be thrown,  
By *Vermine* to be prey'd upon;  
Or out o'th' World by Whirlwinds blown,  
To th' Devil's *Arse of Peak*, Boy.

Let ev'ry Tongue, and Tail i'th' Ile,  
Of Man, of Bird, of Beast, defile  
Oates so Detestable, Oates so Vile;  
And 'twill be so, thou'lt see, Boy

Or if to *Poper*y thou incline,  
Thou shalt have Oates encag'd in a Shrine,  
And shew about that *Trash Divine*;  
And this will get thee Pence, Boy

Jack.

Let it, Good Master, pray be so,  
And I'll amongst the *Papists* go,  
With my *O rare Shite*, & my *O brave Show*  
Till I a *Pension* get, Sir

And then I'll Coach it up and down,  
From Country, and from Town to Town,  
Till o're the World I've made Oates known,  
For a very *R*—— in Grain, Sir

F I N I S.

# P A R A L L E L

## B E T W I X T

# P O P E R Y and P H A N A T I C I S M,

## I N A

# L E T T E R to T. S.

*As Dr. Bates & y<sup>e</sup> fanatical  
27. Sept. 1681.*

S I R,

**I**'M inform'd, your Royal Jurat  
In 'lection was to be your Curate:  
I'm likewise told y<sup>e</sup>re disappointed,  
By Mandate from the Lord's Anointed.  
Your Congregation sure is Righteous  
That's worth the care of Charles and Titus.  
Titus and Charles had had more fitness,  
For Charles is second with a Witnes.

But since he fail'd, let fancy help it,  
And we'll suppose him in your Pulpit,  
Which would have look'd, when he was got in't,  
Like an *Oat-Meal Tub*, with a *PLOT* in't:  
(To say who made the *Plot*, would rub,  
But sure some *Copper* made the *Tub*)  
There might you hear him talk at once Sir,  
*Geneva, London, Rome, and Munster;*  
For all Religions in the Town  
Are cloak'd in his *Camelion Gown*.  
For as the Ancients us'd to scan  
*Nine Taylors* to one single Man;  
And others learnedly have writ,  
That thrice *three Spinsters* make one *Wit*:  
So he, though h' left them all in lurches,  
Is Product of as many Churches.  
Tho some affirm, when there's but Nine,  
That neither's due to this Divine:  
However, he's esteem'd by some  
The mighty Bulwark against *Rome*;  
Yet others say with cause enough,  
His Girdle only's *Cannon-Proof*:  
Yet that's Defence enough for us,  
For he's all over *Blunderbus*.

But Sir, since *Arbitrary Power*  
Hath uselefs made your *Glaſs* of hour,  
And laid *Embargo* upon *Oaths*  
By luck we have retriev'd his Notes;  
Which since he was deny'd to preach,  
Took pet, and dwindled to a Speech.

" Behold the double Saviour of your Nation,  
" Who daily preach and swear for your Salvation!  
" Behold the wicked *Priest*, and *Jesuit-taker*!  
" Behold the King's most excellent Oath-maker,  
" Who now comes down out of his endless Bounty,  
" To raise new *Viceregerents* for your County!  
" I have try'd all Religions once, some twice,  
" Div'd like an *Indian* for the Pearl of Price;  
" Walk'd like a Glow-worm by my *Light within*,  
" Have learnt to eat my God, and *stab* my King:  
" Only I never lov'd the *Quakers* bauling,  
" For fear indeed they should have spoil'd my Calling.  
" I wish my stay at *Omers* had been shorter,  
" For they e'ne us'd me like a very Porter,  
" To drink, and carry Letters; yet their steering  
" Mended my hand a little in my swearing.  
" At length in *England's* Church I cast my Anchor,  
" And there discover'd all the *Jesuits* Rancor,  
" Ript up the *Plot*, prevented the King's fall,  
" Sav'd the ingrateful *Lawn-sleeves* (Rascals all);

" Sprung up some dozen of *Ignatius* Race,  
" Sent *St. Stafford* to his own uncertain place:  
" And when as one man they departed hence  
" With all the Oaths and Vows of *Innocence*,  
" I shew'd the World their Mental Reservations,  
" The juggles of their Oaths and Protestations:  
" In short, I pent men's Faith to that degree,  
" They hardly would believe or them or me.  
" That Church hath bin so train'd with sense and reason,  
" They hate implicate Faith as bad as Treason:  
" Not that they doubt the *Plot* (for all their jeering),  
" But 'tis for better Reasons than my swearing.  
" This mads my Soul; and I shall find a time  
" To make them fall, unless they help me climb:  
" With *Oxford* too I'm at no less defiance,  
" Who dirtily refus'd me her Alliance,  
" 'Till I could prove that Swearing was a Science;  
" Whereas the very posture of the Actor  
" Shews 'tis no Science, but a Manufacture.  
" There's ne're a Gown-man but my self, I tell ye,  
" Without a Legion of Popes in's Belly:  
" Nay, in your godly Country 're some Betrayers,  
" For there I'd like I have been trapan'd to Prayers,  
" As if I'd nought to do but sing or say;  
" 'Twas but upon last *Commination* day,  
" The silly Rat had baited Hooks with Hooks,  
" Thinking to decoy me into Pray'rs with Hooks.  
" Besides, amongst all People but the Blades,  
" Swearing and Curfing are two several Trades.  
" But such an insect in Divinity  
" Cannot deserve an angry Thought from me;  
" Who dare to grapple the whole Hierarchy.  
" Mind they their Trade, and canvas *Paul* and *Luke*,  
" I am above their Censure and Rebuke,  
" Nor do I fear their friend your Loyal Duke.  
" One single godly Speech of mine des't  
" Your Princes Favourite, and your Country's Pride.  
" When I came ratling with a Coach and six,  
" King *Coel's* supreme Burgeſſes to fix  
" I stum'd the *Mobile*, and chang'd their Choices,  
" And stalking with their Ears obtain'd their Voices:  
" By which he sees (if Heav'n do not forbid)  
" That I can undo all his Father did.

But after all my most industrious searches,  
Sir *Francis Drake*, as it were the Churches,  
I find my subtle Masters told me true,  
They have no toppers of a *Plot* like you.  
At that, enrag'd, up starts a Loyal Youth,  
Quoth he, *Sans swearing, thou hast once sp' the truth*:  
Th' Religion (if thou hast it) is profound,  
And thou art turn'd from *Rome* exactly round;  
*Rome* and *Geneva* are a sort of Twins,  
Sworn Sisters, and sworn Enemies to Kings:  
And for all you look so *Protestantly* big,  
You're still a *Papist* Masquerade in *W'big*.  
*Phanaticism* is *Popery* improv'd.  
Their bold *Ignatius* strikes to your *Buchanan*,  
Their *Irish* to your *English Forty and One*;  
Their *Plots* are bubbles to your late Intrigue,  
Your Cov'nant hath out-kill'd their holy League.  
A strange harmonious Discord there appears,  
Betwixt your darling *Shibboleth*, and theirs;

Touch but their Strings, and all your *Offaves* shake,  
And tho some ceremonious Jars you make,  
The *Tybur* disembogues into your *Lake*.  
So two false Gamesters quarrel when they meet  
A true, to blind and reinforce the Cheat.  
Ye both agree your Monarch to betray,  
Depose and Murder, tho a different way:  
Both level your Church-Censures at the Crown,  
Ye both pursue the King; but this I'll own,  
They pitch your Game, you fairly hunt it down.  
So have I seen a Royal Stag e'rewhile  
Fall by your Hounds that hath escap'd their toyl;  
Nor must your Subjects fairer Quarter hope,  
Or from your single or the cluster'd Pope;  
They must be Slaves to which so'e're prevails,  
And either roast, or stink to death in Gaols.  
No Age nor Sex but must his Censures share;  
They dart *Anathemas*, yet more severe,  
From their accumulative Porphyry Chair:  
He, modest Man, but censures for your Faults;  
They damn for Cloths and Gestures, yea even Thoughts;  
And all the Choice ye have, unless ye turn,  
Must be a Halter to avoid an Urn,  
As if 'twere better to hang than burn.  
Not only th' *Ague*, but all other Ills  
Are cur'd by th' *Jesuit's* Powder, and your Pills,  
By which ye purg'd the Church, and scour'd the Nation,  
In order to a thorough Reformation.  
Ye both assert with Apostolic Buff,  
Convince with Back sword, and with Pistol-proof,  
And ominous Sulphur make your Reasons tough:  
Their Faith in *Absolution* makes them sin,  
Yours in *Election* hath as fruitful been.  
For where's the difference, bating the Priests Fee,  
That God forgives, or that he will not see;  
Not that your Friends will Damn for fix Pence less,  
Ye spend in Capons what ye save in Cash:  
Your Bafons, Tankards, Caudle-Cups, and Spoons,  
Turn to as good account as *Duckatons*.  
The service of their Church, and of your Cause,  
Blanches the breach of all the sacred Laws:  
Ye deal with Oaths as *Potters* with their Clay,  
Ye take them by the lump, and then essay  
To mould them for your turn; if that wo'nt do,  
Ye break 'm strait, and fall to work with new.  
The only two that ever seem'd to sham ye,  
Were theirs of *Secrecy*, and your Solemn *Dam-me*;  
Ye abhor Repentance both, even when ye dye,  
And your last Breath is spent in Perjury:  
For who with more Astonishment can look  
On their *St. Coleman*, than on your *St. Cook*?  
The Saints are much alike for all their din,  
For theirs forswear the Fact, and yours the Sin.  
Ye're like a bad half Crown with one fair side,  
Whose loyal Stamp doth the base Metal hide,  
Th' other will own the Brass, and justify't,  
But by your edges ye may both be try'd.  
Hence *Tories* say, whether you rule the Isle,  
Or th' *Jesuits*, is only Cross and Pile;  
But *CHARLES* they say hath bin too wisely bred,  
To venture them with's Cross, or you with's Head.



27

A GRATULATORY POEM  
ON THE  
JUST AND PIOUS PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
KING and PARLIAMENT  
AGAINST THE  
PAPISTS.

OF late our Native Land has been Opprest,  
And found from Plague and Fire and Sword no rest;  
Yet we those Strokes with Patience might endure,  
Which Heaven sent in kindness for to Cure.  
But the Pernicious Swarms of Popish Men  
Are such a Plague, we can't enough condemn:  
Those publick Miseries from God did come,  
But these are sent by the great Devil at *Rome*.  
Those Bull our Fortunes and our Lives annoy,  
But these our Souls for ever would destroy;  
And by their subtle Arts a method find,  
With dangerous Errours to Infect the mind.  
Such a vast Crew of Jesuits do molest,  
And spoil our Nations Happiness and Rest;  
That we our Ruine may too Justly fear,  
Unless some Present Remedy appear.  
Those Beasts of Prey, bloody and merciless,  
In various shapes do various Trades profess,  
That they may with far greater ease discease  
Into weak Souls their poisonous influence.  
O're Seas and Lands they tedious Journeys take,  
Some fond deluded Protestants to make  
Some by a shew of Piety they gain,  
Others for Gold their foppishness maintain.  
And vicious Men will that Religion cease,  
Which to their sins does Pardon ne're refuse;  
And some their gawdy shews for much delight,  
Their Souls they'l hazard but to please their sight.  
Thus by success, at length they hope to see,  
*England* united to the Romish See.  
And shortly think to view that happy time,  
When *Smithfield* with burnt Protestants shall shine.  
When with our Blood our channels shall be dyed,  
And Mighty *Stillingfleet*, our Nations Pride,  
Shall once in his own lighted Papers Fry,  
And to their Rage a scorched Victime lye.  
This our Wise King beheld, (whom Heaven blest  
With all true happiness, and long success :)  
And by a timely Prudence does prevent,  
Those mischiefs which their barbarous Fury meant:  
His VVisdom truly Glorious and Divine,  
Checks their attempts, and baffles their design.  
Such a Religious sense his Soul possess'd,  
And generous thoughts were kindled in his breast;

That he no sooner the fierce Foe did view;  
But he, like *Cesar*, does his Arms subdue.  
And sure those Enemies can ne're prevail,  
But their pernicious Stratagems must fail,  
VVhen both the Houses with His care conspire,  
And Loyalty each Member doth inspire,  
VVho with just Laws and prudent Statutes strive  
To banish those who do our Fall contrive:  
VVhilst these true Guardian-Angels of our Land,  
By a Divine and over-ruling hand,  
Do chase those dangerous Enemies away,  
VVho will no Laws, but Interests obey;  
They our Religion, Lives, and Laws defend,  
From all those Ills which Jesuites do intend.  
Since then our Foes must by a Test be prov'd,  
And all our Jealousies will be remov'd,  
VVith what high praises should we Crown their Name;  
And consecrate their Memories to Fame.  
VVho place our King so firmly on His Throne,  
And on his Royal Head so fix the Crown,  
That all *Romes* Power his Fall must vainly try,  
And Malice in unhappy efforts die.  
In this most Glorious and most happy Day,  
VVhat Rev'rence should we to this Session pay;  
VVho by their Influence dispel the cloud,  
VVhich would in darkness *Englands* Glory shroud;  
VVhen we were threatned with a dismal Night,  
They in our Orb have firmly fixt the Light,  
VVhich Popish Rage can ne're put out again,  
VVith secret *Plots* or haughty Fleets from *Spain*.  
We in our Holy Temples shall no more  
View Images, nor painted Gods adore.  
VVe in a Tongue unknown no more shall Pray,  
Nor to deaf *Saints* an Idle worship pay.  
Their Trade of *Pardons* now is at a stand,  
And all those wares must lie upon their Hand.  
*Papists* pack up, and your own Markets try,  
There be such Fools, who will those trifles buy:  
We all perceive your Cheats, and cunning Arts  
To get our Mony, and enslave our Hearts:  
But if with us you here intend to stay,  
You must behave your selves another way:  
For if against our Laws you dare but hiss,  
For *Fools* and *Children* we keep Rods in----

# A P O E M

TO

## His Sacred Majesty,

ON THE

# P L O T.

Written by a Gentlewoman.

**H**ail Mighty Prince! whom Providence design'd  
To be the chief delight of Humane Kind:  
So many Virtues crowd Your Breast, that we  
Do almost question Your Humanity:  
Sure every Planet that o're Virtue Reigns,  
Shed it's best Influence in Your Royal Veins.  
You are the Glory of Monarchal Pow'rs,  
In Bounties free, as are descending Shows;  
Fierce as a Tempest, when engag'd in War,  
In Peace more mild than tender Virgins are;  
In Mercy, You not only Imitate  
The Heav'nly Pow'rs, but also Emulate.  
None but Your Self, Your Sufferings could have born  
With so much Greatness, such Heroick Scorn:  
When hated Traytors do Your Life pursue,  
And all the world is fill'd with Cares for You,  
When every Loyal Heart is sunk with fear,  
Your Self alone, does unconcern'd, appear,  
Your Soul within still keeps its awful state,  
Contemns, and Dares, the worst effects of Fate;  
The Majesty that shoots from Your bright Eye,  
Commands Your Fate, and awes Your Destiny.  
And yet tho' Your brave Soul bear You thus high,  
Your solid Judgment sees there's Danger nigh,  
Which with such Care and Prudence You prevent,  
As if You fear'd not, but wou'd cross th' Event:

Your Care so Nobly looks, it doth appear,  
'Tis for Your Subjects, not Your Self You fear:  
Heavens, make this Princes Life Your nearest Care,  
That does so many heavenly Virtues share.  
If Kings may be allow'd to Copy You,  
CHARLES is the likest, Nature ever drew:  
Blast every hand, that dares to be so bold  
An impious weapon 'gainst His Life to hold;  
Burst every heart, that dares but think Him ill,  
Their guilty Souls with so much Terror fill,  
That of themselves they may their PLOT unfold,  
And live no longer, when the Tale is told:  
Safe in your Care all else would needlessly prove,  
Yet keep Him safe too in His Subjects Love;  
Your Subjects view You with such Loyal Eyes,  
They know not how they may their Treasure prize.  
Were You defenceless, they would round You fall,  
And pile their Bodies to build up a wall.  
Were You oppress'd, 'twou'd move a generous strife  
Who first should lose his own, to save Your Life:  
But since kind Heaven these Dangers doth remove,  
We'll find out other ways to express our Love.  
We'll force the Traytors all, their Souls resign  
To herd with them, that taught them their Design.

FINIS.

# The horrid Popish PLOT

HAPPILY DISCOVER'D:

O R,

## The English Protestants Remembrancer.

A P O E M on the Never-to-be-forgotten

### POWDER-TREASON,

And late Burning of several Cart-loads of Popish Books at the *Royal Exchange*.

**W**elcome blest day! that happily didst save  
Our Church and Nation from a threatned Grave:  
A Day! must never Marks of Honour want,  
Whilst there survives one grateful Protestant;  
But in our Calendar shall stand enrol'd,  
Through every Age, with Characters of Gold.  
As once proud Haman with a curs'd Decree,  
Had sign'd God's peoples General Destinie,  
So cruel Factors now of Hell and ROME,  
Resolv'd on England's universal Doom.  
But Heaven's bright Eye Reveal'd the Hellish PLOT,  
Which had it prosper'd, boldly might have shot  
At the Celestial Throne, put out the Sun,  
And made the World back to its Chaos run.  
Though deep as Hell they laid the Black Designe,  
Fate blasts their Projects with a Countermine:  
And then the desperate Undertakers be,  
Like Haman, sentenc'd to the fatal Tree. }  
Thus Pharaoh perish'd, Israel scap'd free. }  
And shall such Mercies ever be forgot?  
No, no,---Were we so thankless, they would not  
Permit it; whose new Treasons still we see,  
Revive their Old ones to our Memory.  
The Cockatrice on the same Eggs doth brood;  
Rebellion's Venome is their natural Food.  
Rome's Founder by a Wolf ('tis said) was nurs'd,  
And with his Brother's blood her Walls at first  
He cemented: whence ever since we finde  
Her Off spring of a Ravenous, Bloody kinde.  
Long since with Temporal Arms, and Flags unfurl'd,  
She Tyranny o're Conquer'd Nations hurl'd;  
And now with spiritual Thralldom grasps the World. }  
Sooner the Æthiop may blanch his skin,  
And Devils cease from tempting Men to sin;  
Sooner shall Darknes dwell in the Suns beams,  
And Tybur mix with our Thames purer Streams,  
Than the llie Jesuit his old Arts will leave,  
Or curs'd Nets of Treason cease to weave.

But now behold! methinks a gallant Sight,  
Doctrines of Darknes yonder brought to light:  
Bonfires in Earnest! where Rome's Pamphlets fry,  
And Popish Authors pass their Purgat'ry.  
Unto the Fire their Books most justly came,  
Which first were wrote to set us in a Flame.

As in the Air the burning Papers flew,  
We might, in Emblem, that Religion view:  
Which makes a while a glorious glittering Blaze,  
And with gay Pomp inviteth Fools to gaze;  
Pretends directly towards Heav'n to fly  
On Wings of flaming Love and Charity:  
But wait a while, approach a little nigher,  
Its Glory fades, grows faint, and does Expire.  
What at first view appear'd so warm and bright,  
Like painted Fires, yields neither Heat, nor Light,  
But Gross and Earthly down it comes again,  
And with its Blackness, where't doth touch, doth stain.

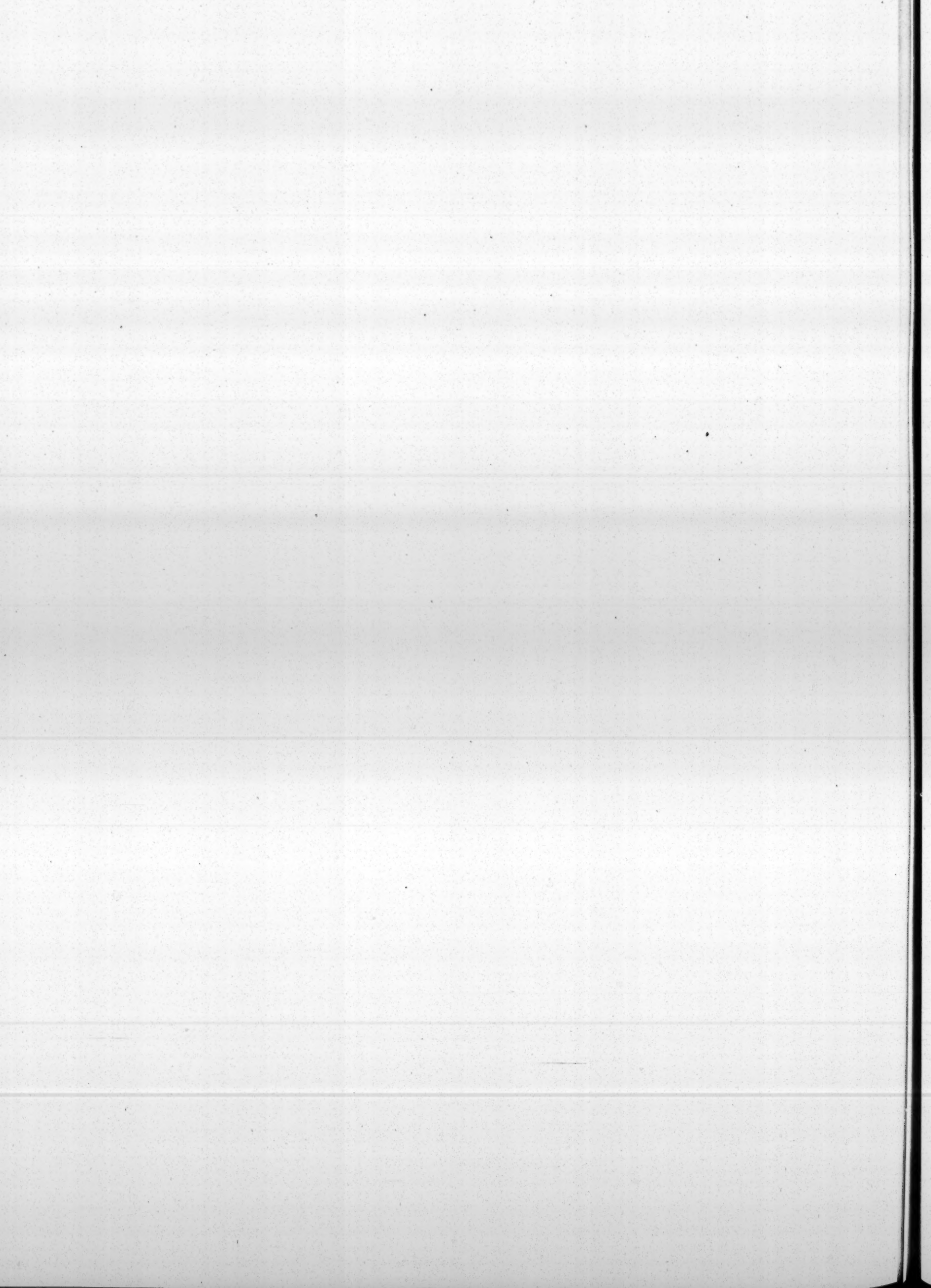
Was it for this the Monk in his dark Cell,  
With Nitrous Earth, and Brimstone stoln from Hell,  
First compos'd Gun-powder, that it might be  
The future Engine of their Butchery?  
At one sad stroke to Massacre a Land,  
And make them fall, whom Heaven ordain'd to stand?  
Or could the bold, but silly Traitors hope,  
Great Britain e're would Truckle to the Pope?  
Erect and Lofty still her Genius stands,  
And defies all their Heads, and all their Hands.  
Nor shall their Strength or Policy e're reach  
Our Ruine, if our Crimes ope not the Breach.  
Still we are safe, till our Transgression merits  
The dreadful Reformation from such spirits.  
They dig in vain, nor need our Nation fear  
Dark Lanthorns, whilst Gods Candlesticks are here.  
"The Purple Whore may lay her Mantle by,  
"Until our Sins are of a Scarlet Die.

Lord! may they never to that Bulk proceed,  
Nor fester so within, that we should need  
Italian Horse-leeches to make us Bleed. }  
May Reviv'd London never more become  
The Priests Burnt-offering to Insulting Rome.  
With Guarding Mercies still our Sovereign tender,  
And be thou His, as He's thy Faiths Defender.

F I N I S.

L I C E N S E D, Nov. 2. 1678.

L O N D O N : Printed for R. G. 1678.



TO THE  
P R A I S E  
O F  
M<sup>RS.</sup> C E L L I E R

The Popish Midwife :

ON HER INCOMPARABLE BOOK.

M A D A M,

**T**He brightest Glory of your Sex, and Age, (sage,  
Than Popes *Joan* more Fair, than Popes *Joan* more  
We hop'd, if Catholicks success had found,  
To see your head with Triple-mitre crown'd;  
That Head, which bravest Acts can first invent,  
Then, if miscarri'd, prove 'em never meant:  
You're skill'd, what Natures Fabrick is below,  
And all the secret Arts of Gropeing know,  
Sexes defect with *D-do* can supply,  
And so escape the fam'd Chair Porphury.  
But though success have fail'd your great Deserts,  
The world admires your Ladiships Great Parts:  
Rome once ador'd *Lucina's* Deity,  
But now Her Midwife-Goddes you shall be,  
To help the Popes abortions, and by Merit  
Deliver Nephews of the Flesh, or Spirit.  
You taught the Judges to interpret Laws,  
Shew'd Sergeant *Maynard* how to plead a Cause,  
You turn'd, and wound, and Rogu'd 'em at your will,  
'Twas Trial not of Life and Death, but Skill.  
What though you had no Cash to bribe the \* Jury?  
They'd sell their Consciences on Trust: Securi-  
Ty's not expected now for such small ware;  
Oaths are as cheap as Pins at *Bartholmew-Fair*.  
Besides, you'l give their Babes an easie Birth,  
Or, if themselves are costive, help it forth:  
For one good turn we know requires another,  
As Right hand scratches Left its yonger Brother.  
Your Witnesses would swear *against the King*,  
And *'gainst the Law*; they'd swear like any thing.  
Sweet Innocence! what Powerful charms it has  
It works more Miracles, than Crofs, or Mass,  
As easily turns all to Catholick  
As Apes shape Whelps with Beautifying Lick;

\*She maliciously suggests (though against her own Interest) the Jury corrupt, when all knew twas neither her own Innocence, nor their disintegrity, but meer defect of Evidence brought her off this time.

It makes men swear the Compass Ten times or'e,  
Then makes e'm swear, they never swore before:  
This is the force of Innocence; and ne're yet  
Did any mis't, that sin'd on Tick of Merit.

Heretical Apostate *Dangerfield*!  
Worst of Mankind! whom hast thou thus beguil'd!  
Thou wert a hopeful, serviceable man,  
But now art turn'd White Devil of *Japan*.  
Pray tell me, where's thy Conscience? or why  
Must Heretic Truth discover Sacred Lye?  
Shew your Indulgence, Sacrilegious slave!  
May you speak Truth, unless the Pope gives leave?  
You credited? Incorrigible Sor!  
Prove you were Loyal first, and knew no Plot.

Thus your Book, *Madam*, has convinc'd the Nation,  
And is one clear, entire Demonstration:  
It shews the Meal-Tub-Plot's an errant cheat!  
For Tub is made of Wood, and meal of *Wheat*.

The cause wants no such Whifflers as *T. G.* is,  
You must defend it, not such clods as *He* is;  
For no man yet could e're withstand the Dint,  
And cogency of Female Argument.

*Diva Obstretrix*--O! hear the prayers  
Of all the Jesuits and all the Friers!  
Some Saints we've known forget us when they're gone  
To thee on Earth we make our early moan.

Then pity us: exert thy Power  
To save us in this dangerous Hour.  
Thou hast to Life brought many men,  
Ah! Bring the Plot to Life agen.



31

T H E  
PROCLAMATION Promoted,  
O R A N .  
H U E-and-C R Y and Inquisition  
A F T E R  
TREASON and BLOOD;

Upon the Inhumane and horrid Murder of that Noble Knight, Impartial  
Justice of Peace, and Zealous Protestant,  
Sir *EDMOND BERRY GODFREY* of WESTMINSTER.  
An hasty P O E M.

**O** Murder! Murder! let this Shreik fly round,  
Till Hills and Dales, and Rocks and Shores rebound;  
Send it to Heav'n and Hell; for both will be  
Astonish'd and Concern'd as much as we.

First send to *Endor* where of old did dwell  
An Hagg, could Fates of Kings and Kingdoms tell;  
If that cannot be found, to *Ekyon* go,  
To *Pluto's* Oracle and Hell below.  
There serve this Hue and Cry, for there 'twas hatch'd,  
(Except the Priests their Gods have over-match'd.)  
Methinks *Belzebub*, if he be outdone  
In his Grand Mysteris; and *Rome* needs none  
Of his Black Arts, but can Out-Devil Hell,  
His Envy and Revenge this Plot should tell:  
And by disclosing in his own defence,  
Not only vindicate his Innocence,  
But hasten their destruction, and prevent  
Loss of his Trade, (the Jesuites intent)  
Unless he fears them, as indeed he may;  
When once in Hell, none shall Command but they.

But if this Tragedy be all his own,  
And Roman Actors (taught by him) have shown  
How they can play all parts he can devise;  
Female or Male, with or without disguise:  
And need no Cacodæmons prompting Art  
Or Whisper, but can fill up any part;  
Lest, Pray and Weep, Swear and Forswear, Decoy,  
Trappan, Kiss, Flatter, Smile, and so Destroy,  
Tab, Pistol, Poison Kings, Unking, Dethrone,  
Blow up or down, Save, Damn, make all their own.  
Knows not he then, tho founder of the Stage,  
The Laws of Theatres in every Age.  
That th' Actors, not the Author of the Play,  
Do challenge the Rewards of the first day.  
Take then their names renown'd, and come to hide  
Such Children of thy Revels and thy Pride;  
And to their Father, and thy eldest Son  
That Lucifer of *Rome*, what feats they've done:  
That he may make their names be understood,  
Written in Kalenders of Martyrs Blood.

if the Fiends below be Deaf and Dumb,  
If this conjuring cannot overcome;  
They and their Imps be damn'd together: I  
O Gods on Earth will send my Hue and Cry.  
If just *Charles*, Three Kingdoms Soul and mine,  
That *James* thy Grandfather could well divine;  
Without Spell the bloody Riddle Spell,  
Not by like Secretaries of *Rome* and Hell.  
And if Thy Proclamation cannot do,  
Pray Gods Spirit may inspire Thee too.  
By Prophetick *Usher* did not err,  
That would enter by a Massacre.  
Wounds Thy *Godfrey* found were meant for Thee,  
To ly'st Murder'd in Effigie.

In Gods Kings Kingdoms Cause this Knight was slain,  
Let him a Noble Monument obtain;  
Erected in Your *Westminsters* great Hall,  
That Courts of Justice may lament his Fall:  
And may (when any Papist cometh near)  
His Marble Statue yield a bloody tear.  
Yet let him not be buried, let him lie,  
The fairest Image to draw Justice by.  
There needs no Balm or Spices to preserve  
The Corps from Stench, his Innocence will serve.

Ye Lords and Commons joyn your speedy Votes,  
A Pack of Bloud-Hounds threaten all your Throats.  
And if their Treason be not understood,  
Expect to be dissolv'd in your own Blood.  
O Vote that every Papist (high and low)  
To martyr'd *Godfrey's* Corps in person go;  
And laying hand upon his wounded Breast,  
By Oath and Curie his ignorance protest.  
But oh the Atheisme of that Monstrous Crew,  
Whose Holy Father can all Bonds undo:  
Whose Breath can put away the heav'ly Oath;  
Who fears no Heaven nor Hell, but laughs at both.  
Therefore a safer Vote my Muse suggests,  
For Priests and Jesuites can swallow Tests  
As *Hocus Pocus* doth his Rope or Knife,  
And cheats the gaping Farmer and his Wife.  
Oh Vote each Sign-post shall a Gibbet be,  
And hang a Traytor upon every Tree.  
Yet we'll find Wood enough for Bone-fire piles,  
To enlighten and inflame our Brittish Isles  
Upon th' approaching fifth *November* night,  
And make Incendiaries curse the light.  
*November* Fires *Septembers* may reveal,  
One Burn (we say) another Burn will heal.

Lastly, And surely, let this Hue and Cry  
Reach Heaven, where every Star looks like an Eye  
To that High Court of Parliament above,  
Whose Laws are mixt with Justice and with Love;  
Whither just *Godfrey's* Soul's already come,  
And hath receiv'd the Crown of Martyrdome;  
Where Murder'd Kings and slaughter'd Saints do cry,  
Their Blood may never unrevenged lie.  
Ye Saints and Angels hate that Scarlet Whore,  
Whose Priests and Bratts before your Shrines adore,  
And in their Massacres your Aid-implore;  
Staining your Altars with the precious Gore:  
Pour down your Vials on their Curfed heads,  
And in Eternal flames prepare their Beds.  
And Thou Judge Jesus Hang'd and Murder'd too,  
By Power of *Rome* and Malice of the Jew,  
In *Godfrey's* Wounds Thine own do bleed anew.  
Oh Rend Thy Heavens! Come Lord and take Thy Throne,  
Revenge Thy Martyrs Murder and Thine own.

Licensed November 1. 1678.



# Protestants Petition against Popery, &c.

*And agt Popery.*

*23. Feb. 1681*

From sawing the Crown 'twixt Phanaticks and Fryars;  
From *Whitehall* Scaffolds, and *Smithfield* Fires;  
From the Jesuits Morals, outdone by the Tryers,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From every Religion which Treason allows;  
From the *Geneva* Stiffness, and the *Roman* Bows;  
From affronting of God, or adoring of Shows,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From slicing the *Pope* into *Presbyter John*,  
More sawcy in Confort than he is alone;  
From a Legion of Devils to extirpate one,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From fermenting the Rout with *Chimærical* Fears;  
From buying with Blood, and enjoying with Tears,  
A Liberty copied by that of *Argiers*,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From being twice chous'd with the same sort of *Cant*;  
From defending the King by *Scotch Covenant*;  
From Reforming the Church till we leave nothing on't,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From a bifronted Conscience, like the Sign of an Ale-house,  
That faces the Church, and outfaces the Gallows,  
With one side stark raw, and the other side callous,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From a Supreme Vicar to shackle the King;  
From a long round Senate, which means the same thing;  
From a Monk without, and a Devil within,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From advancing God's Church by such Sins as wou'd fright ye,  
From lifting of Rebels to aid the Almighty;  
From taking of Ratsbane for *Elixir Vitæ*,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From the Popish Rage, and the Popular Fret,  
Which with Brotherly Malice their Sov'reign beset;  
From rescinding Bull, and reforming Bullet,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From the Lords in the Tower, and the Lords that are out;  
From assaulting the King by Dagger or Vote;  
From our Ruine Point blank, or Nine Mile about,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From the Dark-Lanthorn Plot, and the Green-Ribbon Club;  
From brewing Sedition in a Sanctified Tub;  
From reforming a Prince by the Model of *Job*,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From the National Wealth by a *Junto* possest,  
By cajolling of one half, and plundering the rest;  
From the Commonwealths Arms with his Holiness's Crest,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

## The SECOND PART.

From measuring Devotion with Beads, or with Sand,  
In a Language or Phrase that we don't understand;  
From a Preacher with Reliques or Spoons in his Hand,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From stripping Religion to avoid the Excesses  
Of a cumbersome Ruff, and a Collar of SS;  
From His Holiness, and Their Holinesses,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From Plot upon Plot, which no Herald admits,  
Nor any Man else that is well in his Wits;  
From Conscience that comes like an Ague, by Fits,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From the Pope in One Stick, or the Pope in a Faggot;  
From the Catholick Worm, and Schismatical Maggot;  
From such as swear round to keep what they ha' got,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From Penance reformed to a Stool of Repentance;  
From a new Inquisition to aid the *Tridentines*,  
And the Savager Courts where the Godly give Sentence,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From setting Christ's Vicar to teaze his Vicegerent;  
From the Saints in whom the same Sin is inherent,  
The best Friends he has, though they seldom appear in't,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From *St. Omers* Consult, and a *Leyden* Cabal,  
Inveterate Foes both to *Pauls* and *Whitehal*;  
From a Plot *pro* and *con*, like a Tennis-ball,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From the *Roman* Disease, and *Geneva* Physician;  
From admitting Prophaneness to purge Superstition;  
From *Raviliack's* or *Bradshaw's* Commission,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From taking the Covenant, or baulking the Test;  
From both the Renouncers when th'are but in jest;  
From the Pope's hatching Eggs in a Presbyter's Nest,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

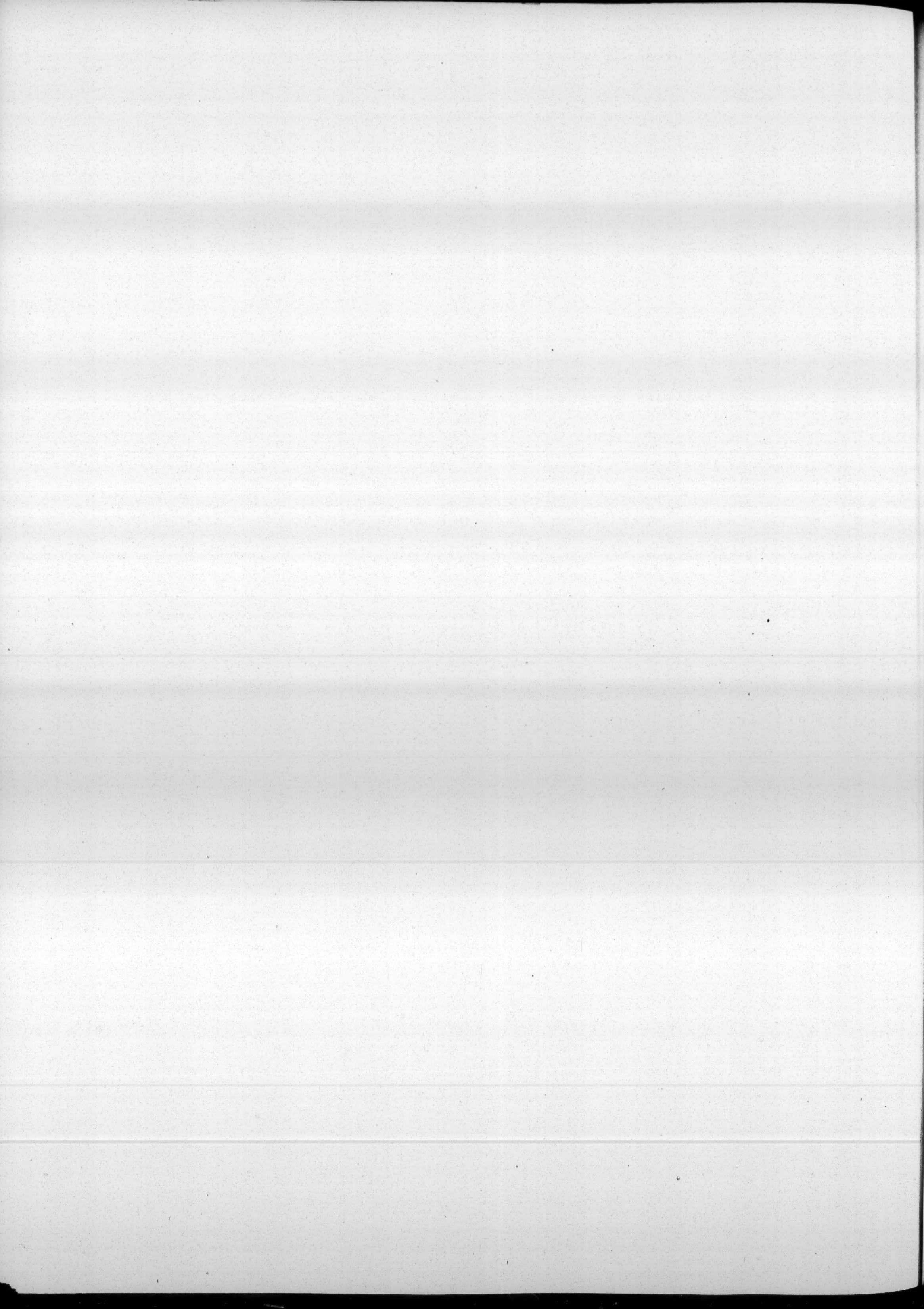
From the Godly Disguises of Cropping and Shaving,  
The different Ear-marks of Fooling and Knaving,  
Though both can do both for the sake of Soul-saving,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From a Jesuit transformed to a Sanctified Elder,  
And cursing *Romes* Church to her dear *Hans-en-Kelder*;  
From hugging her Brats, and yet hope w' ave expell'd her,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From the *Mafs* and the Directory bound in one Volumn;  
From the *Trent* Conventicle, and the *Dort* What d'e call 'um;  
From the Votaries of Saints, and those that *Peter 'um* and *Paul 'um*,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

From transforming a Cowl to an *a-la-mode* Jump;  
From the Jesuit's Bucket in the Minister's Pump;  
From a Representative Monster, that's all over *Rump*,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

FINIS.



# A ROD FOR ROM

OR, A

## Description of the Popish Clergy Their Popes, Cardinals, Jesuites, Monks, Fryers, IN THEIR PROPER COLOURS.

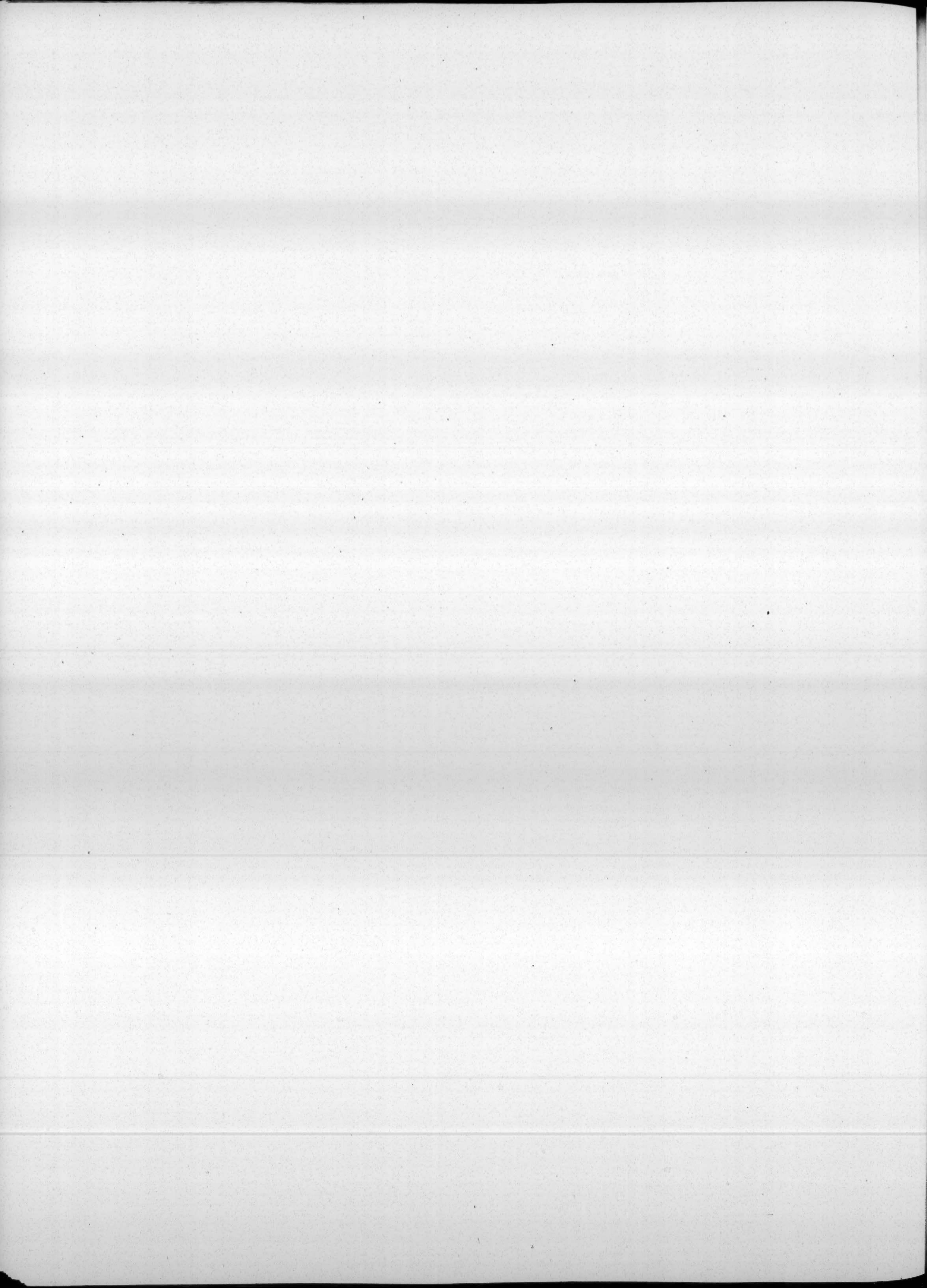
**D**escribe the Romish Jesuites, who can do't?  
Tis just, To fit a Shoe to th' Devils Foot;  
Proteus Appear'd not in such Various Shapes,  
Woolves, Lyons, Tygers, Spaniels, Foxes, Apes:  
Gross Ignorance with Deepest Policy  
Conjoyn'd, make up that Babel-Hierarchy,  
Their Towering Pride from feigned Meekness Springs,  
Servants of Servants Lord it over Kings:  
Indulgence-Graunters, yet Deaf to Complaints,  
Worship Christ's Picture, but Devour his Saints:  
Strange Ridling Monsters! too late Understood  
Tongues tipt with Oyl, but Hands begor'd with Blood.  
Let who so will Rome's Syren Anthems sing,  
And Fancy Popery a Toothless thing;  
Applaud the Zeal of Holy Church, and swear  
True Love and Charity dwell only there:  
Who trusts and tries, shall find, I dare engage,  
A Lyon's still a Lyon, though in a Cage;  
From their Tryumphant Seats could we bring down  
Those pious souls whom Bonner's Rage did Crown  
With cruel Martyrdom in Mary's Days,  
Summon the Brave Coligni's Ghost, or Raise  
Spirits, from their dear Bodies forc'd to flee  
I'th Irish, or the Piedmont Massacre:  
They'd tell another tale; there we might view  
The true Idea's of th' Ignatian Crew:  
Their Pope upon Mens slavish Necks is bourn,  
As if his Feet to touch the Ground did scorn:  
Simons Successor he Pretends to be,  
And why? He gets the Place by Simony;  
For subtle Cardinals in Conclave met,  
Can six to one on next Election Bett;  
And yet with Confidence still boldly Boast  
Prevailing Faction, as the Holy-Ghost;  
As if that Blest and Peace-Breathing Dove,  
Would with the Interests of such Vultures move;  
They say He's more than Man, than a God less,  
What can we then Him but a Devil guess?  
He bears the Keys of Heaven and Hell in Course,  
But uses both as Pick-locks for the Purse,  
A wondrous Doctrine of the New Edition,  
Live as you list, Money shall gain Remission;  
For Gold you may as due challenge Salvation,  
And purchase Works of Supererogation;  
Rome's faith was rumor'd once the world throughout,  
How hath she now Justled that Gospel out?  
Paul made her flourish with truth's Purity,  
But now Traditions, Beads, Idolatry,  
Mass, Merits, Pardons, these thy traffick are,  
Running from Christ after a Falling-star;  
Once a bright Candle, now a stinking snuff,  
A Room where Satan stows his Household-stuff:  
Yet still she doth the rotten Casket Boast,  
When all the Ancient Gems are chang'd, or lost;  
Her Cardinals but Parish-Priests of old,  
To take the Wall of Princes now are bold:

And by their Acts their Scarlet-Caps we find  
Unhappy Emblems of their Sanguine mind;  
With State-Affairs they mix Holy Intrigues,  
Yet can absolve from the most Sacred Leagues:  
In dark Caballs they Plot unthought of Jarrs,  
On Christendome Intailing endless Wars;  
Their stately Convents, Abbies, Monastries,  
Religious Coney-Burrows, Nunneries;  
And Cloyster-Walls, what are they all at once,  
But Nests of Folly, Hives of Idle Drones;  
And yet not wholly Idle, for sometimes  
We find them Busy, but in Cursed Crimes,  
Inventing Gun-powder, and with that Breath  
Of Hell, to send at Once whole States to Death;  
Or Plotting by slow Poisons, or bold Knife,  
To Cut the Thread of some Brave Monarchs Life.  
Thus all their Monks of different sorts become  
In every Realm stout Janizars for Rome;  
Whom Kings, the Churches Interest to Inlarge  
Against themselves, Maintain at their own Charge:  
Could we withdraw the Vail, how might we spy  
Their private Haunts, forbid to Layman's Eye;  
In close Confessions what rare tricks are done  
Twixt Jolly Fryar and more Buxome Nun;  
But above all the Jesuite Out-Rants  
The sillier Swarms of Cheating Mendicants.  
For State-Intrigues the Famous Matchiavel  
He counts an Ass, Dunces Achitophel:  
By faigned Miracles and Reliques vain,  
They seek your Soul, but rati Gold to gain,  
Whereby their Priests plump concubines maintain.  
The Jesuite for this Opens his Pack  
In every Town; Come see, What is't You Lack?  
Here's holy Wood, and Wonder-working Bones,  
More holy Blood, and Consecrated Stones:  
The Virgins Linnen, and her Growing Hair,  
Pails of her Milk, besides her Picture Fair,  
Drawn by St. Luke, they can expose to view,  
Still finding those that will believe them too:  
Produce your Pence, and presently they bring  
A Feather of the Angel Gabriels Wing;  
Here's some of that Broil'd Fish which Christ did Eat,  
Rare Cooks that can so long preserve such Meat:  
Thisth' Asses Tail on which our Lord did Ride,  
And what are these, can such fond Tales abide?  
Yet well they may, who stranger things beleive,  
Done every Day when they the Host receive.  
Stand back dull Protestants, confess and tell,  
You have not found such Faith in Israel;  
That every Shaveling Priest in sin partaker,  
Can by five words at Pleasure Make his Maker:  
Nay make a thousand Makers in an Hour,  
And them again as soon as made Devour:  
Right Canniballs! yet herein worse by odds,  
Those only Eat their Brethren, these their Gods.

FIN IS.

With Allowance.

London, Printed for F. Coles, in Vine-street, on Saffron-Hill, near Hatton-Garden.



# Rome's Hunting-Match for III. Kingdoms;

1. London's dreadful Fire :

O R.

2. Godfrey's cruel Murder considered.

The Papists Last Run for the Protestants Life and Estate too, because this PLOT has e'en beggar'd them.

And, that the more may view it, to serve the Papal Interest, the Printer affords you this sheet for 1 d.

The Whores PRINCIPLES left behind her, when she began this HUNT, to be observed by all her furious Off-spring, upon no less penalty than eternal Damnation, viz.

The Gospel is an empty Cheat,  
A poor man's a Whore;  
Comes to mount on Eagles wings  
Above all Emperors and Kings,  
State-Policy is our Religion.

Reader, There's a Strange Cur got among the Anti-Christian Crew, he is without his Formalities, or Badg of his Order; but his Name and Fire-ball, represents him to be the Provincial (i.e. the Chief) of the Jesuits here in London when they burn'd it; he and another Cur, called Gifford, managed that Fire, hiring and paying those carrying it on from house to house, &c. But being out of his Orderly habit, and with a Pen, he may pass for a Lay-brother who prints, sells, writes or speaks against the Kings Evidence, and for the Popish Faction.



**R**OME doth now a Hunting ride,  
With all her Beagles by her side,  
In rough tempestuous Weather,  
On the Top of all the Morn  
This Harlot blew her bagle Horn  
To call her Dogs together.

This filthy Babylonish Trull,  
Whose Charms the enchanted World dos gull,  
Is *neef* her dear Minion,  
She sets her self to open Sale,  
And like a Spannel wags her Tale,  
To the Blind Witch Opinion.

The Virgin Spring was in her prime,  
To hunt for blood they rose betime, *† i.e. Protest-  
ant Blood.*  
Their Lost Game to recover.  
O're the Downs and humble Dales,  
The Fryers, Monks and Cardinals,  
Like hungry Hawks they hover.

This little SPOT flood in their Ey,  
Which men do call Great Britany,  
So strong is their Devotion,  
Let us tend forth our Hellish Band,  
Wee'll have it at our full Command,  
Or drown it in the Ocean.

Round about this Isle they range,  
Their Forest & their hunting Grange,  
Here, all her Dogs assemble:  
The Nation like a Drunkard reeks,  
For underneath their Horses Heels,  
The Earth doth quake and tremble.

On these rich unvalued Grounds  
She uncouples all her Hounds,  
**Ambition**, deep-mouth'd Jowler,  
**Self-Interest**, a Beagle fierce,  
His thundering cry the heavens did pierce,  
He wo'd be Lord Controller.

**Murder** and **Idolatry**  
Into all corners cast their Ey,  
With Nets and Ginns prepared,  
In ev'ry Town their Game they play,  
In ev'ry House their Lime-twigs lay,  
That (a) Lambs may be insnared.

**Treachery** doth learing stand,  
With a keen Dagger in his hand,  
**Adultery** doth follow,  
They hunt in silence and are still,  
And when they do intend to kill,  
They neither hoop nor hollow.

**Hypocrisy** clothed all in White,  
Like a Cherubim of Light,  
The Garland He had gotten  
He always sings a double Tune,  
With rosy Cheeks, like Rose in June,  
His inside is all rotten f.

*† Let them be, or protest what they will, &c. believe them not; you are forewarned.*

Say well with a fluent Tongue,  
A lusty Beagle bold and strong,  
Was by this Harlot trained,  
This Tumbler had the fanning Skill,  
Inchanting words and wind at Will,  
But DO-WELL he was chained,

**Wine** and **Thine** are Beagles fierce,  
They challenge the whole universe,  
The poor man is brought under,  
A wondrous blind ridiculous Story,  
By Masses and by Purgatory,  
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell they plunder.

LOVE from door to door they kick,  
Community's an Heretick,  
Their own Paunch only feeding:  
Their Hearts are frozen up with frost,  
The Lady Charity is lost,  
CHRISTIANITY lies bleeding.

Lofty PRIDE doth puff and pant,  
Riding upon an Elephant,  
With outward Pomp adorned:  
Exalted to an high degree,  
They trample on the bended knee,  
HUMILITY is scorned.

Haman mounted into grace,  
Would extinguish *braham's* Race,  
By sound of Proclamations,  
With thundering Cry, this busy hound  
To all these Beagles doth propound,  
To murder three whole Nations:

For, **Murder**'s become indeed  
A new Article of their Creed,  
Love is an airy Notion,  
They *Godfrey* all who, in their ey,  
Don't bow with their Idolatry,  
So great is their Devotion.

*† I was sworn, they were refo-  
wed, not to leave a Protestant a-  
live to tell of such a Religion  
as the Protestant Religion.*  
**Idolatry** is not dead,  
Like Grasshoppers his Army's spread,  
Incompassed with fires,  
See how they swarm on English ground,  
EL GOND, thou art besieged round  
With Jesuits, Monks and Fryers.

*(a) Christi-  
tians.*  
**Elan** doth this Grange pursue,  
He is of this hunting Crew,  
O miserable Dotage,  
That he should love the World so well,  
His Heavenly heritage to sell,  
For a poor Mess ofottage.

**Indulge** e's in these rude times,  
For hellish and unheard of Crimes,  
Are sent to ev'ry Nation:  
*Lust, Pride and Avarice* are grac'd,  
And on the Tripple Crown are plac'd,  
As in their proper Station.

*\* See the list called Godfrey's Murder made Visible.*

*Skime's* Tongue is wondrous shrill,  
The Echo bounds from Hill to Hill,  
Through all the Woods resounding,  
This envious Dog doth bark and bawl,  
But *abse* a's out-rants them all,  
In Damming and Confounding.

*† The Lan-  
guage of Rome  
Brass.*  
*Doer, Naba* scold and chide,  
Upon a grunting Hog they ride,  
Inrol'd among the Swineheads:  
*Ahab* and proud *Isabel*,

With Avarice and Malice swell,  
To grasp poor *Naboth's* Vineyard.

*† The Lives  
as well as  
Estates of  
Goliath, Judas  
murdering Cain,  
Old Dives choak'd with Treasures,  
Mark Anthony came to this Feast,  
The Greek that conquer'd all the East,  
With a Regiment of Casars.*  
*Achiophel* was in this Train,  
Old *Dives* choak'd with Treasures,  
*Mark Anthony* came to this Feast,  
The Greek that conquer'd all the East,  
With a Regiment of Casars.

Mighty Monarks that aspire,  
To ruin ALL with *\*Sword and Fire*,  
A Lamentable Story,  
Through a Crimfon sea of Blood,  
Like an overflowing Flood,  
They'd wade unto vain Glory.

*\* Massacres  
and burning  
Cities, as Lon-  
don, &c. are  
Popish Mercy.*  
The Horned Moon wo'd all controul,  
He fireth up the Northern Pole,  
The *Scythian* aids his Title,  
The Nations he doth subjugate;  
For this Ambitious Potentate,  
The World is too too little.

*† I was sworn,  
they were refo-  
wed, not to leave a Protestant a-  
live to tell of such a Religion  
as the Protestant Religion.*  
*Dionisius*, brisk and brave,  
Must shortly come unto his grave,  
Did quarrel with the Eagle;  
Riding upon a tired Afs,  
Through ruinous Cities he doth pass;  
Is not this a jolly Beagle?

All these Beagles in their Chace  
Hunt the Lamb from place to place,  
With Hollowing and with hooting,  
O're the Downs they dance the Hay,  
The Protestant is now their pray,  
This Dove can find no footing.

Earthen Vessels clash and knock,  
Dash't topieces on a Rock,  
The Mighty *Hogen Mogen*,  
Tyrants are by Tyrants slain,  
The LORD of Hosts intends to reign,  
When all these Pots are broken.

## A PRAYER.

Arise, Great *ALMIGHTY*, in thy Power,  
Pull down proud Babel's lofty Tower,  
Thy Love is Heav'nly Nectar,  
Thy little Lambs do bleat for THEE.  
Draw thy bright Sword to set us free,  
Who art our LORD PROTECTOR.



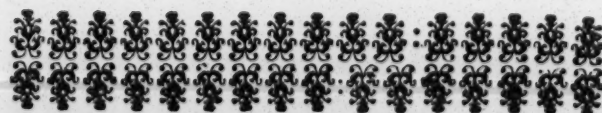
A  
P O E M  
ON THE  
CONDEMNATION  
OF  
William Viscount Stafford.

*Tantane Religio potuit suadere Malorum?*

Aid me, *Apollo*, lay aside thy Lyre,  
With Numbers high, yet sad, my Muse inspire;  
In moving strains, assist me to repeat  
A Noble's fall, (would he were Good as Great!)  
Oh *Stafford! Stafford!* how could'st thou, when Death  
Led in by Time, stood waiting for thy Breath;  
By such ignoble ways and Methods strive,  
To cut off those few Years thou had'st to live:  
Alas! what Bliss couldst thou expect to come,  
(O're-press'd with Age) when Nature's powerful doom,  
Had left thee nought to hope for but a Tomb.  
Why would'st thou then in such a horrid Cause,  
Turn Traytor to Divine and Humane Laws?  
Ah! how could'st thou, thou, so unnatural be  
To him who was so good, so kind to thee?  
How could'st thou plot 'gainst such a King as he?  
One who had heap'd such Honours on thy Head,  
And yet could'st thou, ingrateful, wish him Dead;  
Not onely wish him so, but in that strife,  
To act a part, that was to take his Life;  
Yet, 'cause thy Blood from noble springs doth flow,  
Would Error and not Malice made thee so!  
Would thou wert over-reach'd, that so the sin  
Might be less thine, then theirs that drew thee in:  
Fain would I think it were with thee, as they,  
An *Ignis Fatuus* leads out o'th' way:  
Too credulous they follow the false Light,  
And bless themselves for such a Guide i'th Night,  
And think where e're it leads they'r still i'th right.  
And yet at last, (with toyl and trouble crost,)  
They feel the Pain, but find the Labour lost:  
They see the flatt'ring Light o'th sudden gone,  
And they to their Dispair are left alone  
In Fens, or Brakes, or Floods, to make their moan:  
So thou O're-sway'd by'th Pious-seeming Wits,  
Of Hells chief Agents, (Juggling Jesuits)  
(By specious Arguments, and pious fraud,  
Such as *Rome's Pandemonium* does applaud)  
Wer't by that Hellish Brood drawn in to be  
An Actor in that Disfmal Tragedy,  
That boldly aim'd at Sacred Majesty;  
But Heaven step'd in and sav'd the tottering Throne,  
(Just when it could be sav'd by Heaven alone)  
And all the Plots of *Rome* and Hell were known.  
All did I say! Ah! no; yet such, so Vile,  
So base, so dire, were found in *Albions Isle*:

As *Scithia* (where the Sun dares scarce appear,  
Where Horrid Winter broods,) would blush to hear;  
That those whom Heaven had plac'd so near the *Crown*  
With Impious Hands should strive to pull it down.  
Unhappy State of *Monarchs*, who do good,  
Even to those that strive to shed their Blood,  
And they not know it, but with gentle breath,  
Speak those foul Serpents fair that plot their Death.  
Ah! *Stafford!* how couldst thou so base become?  
(So false to *England!* to be True to *ROME!*)  
How couldst thou Plot his Death who always strove  
Not to Command, but fairly win thy Love?  
Ah! how couldst thou so base and Treacherous prove!  
Couldst thou think Heaven asleep at such a time?  
Or could'st believe it did approve thy Crime?  
Or to such Treasons would Success have given?  
Ah! no, a King's the Substitute of Heaven,  
And Angels are his Guard.  
The Gyants so of Old wag'd War with *JOVE*,  
Striving by Arms, to win the Seats Above:  
Though Bold, yet vainly in th' Attempt they fell,  
And for their hop'd of Heaven, were plung'd in Hell.  
The Dreadful Thunder ruin'd their Designs,  
And in their torments Heavens just vengeance shines.  
Consider this, Oh! *Stafford*, and Repent,  
Use well that little time that Heaven hath lent;  
That little time, (for long it cannot be,  
E're thou must enter Vast Eternity.)  
Oh! use it well, let it to Tears be given,  
Be Penitent, and make thy peace with Heaven;  
That when the fatal stroke shall end thy Days,  
Its Mercy and Justice may have equal Praise.

F I N I S.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *T. Benskin*, in *Green's Rents*,  
near *Fleet-Bridge*:

1680



# UPON THE EXECUTION

Of the Late  
**Viscount STAFFORD.**

I.  
S Hall every Jack and every Jill,  
That rides in State up *Holborn-Hill*,  
By aid of *Smithfield* Rhymes defie  
The Malice of Mortality?  
And shall Lord *Stafford* dye forgot?  
He that would needs be such a Sot,  
To dye for love of a damn'd Plot?  
No, *Viscount*, no; beleive it not,

II.  
*Diana's* Temple, all in flame,  
Advanc'd th' Incendiaries Name;  
Ruffians, and Bauds, and Whores, and Theives,  
In Ballad Records live new lives,  
And shall a Lord because a Traytor,  
In such an Age so given to flatter,  
Want that which others, Saints to him,  
Nere want to fame them. Words and Rhime.

III.  
Oh Sir, the *Papishes*, you know  
Have much more gratitude then so;  
For this same Lord that brake the Laws  
Of God and Man, to serve their Cause,  
Shall live in Prayers, and Almanacks  
Beyond what Ballad-Monger make;  
And some years hence, you'll see, shall work  
Such Miracles, would turn a *Turk*.

IV.  
Blest is that Man that has a Box  
To save the Sawdust in, that sokes  
His tainted Blood, or can besmeare  
One corner of his Muckinder;  
Oh! then, some Ages hence they'll cry  
Lo, *Stafford's* blood, and shed for why?  
For nothing but because he sought  
To kill his Prince, and sham the Plot.

V.  
Now they that dye for crimes like these,  
The *Papists* send to Heaven with ease.  
For they secure 'em safe from Hell,  
Which once believ'd, the rest is well.  
A strange belief, that Men should think  
That were not drunk with worse then  
That such Rewards as Deifying, (Drink;  
By Treason should begain'd and Lying!

VI.  
The Man that for Religion dyes  
Has nothing more before his Eyes,  
But he that dyes a Criminal  
Dyes with a load, and none can call  
Religion that which makes him dream  
Obduracy can hide his shame.

VII.  
The Pope may do what he conjectures  
As to the business of his Pictures,  
The Colours nere can hide the Crimes,  
Stories will read to after Times.  
And twill be found 'the Hangmans hands,  
Will strangely blur the Pope's commands.

VIII.  
Had he but shewed some *Christmas* Gambles,  
And Headless took St *Denis* Rambles,  
The Plot had been a damnable thing,  
And down had gon the Scaffolding,

But cause his Lordship this forgot,  
Men still beleive there is a Plot.

IX.  
Where was St. *Dominic*, a sleep?  
Where did St *Frank*, his Kennel keep?  
That on a business so emergen,  
They did not briskly reize the Virgin?  
To let his Lordship play a Prank  
Her Grace becoming, and his Rank?

X.  
But they that Heaven and Earth command,  
You see sometimes they'r at a stand;  
For truth to tell ye, should the Saints,  
Be bound to hear all fool's complaints;  
Their lives would be as voyd of mirth  
In Heaven, as formerly on Earth.

XI.  
Now Ballad-wife before he's dead,  
To tell ye what the Sufferer said;  
He both defended, and gain-said,  
Held up his hands and cry'd and pray'd  
And swore he nere was in the Plot,  
No, by his Vicountship, God wot.

XII.  
Come come, Sir, had it not been better  
To have dy'd to death common debter?  
And that upon your lasting Stone,  
This Character had been alone?  
Here lyes a very *Honest Lord*,  
True to his King, true to his word.

XIII.  
But those, of your Religion,  
Are now a days so damn'd high flown,  
You think that nothing makes a Saint  
But Plot res'd, and Treason Quaint;  
And Heaven accepts no Offerings,  
But ruin'd Kingdoms, murdered Kings.

XIV.  
Now you that knew who were his Judges,  
Who found him Guilty without grudges,  
Who gave him over to the Block,  
And how he sham'd to save the stroak,  
If you beleive the speech he made ye,  
L'strange, and *Payton's* shame degrade ye

XV.  
They us'd all Arts that could cajole,  
You may be sure, his silly Soul;  
And were those promises perform'd,  
With which his conscience they had charm'd,  
Who would betray a cursed Plot,  
To be when dead, the Lord knows what?

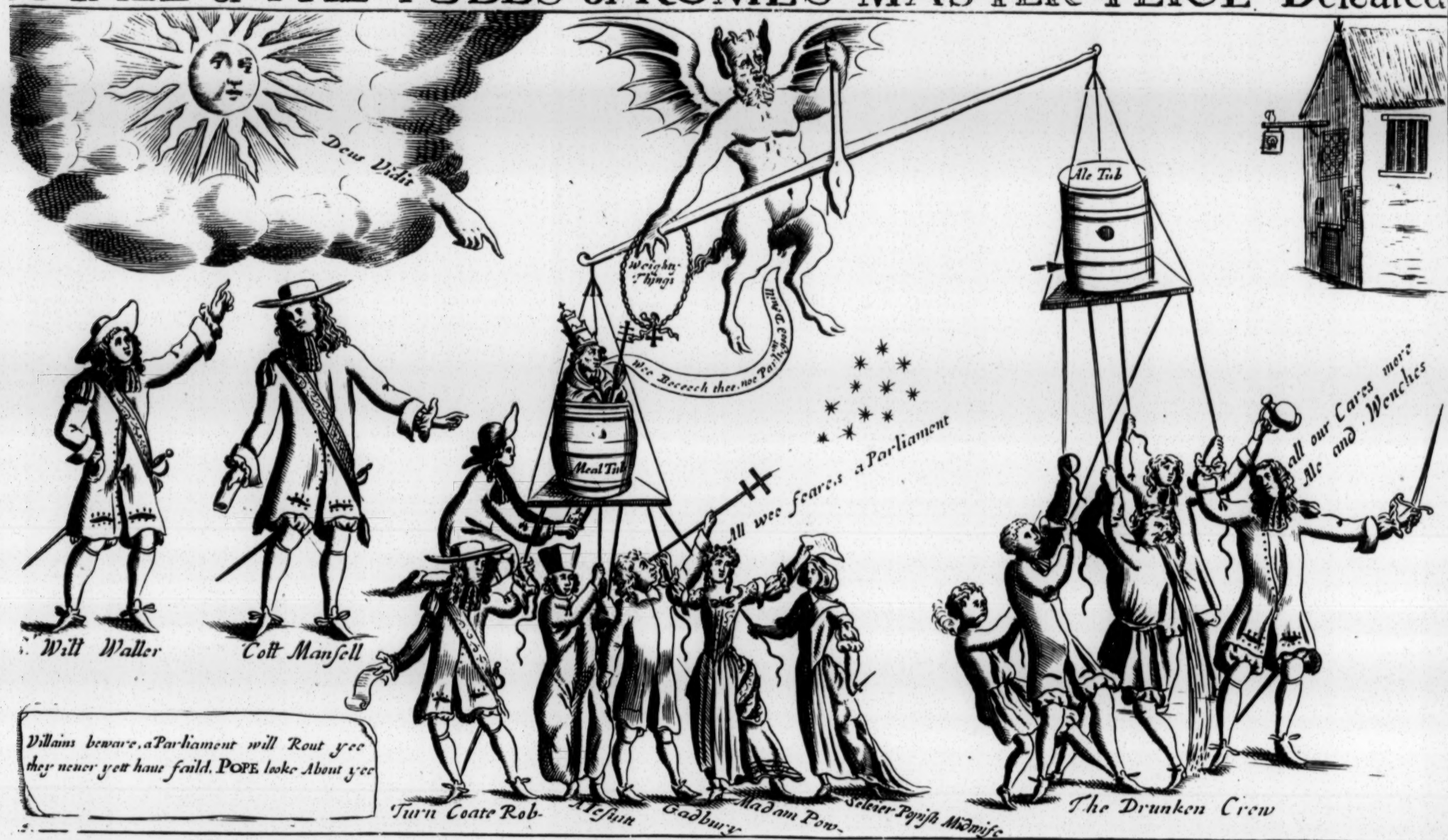
XVI.  
But if those jolly Promises  
Do send thee into little ease,  
As certainly they must undo thee,  
What eve: Fools and Knaves said to thee;  
Then *Pblegus*-like in Hell condole,  
And curse them that betray'd thy Soul.

XVII.  
Now God preserve our Noble King,  
And b'lesall them that thus did bring  
Unto the Block that silly Head,  
That car'd not what it did or said.  
And all good Men may Heaven defend;  
From such a vile untimely End.



9. Jan. 1682.

## A TALE of THE TUBBS or ROMES MASTER PEICE Defeated



If Englands Prayers be heard, and Senate sit;

Down goes proud Rome, French Arms, and Northern Wit.

## The Ale-Tub's Complaint.

O Unkind Devil, thus at last deceive me!  
 Stay till the Ale was out, and then to leave me:  
 Hath not my service greater been by odds,  
 Than can be hop't from Bread and wooden Gods?  
 See how our off-spring altogether strive,  
 To keep the Ballance and the Ale alive,  
 Although at Bottom, while perfidious you  
 Tack to that Tripple Dogg and Damned Crew  
 Of Loyals, till they tis all undo:  
 Sot that you are, to have a greater hope  
 From a few Priests, and an old doting Pope,  
 That their dry PLOTS, can ere your int'rest further  
 Than I have done, by Rapine, Whores, and Murder,  
 Who by the Liquor of my musty Cell  
 Hath sent you scores, nay hundreds, quick to Hell:  
 You are ungrateful, thus to leave old Friends,  
 And think Rome's Vallals ere can make amends;  
 Who when their work is done will Domineer;  
 And swear that hell was meally mouth'd for fear:  
 Then turn your hand, and on our side it give,  
 Or they will stave my Hogshcad as I live,  
 And so grow sober, then shall both on's pass,  
 Ale for a Witch, thou Devil for an Ass.

## The Devil (or Jack on both side's) Reply.

What Ails this Drunken Puppy to Complain,  
 Thinks he I know not where's my greatest gain:  
 That Pack of Bandoggs, breed of Northern Tikes;  
 Shall Teize the souls of all that us dislikes;  
 Must my Vicegerent with his Tripple Crown  
 By Empty Ale-Tubs ere be weighed down?  
 No know I am wiser, Drunkards are but fools  
 Unto this MEAL-TUB and his Hinnelless Tools.  
 'Tis true, the Ale-TUB, is our Friend we know,  
 And oft from thence some Reeling to Hell go,  
 But these can Ruine Kingdoms at a Blow.  
 And where they Conquer, there the Herreticks feel,  
 Far greater Torments than our whips of Steel  
 We Exercise upon our Slaves below,  
 Who (but for them) did ne're such tortures know.  
 Flay men alive, then forth their Bowels tear,  
 Women rip up with Child, and on their Spear  
 Mount their young Infants, while in blood they sprawl;  
 The Catholicks way to quiet them that Bawl;  
 Cities Consume with fire, Ravish Maid and Wife,  
 Destroy by Poison, Pistol, Burnings, Knife,  
 With thousand other ways to End their hated Life.

But what is best of all: when they have done,  
 They call this holy work: most Christian—  
 Acted from pure zeal, and love so mild,  
 Makes them as guiltless as the Unborn Child;  
 Two Ave-marys, and one Peter-Nos —  
 Will make amends for all, and quit the Cost  
 They'r daring sinners, of the Popes first Rate,  
 With God himself they will Equivocate —  
 By Broaden Gods they can Absolve a Lye —  
 Nay by the Mass they dare do more than I,  
 Not Tremble at, but mock the Deity. —  
 Then cease to murmur, they shall bear the Bell  
 For Damn'd Designs, and PLOTS that out-does Hell.

## The Jesuits speak their merrits.

Most Holy Father, we do much admire  
 Your weighty Goodness, and your Reverend Sire,  
 Whose helping hand doth for us turn the Scale,  
 By him we have, and do, and shall prevail;  
 'Tis not Heavens Power that shall frustrate this  
 Most Brave design, which in the MEAL-TUB is;  
 Nor Presbyterians save their hated Throats,  
 Now at the last, by a Damn'd tell-tale Oats.  
 If Hell (for Heaven we matter not) Conceal  
 This Blist Intreague, by all our Gods the MEAL  
 Shall have high honour, on our Altars that  
 Made into Gods be worshipt smoaking hot.  
 This matchless Treason, makes it holy all —  
 White as from Tower scrapt, or West-ward Hall;  
 This wonder-working Euch'rist shall do more  
 Than Jesuits Powder, Pentioner, or Whore,  
 Or all the Baffled Plots we ere Contriv'd before,  
 'Twill make the Herreticks all agast to see  
 Themselves the Plotters, murdered Legally.  
 And make us fat with Laughing, how they will  
 Divided fall and one another Kill: —  
 'Tis holy sport to see their blood run down  
 In every Channel of the Burned Town,  
 While Changling Robin, Bugbear in the City;  
 Dye the Green Ribbons Red; by Hell that's pretty:  
 Then shall that Mote, in Northern eye be sped,  
 After Exile call'd back to lose his head.  
 But these are scraps of what our TUB contains,  
 And do these Coxcombs, with their addled Brains,  
 Think ere to weigh us down with Ale and Grains?  
 No Punies know, your Reeling throng's out-done,  
 Wee'll make all England stagger ere't be Long:  
 But talking's Idle, let's to action come,  
 And strike the stroak, may Ruine Christendom.

## Sir William Waller to Col. Mansell.

See Mansell where that Damned hellish Crew,  
 Are plotting Murders, and begin with you;  
 See heaven discovers unto thee and I  
 Their horrid Treasons, hellbred Villany,  
 Caught in that pacquet brought by Willongby.  
 Oh Blessed God! whose mercies infinite  
 Do yet preserve us from Eternal Night;  
 It's thou alone whose heavenly goodness still  
 Defends our Lives (almost) against our will,  
 From these vile Plotters, Miscreants of Rome,  
 Blood-thirsty Villains, Pests of Christendom.  
 Direct me Heaven to take them in their toyl,  
 And all their Treasons, and their plottings spoil.  
 Let's in amongst them, Mansell, heres my hand,  
 I'll lose my life to save my native Land.  
 'Tis done, says Mansell brave Sir William; I  
 In such a cause with you am proud to dye.  
 We'll make those Vermin know, we scorn their rage,  
 Our nobler Souls dares Rome and Hell ingage.  
 And if such manhood Reigneth in us two,  
 VVhat can't the Courage of our English do?  
 But Ruine all its Foes, when once provokt thereto.  
 Let's search that Pesthouse, where the Midwife's brod  
 VVho brings Rome's Bastards and their Plots to bed,  
 Methinks it looks, as if the Tower Beasts  
 Had there some Prey on which they often feast.  
 'Tis there my Lady meets her trusty Steer;  
 Some Newgate-Birds and Sir Examiner.  
 There's Stars amongst them whence young Tycho drew  
 The Plots good fortune, but his own not knew;  
 See how the VVhores of either Sexes Tugg,  
 VVhile the Grand Bawde sits Brooding on the TUB,  
 VVell turn the Bottom upwards ere we go,  
 I'll lay my Life there's Treason at his Toe.  
 So off they fetch him, with his Tripple Crown,  
 And threw the Crozier, and the MEAL-TUB down;  
 VVhence came such stuff the Devil, frightened, swore,  
 He never saw such Princely stuff before,  
 The VVest must yield the Belt unto the Nore.  
 Thus England once more is delivered from  
 Rome's Rogues abroad, and Plotters here at home:  
 Stand on your Guard, now hold your selves awake,  
 Left their next Plot (you careless) Napping take.  
 Respite & Care.

FINIS.

Printed for the Loyal Protestant, at the Sign of the True Eng-  
 lishman in Great Britain, Nov. 11. 1679.



37

THE TIME-SERVERS: Or, A TOUCH OF THE TIMES.  
Being a DIALOGUE between  
**Tory, Towzer, and Tantivee,**  
At the News of the Dissolution of the  
**Late Worthy Parliament at Oxford.**



The EXPLANATION of the FIGURE.

Reader, here is presented to thy View  
The true Effigies of a *Popish* Crew:  
An Irish *TORT*, and a *Popish* Priest,  
And the Cur *TOWZER* (to make up the jest)  
All on the speed for *Rome*; *TORT* o'ertakes  
The Clergy, and, his Company thus bespeaks,  
Spur on (Sir Priest) Spur on, The day's our own,  
If that a *Papist* comes t' enjoy the Crown:  
The *Parliament's* dissolv'd, the Coast is clear,  
No other Obstacles we need to fear:  
*Macmarra* cursed be, and *Harris* too,  
That lets the world know what it should not do,  
In spite of all their tricks let us but joyn  
Our Forces, all is ours, my life for thine.  
Do you but prate and write, let me alone  
To make the way for a *Succession*  
By other means, and our Attempts shall be  
Rewarded both with wealth and dignity;  
Act with thy Brains, and I'll act with my Sword,  
Thou shalt a Bishop be, and I a Lord.  
When that day comes--With that the Priest spurs on,  
Bauling (at every jog) *Succession*:  
Let things go how they will, better or worse,  
The Saddle should be laid on the right Horse;  
I'm for the true Successor's constant sway  
O'th' *British* Scepter, let the world say Nay:  
Let *Care* himself, and his *Fanatick* Crew,  
Say what they will, *Princes* must have their due.  
*Princes* must have their rights, *Religion*  
Must always pay its homage to the Crown:  
Tis my belief, I know no *Deity*  
On Earth to be ador'd, but Sovereignty.  
The question lies not, how we are t'Obey  
Or Suffer, but whose right it is to Sway  
The Scepter, Theyr's the right, the duty's ours,  
To be obedient to the Higher Powers.

*Conscience*, that silly thing, that keeps in awe  
The trembling *Vulgar*, must not check the Law;  
The Laws of *Empire* are most sacred things,  
People will have their due, and why not *Kings*.  
The times were glorious, and the Nation flourish'd,  
When th' *English* Church by *Mother* Church was nourish'd,  
But since 'twas weaned from her Breasts, we find  
How She is wasted, languished and pin'd;  
Revenue's gone, Promotions scarce and few,  
Not half enough for the *Tantivee*-Crew.  
The times must mend, we must reform the State,  
And I will do't, or sink under my Fate:  
Winged with all the haste I can, I come  
To pay my Homage to the Church of *Rome*;  
*Towzer* run on, and *TORT* clear the way,  
Till I a *Myter* get I will not stay.  
And then he hum'd himself, and spur'd again  
A full *Tantivee* speed with a loose rein,  
And bended Body; *Towzer* trips before  
(As brisk now as he was in times of Yore)  
And whiles the other bawl's *Succession*,  
This barks and yelps nothing but *Forty-One*.  
A cunning Cur to think to drown our fears  
Of future dangers with forgotten Years:  
Well thus they troop together till they come  
Unto the confines of desired *Rome*,  
And here the *Holy-Father* ready stands  
With smiling Countenance, and reared Hands  
Lift up to bless them, In the one is Gold,  
The other doth a gorgeous *Myter* hold,  
These (as the guerdons of their merits) he  
Allures them with; And thus betray'd are we  
'Twixt our known Enemies, and feigned friends,  
Ayming by serving thus their own base ends,  
Us into *Popish* Slavery to bring,  
Which God in Heaven prevent--God Save the King.  
FINIS.



# TOM and WILL:

## O R,

### News from the Country.

Being a further NARRATIVE of the late *POPISH PLOT*.

*TOM* and *WILL*, (Two Country-Fellows)  
Meeting by Chance one Day at Ale-House;  
They sit them down, and o're a Pot,  
They Learnedly discourse the *PLOT*.  
Each vents his Thoughts, and tells his Story;  
Little to *POPE*, or *PAPISTS* Glory.  
And though they now and then Dis-joint  
A Word or two, What's that to th'Point?

No Man, I guess, will at it grutch,  
Since Doctors Grave have done as much.  
But why should I fore-stall the Market?  
Read it but o'r'e, and do but mark it:  
The Truth of All, you'll plainly see.  
The Tune is ———

*whoop Sir Dominic.*

*Tom.*

**H**eark thee *Will*, I'll tell thee some News;  
it is so Good, I cannot chuse:  
Do'st thou not hear the work on foot,  
with long-look'd for, it is come to't?

*Papists*, they are all in a Net,  
thanks to the Man that made the set:  
We need not fear to cut their Throats;  
the *PLOT*'s made out by *Dr. Oates*.

For he doth swear this very thing,  
that they design'd to Kill the *KING*,  
And to Convert the *Government*:  
a heinous, base, and vile Intent.

And *Bedlow*, *Praunce*, and *Dugdale* bould,  
the same by Oaths do plain unfold;  
That is to say, the dismal Thing  
*Oates* swore before, to Slay the *KING*.

And sundry Infants *Praunce* had,  
to find out Men good *KING* to Stab:  
Then *Ruffians* Four, of *Irish* Breed,  
to *Windsor* went, to make *KING* Bleed.

And *Pickering* was to lye a loof,  
with a gay Gun of Mettle-proof;  
To shoot *KING* through, as he pass'd by,  
in any Part, to make *KING* Dye.

Then *George Sir Wakeman* Hired was,  
to Poyson dead our *Leige-Lord's Grace*;  
And for his Pains (they said) he should  
have Fifteen Thousand Pounds in Gold.

*KING* being Kill'd, What next I trow?  
it is but meet, that thou should'st know:  
Although the Matter be so Derne,  
It makes my very Bowels yerne.

Hundreds, Thousands Men were to come,  
at Sound of Trump, and Beat of Drum,  
Out of *Urope*, to cut and slice  
*Protestant* Guggles all in a Trice.

And after that all *Us* were slain,  
*Pope* was to come a thwart the Main:  
And here to hold up his Left Hand,  
and solve the Cut-Throats of this Land.

Then in order to his expence,  
before the *Gray Beard* went from hence;  
They all should swear for Recompence,  
yearly to pay him *Peter-pence*.

Thus much and more, the Learned say,  
they practiz'd *Us* to Destroy;  
From which foul Deed, Great *Jove* fore-send;  
'twere better the World were at an End.

#### *The Second Part, To the same Tune.*

*Will.*

**V**erily *Tom*, you well do show,  
what I long time before did know;  
Yet what I learn'd from Maister's mind,  
the work's undone, that was design'd.

For when at first, *Grave Oates* did swear,  
how *Protestants* were like to fare;  
We should have rose up ev'ry where,  
and cut *Papists* Throats, in ev'ry Sheir.

How pure a Charr had it been there,  
they not one, to Ten times Ten;  
Scarce half a Meal to Feed the Jawes  
of such as are for the *Good Old Cause*.

That done the work had been dispatch'd,  
and all made good, which *R* — had hatch'd;  
But, hanging now so long i'th wind,  
'twill go, I fear, against our mind.

For though *Coleman* be put to Death,  
and *Ireland* hath lost his Breath;  
And many more for Treason grand,  
at *Tybourn*, lately have been Hang'd.

Yet all do swear, vow, and protest,  
as they expect Eternal rest;  
They know no Plot, but Guileless are  
of all that *Oates*, and *Bedlow* swear.

And dying Men's words, Wife folk say,  
ought to bear a far greater sway:  
Then those are thought, who swear for gain,  
and were before of no good Fame.

If *Papists* Arms had but been found  
in House, in Barn, or under Ground:  
Then we had had a fair pretence,  
to spoil their plea of Innocence.

But no such matter yet appears,  
and now they ding it in our Ears:  
How we promote more Rebel Jiggs,  
than Forty one, from *Scottish* wings.

Besides, the Knight hath broke a Mast;  
who lay long time under the Lash:  
And now away from *Us* is got;  
whom all Men thought would go to pot.

And three or four, then under pole,  
did slint away through Doctor's hole,  
And all the rest, I am in doubt,  
now Net is burst, will soon get out.

Again, that *Berry*, *Hill*, and *Green*;  
as in some Writing may be seen,  
Concerning *Godfrey's* base Trapan,  
were not the Men that spoil'd that Man.

Therefore *Tom*, what to say or do,  
I do not know, I tell thee true;  
Swearing, and Lying, I espy,  
will not confound old *Papery*.

*F I N I S.*



# New VERSES concerning the PLOT, Londons Fire, & Godfreys Murder.

Given into his Majesties hand, the second of September last, by E.R

Whereunto is added the Papiſts Attempts upon Justice Arnold, Mr. Thomkins, and lately on Sr. William Waller.

Which also may be Sung to the Tune, *Stone Walls cannot a Prison make, &c.*

## The Plot.

**G**IVE ear, O King, and Nobles all,  
to this my new true Song,  
The Living God is all in all,  
his Truth is very strong,  
Truth will defend, world without end,  
those that are Innocent,  
The Man that walketh in the Truth  
hath no cause to repent.

A mighty Wonder hath bin wrought  
by God in fair *England*,  
He hath delivered the King  
by his almighty Hand,  
Traitors did seek to take away  
his LIFE, as is made known,  
But their damn'd Treason is found out,  
GOD hath them overthrowen:

Their dark design is brought to light,  
for all Traitors must fall;  
There is no Treason in the Truth,  
for truth is Lord of All:  
Its Truth that maketh Treason fly,  
truth is a noble thing,  
The Devil's in that man indeed  
that wou'd destroy a King.

O *Charles*! rejoice, & praise the Lord  
for you: Deliverance,  
He made you King of fair *England*,  
I see your life advance:  
Your secret Foes God will beat down,  
and break them all asunder:  
Your preservation stands in God,  
who will bring traitors under.

How often hath the Lord bin pleased  
your Body to deliver:  
Then praise the living God, O King,  
that you may live for ever:  
Great hath his Kindness bin to you,  
he is your strong Defender,  
Give up your Mind unto the Lord,  
that Kingdom he doth tender.

When you was compassed about  
with Fiery Enemies,  
The Lord appeared in great power,  
and did their Host surprize.  
He led you by a gentle hand,  
sent you out of their way,  
And at his pleasure brought you home,  
remember such a day!

The Kindness of the Lord to you  
is not to be forgot,  
Remember this my Sovereign,  
how fair hath been your Lot.

The hand of Divine Providence,  
hath guided you along,  
Then blame me not, my Sovereign,  
to greet you with a Song.

True men, of old, were very bold  
they sung with heart and hand,  
They lived and walked in the Truth,  
the pearl of every Land:  
They praised God, and loved the King  
bearing the Truth within,  
They had no Treason in their hearts,  
but in true Love did spring.

## Fire of London.

No Man that ever yet knew God:  
was known for to conspire,  
To kill a King, or set a Land  
in burning flames of Fire.  
O dreadful Treason, God will be  
thy everlasting Death:  
Those that are Found to walk therein,  
the Lord will stop their breath.

*Charles* by the Grace of GOD, I say,  
lift up your Heart to GOD:  
Then hee'll give Traitors unto you:  
and you shall be their Rod;  
By you God will chastise them all,  
they shall become your Prev,  
Give glory to the living God,  
he is your strength and stay.

## Godfreys Murder.

The King is safe, but *Godfreys* slain,  
now Traitors look about yee;  
You are afraid of every Bush,  
the Truth of God will rout yee.  
Your safe-guard you have lost indeed,  
your Salt hath lost its favour;  
You seek for holes to hide you in,  
for want of the Kings favour.

Come, Traitors come, with shame sit  
destruction is your lot: (down,  
Be sorry now with all your Hearts,  
for this your cursed Plot;  
Had not your Market been foretold,  
and you brought into Chains,  
The Devil had bewitch'd you all,  
its he that in you Reigns.

## Justice Arnold.

Another Justice was beset,  
they thought him for to Murder:  
The Lyon he is in a Net,  
he cannot go no further:  
His Kingdom it is numbered,  
and now it shall be finisht:  
They are all Traitors to their Head,  
that have the Truth deminisht.

Mr *Thomkins*, Esq; *Arnold's* friend.

A Lawyer that in *Monmouth* shire,  
did live, hath been assaulted,  
By one that will go to the Church,  
but yet belike he halted:  
He knew not God to be his God,  
for *Bauls* Priest they do blind them,  
All Murderers shall feel the Rod,  
with Judgments God will find them!

## Sir William Waller.

Sir *William Waller* he is fled,  
for fear that he should follow  
Sir *Edmundsbury Godfrey*, dead,  
the Huntsmen they do hollow  
And closely follow on their Game,  
over all Hills and Mountains,  
But yet they shall not hurt the Lambs,  
that feedeth by the Fountains.

Then keep Christs new Commande-  
and truly love each other, (menr,  
And then you never shall be shear,  
for he that hates his Brother:  
He is a Murderer I know,  
and walks not in the Spirit,  
Which is the free gift of the Lord,  
that none can ever Merit.

Therefore O King, shew mercy then,  
to me a Worm in Prison:  
I am your Prisoner God doth know,  
in this I speak no Treason:  
Might I enjoy my Liberty,  
I let you understand,  
I could not hurt, nor yet disturb,  
no person in your Land.

O King, you can command the Press;  
it standeth good with reason:  
O King, let this be put in Print,  
in truth, here is no Treason.  
They are the Dictates of my Mind:  
the Lord, he gave them mee,  
And I do freely give them to  
your Royal Majesty.

O blame me not, my Sovereign,  
for this poor drop of water:  
It is exceeding good indeed,  
and from the Divine Nature.  
Charity is a noble spring,  
in Love there is no Treason,  
For Charity doth guide the mind,  
a long in Divine reason.

Farewel, farewel, my Master dear,  
consider me at leisure:  
Hear I must lye assuredly,  
until it be your Pleasure,  
To set me free, then it would bee,  
to us a great refreshing,  
To see you enter into Love,  
and to receive Gods blessing.

Written by J. Taylor, a Singer of Israel, Prisoner in the Kings Bench.



*R. Edwards (L. G.)*

To the Right Honourable

THE

L O R D M A Y O R

AT THE

ANNIVERSARY ENTERTAINMENT

IN

G U I L D H A L L.

**T**HE wife *Apollo* Laugheth once a year;  
So the resembling mortal Gods do here  
Deign to be jolly, and Triumph together,  
Over their Cares, and over *Romes* foul weather.  
As you (much Honoured Sir) Ascend the Chair,  
The Heavens so kind and so Propitious are.  
Redeem'd Religion happily supplies  
Fresh Comfort to your former solemn Joys.  
Let Popery dasht sound sweeter in your ear  
Than the sweet pleasing melody you hear. (warm'd  
And Hearts as with good wine be chear'd and  
With the good news His Majesty not harm'd;  
But this ought to allay your Joys Excess,  
His Martyr'd Friend falls by the merciless.  
Now *Exit Babylon's* Transubstantiation,  
Infernal Plots and Hell Assassination;  
Those *Egypt* Frogs no more Infest or Croak  
Within the shadow of the Royal Oak.  
(Avant Prodigious, Protean, Papal-State.)  
Avant the curst Raviliack Transmigrate.

The noise of Blood, The noise of Bankrupts cease,  
The Nations Wealth, the Nations Fame increase.  
This so bright dawning Providential Ray  
Sweetly Prefageth Sun-shine Halcyon day.  
And you my Lord, within your Lower Sphere  
Are a good Omen. Happy be your year.

---

*On Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.*

**S**uch is mans Life and Fickle state,  
Consum'd with Care, expos'd to Hate,  
Rent by variety of Fate,  
(At most but of a moments Date)  
So here in this great Herse we see,  
The best of Mortals, what they be.  
The wise and good worst harms molest,  
The more of worth, the less of rest.  
As in a storm the Cedars fall,  
And shrubs survive their Funeral.



# THE POPIISH DAMNABLE PLOT

AGAINST

Our Religion and Liberties, lively Delineated in several of its Branches.

With an Account of the Manner of the Execution of

WILLIAM Viscount STAFFORD on Tower-Hill.



## The Explanation.

The PLATE hath Twelve DIVISIONS.

I. The First describes the Burning of LONDON, which hath been proved undeniably by Dr. Oates, Mr. Bedloe, and others, to be contrived and carried on by the Papists. A blessed Religion, that must be introduced by the Ruine of so many thousand Families! But Devastation alone would not content, without Blood: For, in the next place,

II. We describe The Manner of their murdering Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, who took Dr. Oates's Depositions of the Plot; which was no more than every Gentleman in the Commission of the Peace was bound to do: yet for this necessary discharge of his Duty, the Conspirators were so enraged, that they resolved to cut him off; the rather, as may reasonably be supposed, to deter all other Magistrates from intermeddling with any Affairs relating to the Plot. The Persons actually present at this Murder were, Gerald and Kelly, two Priests; Green, Bury, and Hill, who were since executed for it. The whole discovered by Mr. Miles Prance, who was to have acted in it.

III. We come to describe The General Days of Humiliation appointed by His Majesties Proclamations, on the Thirteenth of November, 1678. and on the Eleventh of April, 1679. to implore the Mercies of Almighty God, in the Protection of His Majesties Sacred Person; and that he would infatuate and defeat the Counsels of the Papists, our Enemies.

IV. The next thing in order of Time was The Execution of several of the Plotters, viz. Coleman, Ireland, Grove, Pickering, Whitebread, Harcourt, Fennick, Gavan, Turner, and Langborn, &c.

V. We come now to the Sham-Plots. Their next great Design was to take off one of our great Bulwarks, viz. the Right Honourable Anthony Earl of Shaftsbury. In this Fifth Division we give you the manner of Mr. Dangerfield's coming to attempt him; and,

VI. In the Sixth, The Manner of Mrs. Cellier's (one of the Pope's Amazons) going to do that Great Work her self, (Mr. Dangerfield having fail'd in the Attempt) and of her turning down Stairs. Although frequently attempted, yet it hath pleased God hitherto (for the good of this Nation) by his gracious Providence to preserve this Honourable Person; and it is the Prayers of all good Protestants, That he may never fall into the hands of his Popish Adversaries, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty.

VII. To shew the Papists would leave no Stone unturn'd to blow off this Hellish Plot, their next Stratagem was to forge a Plot upon the Presbyterians, by Name; but in Truth to involve the most zealous and active Protestant Nobility, Gentry, &c. throughout the Nation: which being fortified with bold Perjuries, and specious Pretences, might gain Credit; and thereby they being destroy'd as a Sacrifice to Justice, it might seem probable, That the last Years Plot was only their malicious Contrivance against the Catholics, who would then appear the King's best Subjects. The Model of this designed Plot against the Presbyterians was found by Sir William Waller, in the House of Mrs. Cellier, hid in a MEAL-TUB, in a Paper Book, tied with Red Ribbons: It purporteth to be only Remarks or Chief Heads of Things and Persons to be charged; as, amongst the rest, there were named, the Lords Halifax, Shaftsbury, Radnor, Essex, Wharton, the Duke of Buckingham, and others, to be of Counsel in this pretended Conspiracy; the Duke of Monmouth General; the Lord Grey, Lord Gerard, and his Son, and Sir Thomas Armstrong, Lieutenant-Generals in this rebellious Army; Sir William Waller, and others, Major-Generals; Colonel Mansel, Quarter-master-General. By this whole Contrivance it most evidently appears, that their aim was to ruine all that were true Protestants, or honest Asserters of the Liberties and Property of the Subject: for indeed there cannot be as-

signed above two or three, in all their long forged List, that can with any Colour of Reason, or usual acceptation of the Word, be called Presbyterians.

VIII. Next we come to describe the manner of Mrs. Cellier sitting in State on the Pillory, near the Maypole in the Strand, with her famous Wooden Shield, to defend her from the Fury of the People. She was most justly sentenced to this ignominious Punishment, for publishing an abominable lying Pamphlet, entitled, Malice Defeated: A Book stuffed with so many Lies, and notorious Equivocations, and with so much Malice and Envy to all Protestants in general, that the like was never publicly sold.

IX. We describe the manner of Assaulting Justice Arnold, by Three notorious Ruffians; one of whom, viz. Giles, hath been since Tried, and found Guilty, and accordingly deservedly punished for it.

X. We next describe The manner of their tearing their Treasonable Papers, for fear of a Discovery.

XI. In the next place, we describe their Holy Fathers receiving comfortable Letters from England, (with Tears of Joy) of the likely Success of their Plot.

XII. Lastly, We describe The manner of the Execution of William Viscount Stafford, on Tower-hill, who was impeached by the House of Commons in 1678. of High-Treason, in Conspiring the Death of the King; and was accordingly brought to Tryal before the House of Lords, in Parliament, on Tuesday the last day of November, and by them found Guilty, and sentenced to Death, on Tuesday following, viz. the Seventh of December, 1680. and accordingly executed on Tower hill the of December.

LONDON,

Printed for Richard Baldwin in Ball-Court, near the Black Bull in the Old Bailey. MDCLXXXI.

# A BALLAD

## UPON THE POPISH PLOT

1679.

*Written by a Lady of Quality.*

*Whether you will like my song or like it not,  
It is the down-fall of the Popish Plot;  
With Characters of Plotters here I sing,  
Who would destroy our good and gracious King;  
Whom God preserve, and give us cause to hope  
His Foes will be rewarded with a Rope.*

To the TUNE of *Packington's Pound.*

I.

**S**ince Counterfeit Plots has affected this Age,  
Being acted by Fools, and contriv'd by the Sage:  
In City, nor Suburbs, no man can be found, (round.  
But frighted with Fire-balls, their heads turned

*From Pulpit to Pot  
They talk'd of a Plot,*

'Till their Brains were enslav'd and each man turn'd  
But let us to Reason and Justice repair; (Sot.  
And this Popish Bugbear will fly into Air.

2

A Politick Statesman, of body unsound,  
Who once in a Tree with the Rable fet round;  
Run Monarchy down with Fanatick Rage,  
And preach'd up Rebellion in that credulous Age.

*He now is at work,  
With the Devil and Turk;*

Pretending a Plot, under which he doth Lurk,  
To humble the Miter, while he squints at the Crown;  
Till fairly and squarely he pulls them both down.

## The Second Part of the same Tune.

3

He had found out an Instrument fit for the Devil;  
Whose mind had been train'd up to all that was evil:  
His Fortune funk low, and detested by many;  
Kick't out at St. Omers, not pittied by any.

*Some Wisperers fix'd him  
Upon this design;*

And with promis'd Reward did him countermines;  
Though, his Tale was ill-told, it serv'd to give fire;  
Dispis'd by the Wife, whil't Fools did admire.

4

The next that appear'd, was a Fool-hardy Knave,  
Who had ply'd the High-ways, and to Vice was a  
Being fed out of Basket in Prison forlorn; (Slave;  
No wonder that many should make him forsworn.

*He boldly dares swear,  
What men tremble to hear;*

And learns a false Lesson without any fear.  
For when he is out, ther's one that's in's place:  
Relieves his invention, and quickens his Pace.

5

In a Country Prison another was found,  
Who had cheated his Lord of One Thousand Pound;  
He was freed from's Fetters, to swear and inform,  
Which very courageously he did perform.

*To avoid future Strife,  
He take's away Life,*

To save poor Protestants from Popish Knife;  
Which only has Edge to cut a Rogues Eares,  
For abusing the People with needles fears

6

Another starts up and tels a false Tale,  
Which strait he revoked his Courage being frail;

But to fortify one that needeth his Aid; (swade  
Being temptred with mony which much doth per

*He swore he knew all  
That contrived the fall,*

Of one, who that day was seen neer to White-Hall;  
Where he by the Treasurers powerfull Breath.  
More likely by far received his Death.

7

A Gown-man most grave with Fanatical form,  
With his scribbling wit doth blow up this storm;  
For Moth-eaten Records he worships the Devil,  
Being now lodg'd at Court he must become civil;

*He hunts all about,  
And makes a great Rout,*

To find some Old Prophecy to help him out;  
But his Friend that was hous'd with him at Fox-Hall,  
Being joyn'd with his master still strengthens 'em all

8

Ther com's a crack'd Merchant with his shallow  
Who first did lead up this stigmatiz'd train; (Brain,  
He since is growu useles, his Skill being small,  
Yet at a dead lift, hee's still at their call.

*He has poster'd the Pres,*  
*In ridiculous drefs*

In this scribbling Age he could not do less;  
But to so little purpose as plainly appears  
With Pen he had as good fate picking his Ears.

9

To end with a Prayer as now 'tis my Lot,  
Counfounded be Plotters, with their Popish Plot:  
God blefs and preserve our Gracious good King,  
That he may ne're feel the PRESBYTERS sting;

*As they brought his Father  
With rage to the Block,*

So would they extirpate all the whole Stock:  
Bur with their false Plots I hope they will end,  
At Tyburn where th' Rabble will surely attend.

F I N I S.